

The BABES  
IN THE WOOD  
JAMES DE MILLE.





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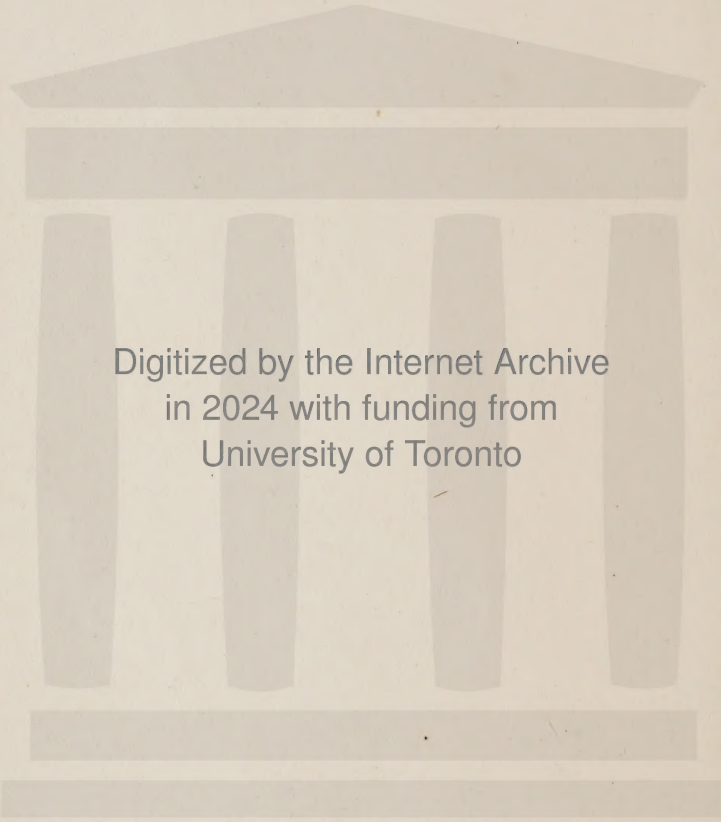
AM-FICTION

Elias M. Rose









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"Oh Signor!" said she, "You haf come to safa me from destruction." Page 11.



THE

# BABES IN THE WOOD:

A TRAGIC COMEDY.

A Story of the Italian Revolution of 1848.

BY

JAMES DEMILLE,

*Author of "The Dodge Club," "The American Baron," etc., etc.*



BOSTON:

WILLIAM F. GILL & COMPANY,

(SUCCESSORS TO THE OLD STAND OF SHEPARD & GILL,)

151 WASHINGTON STREET.

1875.

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# THE BABES IN THE WOOD.

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## CHAPTER I.

THE FAIR UNKNOWN—CHARMS OF A LOVELY  
STRANGER—A SMILE.

"Mountain pass and loneliness;  
Enter beauty in distress."

THE above title, dear reader, is purely figurative. As Artemus Ward used to say, it must be "took sarcastic." A little explanation may, therefore, be advisable.

To explain, then:

By the "Babes" is meant the following innocent and inexperienced parties:

- |                           |                      |
|---------------------------|----------------------|
| 1. <i>Little Rosette,</i> | 5. <i>McGinty,</i>   |
| 2. <i>Kitty,</i>          | 6. <i>Cary,</i>      |
| 3. <i>'Arriet,</i>        | 7. <i>The Papa,</i>  |
| 4. <i>Fred,</i>           | 8. <i>The Mamma.</i> |

And by the "Wood" is meant Italy in 1848.

With these preliminaries I proceed to hoist the curtain:

It was about twenty-five years ago, in the dear old days—the days when Plancus was consul—the days of our hot youth.

Those were the days for an Italian tour;—days when we rolled along in our own carriages, without any bother about railways;—days of *douanes*, and *douanieres*; of *pass-ports*; of *gen-darmes*; of spies; of *sbirri*; of every currency under Heaven; and of a separate State every half a dozen miles. We bowed to the Austrian Viceroy at Milan; stared at the King of Sardinia; took off our hats to the Grand Duke of Tuscany; attended the levee of the Duke of Parma; bought the likeness of the Duke of Modena; kissed the toe of His Holiness the Pope; and gave three cheers for the King of Naples. All these were potentates in all these several States in the old days.

But now all these have gone. Italy is one nation, with one customs duty, and one currency, and one ruler. Nothing but railroads everywhere! The Romance of the country has gone, and nothing is left for us old fogies but to mumble with our toothless jaws over—the good old days.

About twenty-five years ago, then, in these good old days, a solitary horseman might have been seen slowly wending his way over the road that leads from Spoleto to Terni. This road crosses the Apennines at a point which is over four thousand feet above the level of the sea, a circumstance which makes it to those who may be on the ascent rather a heavy thing in roads. Such, at least, seemed to be the opinion of our friend the horseman—Fred Fotherby; who, after accompanying a carriage some distance, had concluded to ride ahead and wait for his friends at the summit. With this intention Fred went on until he reached the highest point, and then stood and looked around.

The scene here was most magnificent. All around him arose the summits of giant mountains, peak beyond peak, and crest beyond crest, like waves of the sea, all covered with glistening snow and ice; while over them here and there rolled vast masses of mist and clouds. Lower down there appeared wooded slopes, long declivities, and precipitous cliffs, alternating with white villages and crumbling towers; while far away might be discerned a narrow, green valley, through which wound a slender, silver stream.

The young fellow, before whom all this lay spread, seemed to have something of that poetical enthusiasm which the youthful traveler is



apt to feel in this romantic land; and as he looked around he murmured:

"Italia; oh, Italia, thou who hast  
The fatal gift of beauty!"

The remainder of the stanza is very well known, and, therefore, it is sufficient for me to do like the minister on Sunday, and give out only the first two lines. Another reason for giving only this much is, that Fred Fotherby did not quote any more himself, for he stopped short as something caught his eye.

It was only a little distance down the road, and he had not seen it before, on account of the back-ground of trees, which made it less conspicuous. The sight, however, was a startling one. It was a wrecked carriage, with a woman standing near it, and a man busy with the horses. Fred could see that the carriage had been going in the same direction with himself—that is, toward Terni, and that it must have been broken down here after crossing the summit.

This sight at once, as a matter of course, drove away all other thoughts, and Fred hurried to the spot as fast as he could.

As he reached it he found himself in the presence of a scene which excited the strongest emotions within his sympathetic and highly impressible bosom. The carriage was broken, the horses well nigh unmanageable, the man, who was evidently the coachman, singularly inefficient; but the woman was the centre of the scene.

She was a lady of very remarkable beauty, slender and elegant figure; complexion somewhat dark; eyes dark, large and lustrous; hair rippling in luxuriant masses down her brow, and falling behind her head. She was dressed in a traveling suit, with the most perfect taste, and every part of her attire indicated the latest Parisian fashion. Her little hands, beautifully gloved, were clasped together; and as Fred drew up, she raised her face, and turned toward him those large, dark, melting, liquid, lustrous orbs of hers, with such a look of unfathomable distress, and such a glance of pathetic appeal, that he could not stand it, but flung himself at once from the horse, and would have flung himself at the lady's feet also, if he had not suddenly thought better of it, and concluded not to do it just then.

Such a proceeding, he saw, would be quite unwarrantable with a lady to whom he had never been introduced. So he took off his hat, and disclosed a crop of fine, curly, brown hair, and a broad, frank brow; while his honest, boyish eyes fixed themselves eagerly upon the beautiful stranger; and he endeavored most desperately to think of something to say, but, unfortunately, without being able to think of a single thing. The lady, however, did not wait. She herself made the overtures, and began in a low and gentle voice, which gradually grew fuller and more sonorous.

What she said was something like this:

*O funeslessimo contratempo! O male dizione!  
O dio mio qualche sguajataaggine! O ignorantaccio  
chi ha rovinato la mia vettura!*

These were followed by many other words of the grand *rimbombamento* order, but, unfortunately, they were all Italian, and of that language our young friend, Fred, understood not one word. He listened, however, to the lady's remarks with the most profound attention; for the lady's voice was sweet and musical beyond description, and as the sounds trickled forth from her ruby lips it seemed to Fred as though he was listening to beautiful music.

And this, be it remarked, was not owing so much to the language as to the voice of the speaker; for I have known young men who have experienced the same emotions while listening to the commonest English words as they fell from the lips of Beauty; and I dare say that under the same circumstances the same has been felt by other young men with regard to High Dutch, Low Dutch, Swedish, Bohemian, Russian, Turkish, Feejeean, Chinook, and Pigeon English.

As she spoke she pointed from time to time with one of her little gloved hands to the carriage, while with the other she made gestures which were so expressive, that of themselves they convey a meaning to Fred. For the Italians have constructed a natural language out of sign and gesture; and the intelligent reader knows, of course, that about this very time the good Bomba, King of Naples, made a speech to his rebellious Lazzaroni by means of gestures only, and the speech was not merely intelligible, but was an immense success. ON

this occasion the lady's gestures were quite as clear and eloquent as those of the royal Bomba; the little gloved hand was a tongue which spoke of her misfortune; while, to add to the effect, the coachman came ranging himself up behind his mistress, chiming in, so to speak, with eloquent gestures of his own, with innumerable shrugs and contortions, winks, and grimaces, and expressions of face that went through the whole gamut of woe. And, so the end of it was, that after all, Fred succeeded in understanding pretty well all that was said; and as he feasted his eyes on this figure of elegant despair, of beauty in distress, he could not help recalling the words which he had just been murmuring, which words now rang in his ears with a jingling Anacreontic measure—

"Italia; O, Italia;  
On thy sweet brow is sorrow!"

At length the lady seemed to change from the narrative to the interrogative style, and to ask him questions. This, of course, brought matters to a crisis, and Fred, in this dilemma, could do nothing else than resort to the language of nature. He pressed his hand upon his heart and solemnly shook his head. At this the lady seemed struck by a new discovery. She looked at him more curiously, and at length said:

"Parlez vous Francais, Monsieur?"

"Well, no," said Fred; "I don't parly Fran-  
cy, nor Italeanny, either, I'm sorry to say."

"Tedescho?" asked the lady again.

"Me no savvy," said Fred; "fact is, me don't speak notin' 'cept Inglis."

"Ingelees, ah?" repeated the lady. She gave a smile which pierced Fred's heart. "Oh, well, I spik Ingelees leetle peet mysef."

"Hurrah!" cried Fred; "you speak English, do you? That's splendid, you know. And now won't you let a fellow do something for you?"

Fred spoke this last sentence in a coaxing, wheedling tone, and with a smile which was graciously responded to by the lady, who gave him another, full of sunshine.

"Oh, Signor," said she, "you haf come to safa me from destruzione. I haf come dees morna from Spoleto. I go to Roma. I haf ar-rife here an de wheel haf broka. Sono despe-rata. Dio mio! Sono perduta. Dees Coc-

chiere haf so much of de sguajattaggine dat ees no good, an' I sall haf to maka mysef unda de obligazione to Signor. Dio Mio! come sono malagurosa! Dio mio!"

This was spoken with very sweet modulations of the broken English, and accompanied by very pretty and expressive gestures. Her ejaculation of "Dio mio" sounded exactly like the English "Dear me," which, nonsensical as English, may possibly be an importation of the Italian as used by this lady. Fred felt quite spellbound at the beauty of her face, the witchery of her glance, the wonderful mobility of her features, and her never ending change of expression. He had no idea in particular as he looked upon her, except a very vague one of a "dear gazelle" that had come to glad him with its soft, black eye.

"We not know de oder ones of us," said she, after a pause, during which the eyes which were fixed upon him went on steadily deepening their fascination. "Bisogna dat we af de cognoscenza. Permitta, I sall presentare mysef. Signor, I am de Contessa di Carrara, an sall be unda de obligazione infinite to Signor."

Saying this, she held out her little hand. Fred took it, and then and there caved in utterly. In the space of about five minutes this beautiful stranger had come, seen, and conquered. As that little hand lay in his, the touch thrilled through every fibre. His brain whirled in a tumult of excitement. So confused indeed was he, that he forgot to let her hand go. He held it tight. His eyes were fixed on her. She on her part regarded him with her sweetest smile.

"The Countess—" he repeated.

"Carrara," said she.

Fred looked at her with all his soul in his eyes. Then he started to pronounce her name.

"Cara!" said he. This was the nearest he could come to it.

The Countess seemed for a moment embarrassed, and withdrew her hand with a hasty movement. But the next instant, as though reassured, her face resumed its former expression.

"Eet is not dat," said she. "Eet is Car-ra-ra—but, Signor, you af not tell me your name."

Fred did not quite understand why the Countess had so sharply snatched away her hand, and was afraid that he had unintentionally given offence, but if so it had evidently been at once excused. That he should lose his presence of mind was certainly not to be wondered at. To encounter a woman, beautiful as an Houri, on the lonely Apennines, was a bewildering thing. That she should be a Countess, young, charming, in distress, and requiring his aid; that she should seek his assistance, and put such trust in him as to introduce herself—all this was most unusual, most surprising, and at the same time, most delightful.

"And now, Signor Fodairbe," said she, after Fred had given his name, "weel you af de generosita to essaminare dees vettura, an prove to try eef you can geef me de assistenza?"

"Oh—yes—yes—of course," said Fred, rousing himself to act. "By Jove, I forgot all about it. Where is it, and what's the matter?"

The Countess turned towards the carriage, and Fred did the same. The Countess stooped slightly, so as to point out the damaged part, and then went on to explain all about it, looking at Fred, and pointing to the hind axle, which was broken. Fred got on his knees to see better. But instead of looking at the broken axle, our infatuated young friend fastened his eyes on the Countess, whose head, bending low, was close by his, and who from time to time turned to bewilder him with her deep glances. Something in his expression seemed to startle her. In fact, it must be confessed that it would have been strange if she had not been startled. For there was the young fellow on his knees before her, with his eyes fixed on her in a sort of rapt abstraction. She caught this glance, and her eyes rested for a moment as she looked. The unhappy youth was evidently very far gone. He was trying to utter her name. And thus as their eyes met, he again sighed out—"Cara!"

For a moment a smile played about her features, and then, giving a pretty little gesture of despair, she threw up her eyes with a sigh, and said:

"Dio mio! Signor Fodairbe, eet is my belief dat you are saying your prayers."

At this Fred jumped hastily to his feet, and began a long apology, but was interrupted by a noise up the road, at the top of the hill.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE LOVELY STRANGER MAKES HERSELF QUITE AT HOME—ALL THE OTHERS DO OBEISANCE.

"Lords and ladies all make way—  
Hither comes my lady gay."

It was a traveling carriage, drawn by four horses, and accompanied by a gentleman on horseback. The moment that he caught sight of it, Fred dropped abruptly out of his dream, and became aware of the realities of life.

"Ah!" said he to the Countess, "these are my friends, and, if you have no objection, I will get you a seat in the carriage, and I'm sure they will be very happy to take you the rest of your way. Your coachman can wait here, you know, and we can send back help from the next stopping place."

"Oh, Signor," said the Countess, "you are too kind, an de obligazione sall be infinite. Ma Diomio! how sall dey find place?"

By this time the carriage had reached the place, and stopped, while all looked on in evident surprise at the scene before them. It contained an elderly gentleman and three ladies, two of whom were in the bloom of youth.

"Mrs. Patterson," said Fred, "permit me to make you acquainted with the Countess de Car—rara. She has unfortunately met with an accident, and I know your kindness of heart so well that I have promised her a seat in your carriage as far as the next stopping place, until her own can be repaired."

Mrs. Patterson was a lady of about fifty, over-weighted as to flesh, and decidedly overdressed. At this introduction she surveyed the lovely stranger with profound respect and visible embarrassment.

"Well, Mr. Fotherby," said she, after a pause, directing her remarks to Fred. "I'm sure I feel deeply honored, and would be a proud woman to 'ave the honor of her ladyship's



gracious company, if so be as how that she'll condescend to haccept hof the same, which it's certingly better than footing it along these mounting roads, though bein' as she's a Countess, she mayn't like our 'umble company, an' very welcome all the same, an' I'll set on Billie's lap, and——"

"Sh—mamma!" said one of the younger ladies, turning quite red with mortification, and pulling her mother's ample dress. "Papa, dear, please get down and let the Countess have your place."

The Countess stood smiling and beaming upon the ladies, and looked excessively gracious and amiable; while Mr. Patterson, obedient to his daughter, like a good papa as he was, got out with very creditable alacrity, and placing his portly frame before the Countess, held out his hand.

"My dear," said he, taking the little hand which was extended, "I feel honored—I do, indeed. This 'ere is a proud moment, an' 'ere's wishin' you many 'appy returns."

With these words he bowed low, and motioned with a graceful wave of his hand to the seat which he had just left.

"'Arriet," he continued, "'old out your 'and an' 'elp 'er ladyship up."

"Ma! I 'fraid," said the Countess, "dat I drif you from your seat, an' dat moos nefare be."

"Oh, your ladyship!" said Mrs. Patterson, "there's lots of room. You needn't think you'll scrowge us."

"Mamma, dear," said the vigilant daughter who had spoken before, "you come and sit between us—there's plenty of room, and then the Countess can——"

"No, no," said Papa Patterson, interrupting her, "leave mother where she is. 'Arriet, I'll go on the box."

This arrangement was evidently the best, and old Patterson at once clambered up to the box, which he regained after a somewhat prolonged effort; while the Countess, with many grateful apologies in her sweetest manner, took her seat in the carriage.

Mamma Patterson then solemnly introduced the others.

"My lady," said she, "allow me the honor of presentin' to you my darter 'Arriet, which she's a young lady of——"

But the remark was interrupted by a twitch of Mamma Patterson's dress, administered by the unhappy 'Arriet, who seemed sensitive to an undue extent about her fond mother's little deficiencies, and made it her mission in life to keep her straight. 'Arriet herself was by no means bad form—tall, fine shape, full bust, pleasing features, fashionable cut, general air of one who had enjoyed what the boarding-schools call "superior advantages." The Countess bowed sweetly, and looked at the other lady.

"This, my lady," said Mamma Patterson, "is my daughter 'Arriet's friend, Miss Kitty Kinnear."

Miss Kitty Kinnear was very different from 'Arriet. She was petite; she was a blonde—a sweet, round face, with an exquisite smile. The aspect of Miss Kitty denoted perfect cheerfulness and self-contentment. The horseman had dismounted on his first arrival, and talked with Fred, who now led him up by his arm, saying:

"Countess, allow me to make you acquainted with my friend, Mr. Smithers."

The Countess bowed.

"I am ver' 'appy," said she, "to make your coquoscenza, Signor Smeedair, an' of all de societa."

Arrangements had now to be made about the wrecked coach. After some consideration, the coachman was directed to follow with the horses, so as to bring back a new vehicle from Terni; while Papa Patterson's coachman was left behind to watch with Fred's horse. By this arrangement, Fred was able to secure a seat close by the Countess, which seat was the coachman's box. Here he placed himself, and took up the ribbons with the air and attitude of a master charioteer. And now crack went the whip, and away went the carriage, bearing with it Fred and his fortunes.

Papa Patterson sat silent for a time, and at length projected a broad face over his shoulder, that beamed on those in the carriage like the full moon from behind a cloud.

"Loo—wheezee," said Papa Patterson.

"Well, ducky?" said Mamma Patterson.

"I hope you're makin' it pleasant down there for 'er ladyship."

"Oh, I'm doin' my 'umble dooty; never you

mind, lovey; if you're comfortable, I am—an'er ladyship, too, I 'umbly 'ope."

After a few minutes the full moon appeared once more, and it was again:

"Loo-wheezer."

"Well, ducky."

"P'raps 'er ladyship's 'ungry; offer 'er some of them sangwitches."

Now, these remarks, and others like them, appeared to afford the fair 'Arriet exquisite pain, at least as far as the expression of her face could show; but she made no remark. She sat there, an example to all daughters who are unfortunate enough to have ungrammatical parents, and with the meekness of a martyr at the stake. As for the Countess, she did not appear to be aware of anything out of the way; but, perhaps, her limited acquaintance with English prevented her from detecting the coarseness of accent that marked the dialect of papa and mamma Patterson; or perhaps, again, she was too much of a lady to appear to be conscious of it. At any rate, she took no notice whatever of these things, but sat there, like a benignant being from another sphere.

Fred was close by her on the coachman's box, driving. He did not say much. Not because he was not talkative, for generally he was never at a loss for anything to say among the ladies—the young dog. On the present occasion, however, he said not a word. Either he had not yet emerged from that state of mental coma into which he had been thrust by the Countess, or the task of driving down a mountain side, with four gallant, prancing chargers, gave sufficient occupation to brain as well as muscle.

The burden of the entertainment was conducted by 'Arriet. 'Arriet felt, indeed, to a painful degree, the responsibility of her present situation. The duty devolved upon her of entertaining this noble stranger. Yet, for some time after the noble stranger's advent, Harriet sat silent and distraught. She was a prey to profound embarrassment. Never before had she come into close contact with nobility. Here was a Countess, face to face with her. She felt that strange complicated emotion common to Englishmen and Englishwomen in the presence of Rank and Title—that impulse

to kneel down in speechless awe, combined with an equally vehement self-assertion. A struggle, therefore, raged in 'Arriet's gentle bosom, and in the play of emotion mind came to grief. She sat for some time, her eyes fixed upon the chin of the Countess with a glassy stare, her mouth curved into a rigid smile, and her thoughts hopelessly wool-gathering. The proud consciousness of this glorious and unparalleled situation, did not desert her, however, but underneath all her embarrassment sustained her. This elevation of soul was manifest in various movements, which might be called bridling, or purring. And it was in the midst of a series of bridlings, and purrings that 'Arriet addressed herself to the task of entertaining her company.

"I hope, my lady, that you feel yourself quite comfortable?"

"Oh, si yis," answered the lovely stranger; "eet is mos conveniente, and I am vary obligata."

A pause. 'Arriet bridles and purrs. Then a remark of startling abruptness, which was utterly inconsequential.

"Is his Holiness quite well, my lady?"

The little Countess frowned, and tried to fathom the meaning of the remark. At length she seemed to comprehend it.

"Ees Oliness, ah! I not know. I belief dat e is."

"Have you ever been in England, my lady?"

The Countess shook her little head with a sad smile.

"Your ladyship don't know Sir Alexander Murphy, I suppose?"

This personage was the only human being with a title with whom 'Arriet had ever before come into any connection. He was the Mayor of Tiddleham, who had been knighted on the occasion of a visit of Her Majesty, and who, as patron of a boarding-school, had once given to 'Arriet a prize for good behavior.

"Sarallasandamafia—" The Countess repeated this with a puzzled look. "What ees it?"

"An English nobleman," said 'Arriet, with some pride.

"Oh! an Ingelees nobilemon, so."

"I haven't associated much, as yet, with the Continental aristocracy," said 'Arriet, "and

have not been able to compare them with our English nobility."

The Countess seemed to take all this sentence into her little head, turn it over in the recesses of her brain, ponder over it, puzzle about it, and finally give it up as an insoluble conundrum. Finally she adopted what seemed to her the easiest way of getting out of it, which was by smiling and throwing an amiable look at 'Arriet.

Whereat 'Arriet bridled and purred, and launched forth into a biography of Sarallasandamaffa, which was intended to convey to the Countess a faint idea of the grandeur of the Patterson connection.

All this time the carriage was rolling down the long winding way. And now shall I take advantage of this to describe the scenery that presented itself along the way. Shall I basely button-hole the reader, and bore him with an account of the winding road, the bordering trees, the wooded slopes, the ravines, the gloomy gorges, the ruined castles, the clustering hamlets, the rolling clouds, the woods, the groves, the vineyards, the—in short—but I forbear. Let the reader fill all this in with his own imagination.

Papa Patterson, mounted on the box, felt a sustained desire to do the agreeable to his fair guest. He believed that he ought to make it pleasant for the Countess. He deplored the silence of his wife, and her lack of proper spirit. In vain he called again and again to "Loo-wheeler." At last he concluded to buckle to himself.

He turned and cleared his throat to attract attention. The Countess also turned and raised her eyes. Very beautiful were those eyes, and so Papa Patterson thought.

"Ehem!—fine weather this, my lady!" said he.

"O, Dio mio! magnifica!" said the Countess.

"Native of these parts, my lady?" inquired Papa Patterson, feeling more emboldened.

The Countess gave an amiable smile, which he understood as conveying an assent, but which the Countess might have given forth with a less specific idea.

"Fine agricultural country, my lady," he continued.

"Bellissima," said the Countess.

"Fine scenery," continued Papa Patterson,

giving a flourish with his arm, so as to comprehend in his gesture the universe in general.

The Countess, smiling, acquiesced.

"And yet, my lady," said the papa, "the beauty is only on the outside. It's only a whitening'd suppulchre."

The Countess still smiled, as though quite agreeing with him. The smile emboldened Patterson, and created a grateful surprise at the same time.

"Yes, my lady," he continued, "it's as the poet says—

\*        'Every prospect pleases,  
              And only man is vile.'

But how terewly orful to think that this should be thus. It's Satan enterink into Paradise over again."

"Satan! Paradiso!" repeated the Countess, in surprise, looking at Patterson inquiringly.

"Yes, my lady—I always mean what I say."

The Countess looked around at the others with a glance of amiable inquiry. 'Arriet had heard these remarks of the Papa with pain, and tried to interfere, but in vain. The Papa had mounted a hobby, and was evidently bound to ride it.

"Yes, my lady," said he; "it's doomed. This country is all 'oneycombed with fiery lava, and streams of melted rock. It's my belief that Italy stands right above the lake that burneth with fire an' brinstone. 'Ence the volcanic heruptions. They show what's comin' when the set time arrives."

Most of this was spoken in a loud, preaching tone, which, added to the strangeness of the words, served to mystify the Countess still more. She began to look as though she suspected that the genial Papa Patterson might be out of his wits. But now Fred came to the rescue, and the eloquence of Patterson was checked abruptly.

"Look here," he said, sharply. "You'd better look out, you know. This country swarms with spies in every nook and corner. You'd better hold your tongue till you get out of this, or else you'll find yourself seized before you know it."

At this the Papa turned as pale as death.

"Seized!" he faltered.

"Of course," said Fred, with the air of one who knew all about it. "They hear every



word that's spoken. For my part, I only hope that you haven't gone too far already."

The Papa stared all around with a glance of terror, and drew a long breath.

In fact, for some reason or other, Patterson had been so impressed by what Fred had said, that he continued to eat his own words all the rest of the way to Terni.

Arriving at Terni, the carriage drew up at the inn. Fred assisted the Countess out. Papa Patterson got down in time to meet her as she reached the ground.

"I 'ope your ladyship 'll take pot luck with us," said he.

"Potta lucca," repeated the Countess, doubtfully. But 'Arriet interposed, and translated the Papa's invitation into more presentable English.

The Countess caught Fred's eye, and smiled.

"Everamente molto eccen trico," said she, glancing at the Papa.

On the whole, the Papa was satisfied with himself on the role of host and man of the world. He confided his sentiments to the Mamma.

"That's the way," said he; "the only way to do, Loo-wheezee, is to talk straight up to 'em; show them foreign nobles that they ain't a mite better'n you. Arter all, they ain't much; 'ar' as for them Italian nobles, why, I could buy up any ten of 'em without winking'."

They remained at Terni till the Countess was ready to resume her journey. 'Arriet did most of the entertaining. Fred continued in a daze. 'Arriet saw this with regret, and wished that he had a little more aristocratic hauteur and grandeur. 'Arriet's ideal of such was the haughty baron of the melodrama. Kitty was very amiable, but not much inclined to put herself forward.

Mr. Smithers asked Kitty how she liked the Countess.

"Oh, I think she's awfully pretty," said Kitty, "and nice, too, and all that, you know; but I do wish that Harriet wouldn't be so very silly."

The Countess continued to be amiable, agreeable, accessible, and all that. Her English was certainly a little mixed, and full of trifling mistakes in the use of words; such as to-morrow for yesterday, her for it, eat for drink,

come for go, hat for boot, fly for ride, cow for horse, and so on, but it mattered little.

NOTE.—[The Papa is William Patterson, Esq., commonly called Billy Patterson, and sometimes Pill Patterson; very rich, latterly banker or money lender; also owner of a meeting-house, in which he holds forth himself; and now taking a tour on the Continent for the benefit of self and family. And he made his money by Patterson's Pills, which, with his Plaster, Powder, and Patent Medicines generally, are well known through the medium of advertisements all over the Continent of Europe. And if 'Arriet's Papa isn't good enough for her, all I can say is, that she couldn't help that.]

### CHAPTER III.

THE WOES OF MCGINTY—HE LOSES HIS BEAUTY AND DARES NOT SHOW HIS FACE TO HIS BELOVED.

"Poor McGinty, what a pity!  
Who can break the news to Kitty."

It is Rome. A golden sunset over the eternal city. Our friend Smithers strolls along the Corso, and, entering a doorway, ascends to the second story, when he knocks at a door.

"Come in."

At this invitation he entered.

"Well, Cary," said he, "I'm back again."

At this a man sprang up from a lounge, and hurrying toward him, grasped his hand and shook it most furiously.

"McGinty!" he cried; "by all that's holy, McGinty, me boy, welcome back; and here's hop-in' that ye bring luck with ye. I didn't expect ye back so soon, and yer the very man of all min I wanted to see. But come, sit down, quinch yer thirrust; light up, and fire away."

With these words Cary rolled out an arm-chair from a corner, pushed forward a flask of wine and a tobacco-box, with pipes, that were on the table, and to these for some time the two devoted their attention.

Our friend, who now was thus hailed as McGinty was a man of apparently about twenty-five years of age. His face was somewhat marked by the small-pox, while its lower part was concealed by a short, heavy beard. Cary, his companion, seemed to be about ten years older, his beard and hair were long, after a fashion much cultivated in those days by artists in Rome; while his eyes were restless, keen and

penetrating. Both of them spoke with a slight Irish accent, which was scarcely discernible, however, in McGinty.

"Well, me boy," said Cary, "I'm glad you're back. How goes it? How has your business succeeded?"

"Well," said the other, with a sigh, "its succeeded, and it hasn't. The fact is I'm in an infernally tight place, and I don't know but that I'll have to get your advice about it."

"Advice is it? Sure ye may trust an Irishman to give you that, and lots of it, too; but as I don't happen to understand the least thing in life about those affairs of yours, ye'll have to enlighten me by way of givin' me a chance to see how the ground lies."

"Well, Cary, my boy, I've made up my mind to that. It's a very delicate subject; but I must have the advice of some sensible friend, or, at any rate, talk it over, and have a discussion; and, perhaps, in the course of the discussion something'll turn up."

"Sure, an' here's yer sinsible friend," said Cary, "and now ye may begin to pouer forth your confidences as quick as ye like."

"Its a love affair," said McGinty.

"Didn't I know it, miself did," said Cary.

"And divlle a one of me can see how its going to end."

"Well, well, first of all, lets have the beginnin'."

"I'll tell you the whole story, from beginning to end," said McGinty, "and then you'll see whether there's any hope in life for the likes of me."

McGinty eyed the bowl of his pipe with a glance of dismal gloom, and heaving a sigh, continued:

"It was three years ago that I first saw her. It was in the Vatican. I was copying a cherub out of Domenichino. She came along in company with a friend. I caught her eye as she looked up at me. She gave me such a look—a look, sir, that made me tingle and quiver! From that moment I was lost."

"I see—I see," said Cary. "A case of love at first sight. That's imminently Irish, McGinty, me boy—go ahead."

"I was transfixed. Such a face I never saw. It was the face of Beatrice Cenci, only it was a laughing face—only the eyes, instead of over-

flowing with tears, were brimming over with fun. This was the face that haunted me—a laughing Cenci—a teasing, enticing, witching face, yet one with infinite possibilities for tenderness. At first I thought it was only my art that was concerned——"

"But soon found it was your heart. Ah, well, the old story, you know."

"Well, I ought to have followed her at once, but was too stupid. Afterwards I saw her again. I traced her home; I found out her name. She was with her parents and some friends who were residing here. Her name was Kitty Kinnear."

"Not a bad name either, as names go," said Cary, between the whiffs of his pipe.

"The next thing was how to get acquainted. First of all, I moved to the same lodging house, and secured apartments on the same floor. But I found myself as far off as ever. English reserve made a barrier worse than many blocks of houses. I then spent all my time in trying to hit upon some plan of gaining her acquaintance. First of all I tried a very common ruse. I took a picture to their rooms, pretending that it had been ordered by Mr. Kinnear. It was a failure. I didn't see her, but saw old Kinnear himself, who proved to me most conclusively that he had never ordered it at all. My next plan was a disguise. I had a smooth face in those days, so I put on a beard and appeared before old Kinnear as a cicerone in search of employ. No go—snubbed again. Old Kinnear preferred going about without a guide."

"Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!" roared Cary. "All right, old boy—no offence. I like this, though. You're an Irishman to the back bone. Trot on, darlint."

"Well," continued McGinty, "I was at my wit's end. What made it worse, was a conviction which I had that she knew about all my plans, that she was watching me with keen interest and infinite relish, to see how I would manage it. It was something in her eye, for I caught her eye once or twice; a demure face—but an eye, by Jove, that held out a signal to me! Still there I was kept away by an infernal invisible barrier, from the woman that I was growing madder about every day. I used to haunt the hall, the courtyard, the conciergene.

I waylaid them everywhere. I thought of everything under the sun. At last I hit upon a desperate plan. I set fire to the house."

"Set fire! Set fire to the house! Thunder and turf! You didn't, though! Old Ireland for ever! Me boy, yer an honor to the sod. But how did ye contrive it?"

"Oh, easy enough. I upset the scaldino, and the hot coals happened to fall on a pile of clothing. It made no end of smoke, and blazes too. I rushed out and went shouting fire! The house was roused. The uproar was tremendous. Out came old Kinnear. I told him to fly for the love of Heaven. Out came the rest of them, and she among them. I rushed up and wanted to save her. I offered to carry her down stairs. Well, sir, the look that the little witch gave me! She understood it all. She informed me that she believed that she could walk. And walk she did, very quietly, after her father; and the fire died a natural death before any one found out where it arose.

"Well, after that I began to give up, and thought of stopping up the air holes and using my scaldino for another purpose. But I was saved from this by the sweet Kitty herself, who no doubt saw desperation on my face, and understood that I had given it up. Well, she took pity on me, and began to have a very strong desire to study painting in oils—and as I was so convenient, she thought of me as an instructor; and so she asked the Concierge if he thought I would be willing to give lessons in that same. Was I willing? Think of it! Was I willing to go to Heaven? Well, the road was open. There I was at last, in the bosom of the family.

"Now there's no way in life equal to giving lessons on anything, if ye want to get on intimate terms with a friend—solitude, seclusion, proximity, everything combined to draw us together. I took her to the galleries, I discoursed on the old masters, I told her all about the different styles, to all of which she listened with unvarying attention, until at last I told her something of a more tender nature, and she listened to that also.

"But meanwhile I had satisfied the elders that I was their equal—that I had an independent fortune, and belonged to a good family; and was thus received on a friendly and

familiar footing. Every night we had a rubber of whist. The old man was ill. He had come to Italy, in fact, chiefly for his health. At length he grew worse—malaria, I believe. I nursed him. He died almost in my arms. I went with them to their home in England, where they took his remains, and then I parted with Kitty, with the understanding that we should be married at the end of a year.

"Well, at the end of a year a terrible calamity befell me. I caught the small pox——"

Here McGinty paused, overcome with emotion.

"Well?" said Cary.

McGinty sighed.

"Did you get over it?" he asked, anxiously.

"No," said McGinty, with a groan.

"What!" exclaimed Cary. "It didn't prove fatal, I hope?"

"No, not quite," said McGinty, in a dismal voice; "but the next thing to it. I got over it—but I was not the same. It left me all marred and scarred, as you see. You couldn't imagine, to look at me now, the kind of man I once was—straight, sir, as a rush, with features as classically and faultlessly regular, sir, as the face of Apollo—and now! why, the first sight of this horrible, repulsive face made me faint."

Here McGinty groaned, and sought refuge in his friend's flask.

"Well," he continued, "I wrote to Kitty, and told her that a terrible calamity had befallen me, which had prevented my writing to her for some time, and would make it necessary to postpone our wedding. The poor little darling had been terribly frightened at my silence, and my letter was so welcome that the postponement of the wedding was a slight matter. She never doubted my love—indeed, she couldn't, for all my letters were full of that. But now began the grand struggle. How was I to see her in my changed form? My face was not merely changed. It had grown horrible—simply horrible. As a mere artist, it shocked my sense of beauty. How terribly repulsive it would be to that woman who loved that other—the lost McGinty. So how could I present myself to her? She had engaged herself to me when I had my old face. Under my new face, she wouldn't even know me, much less love me. I should be a new man



entirely to her. I should have to begin all over again, and win her love afresh against the rivalry of the lost McGinty? How could I go, being, as I said, a different man entirely, and ask her to marry me?"

"Be dad," cried Cary, "for pure casuistry and metaphysical refinement this bates the wurruld—so it does—but go on."

"Casuistry or not," said McGinty, "it's the truth—and I had a great struggle and anguish for two long years. I wrote incessantly to her; letters of undying love and fidelity. She thought, at first, that it was some money difficulty, but I soon showed her it was not that. Then she said nothing more about my 'calamity,' but wrote me incessant protestations of fidelity and love and trust—only—and there was where the shoe pinched, she wished to see me, and urged me to come to her—and that was the very thing I couldn't do. Only think of that, will you. There's a situation for you! There was she dying to see me—I dying to see her—and yet I dared not show myself. Sometimes I felt most keenly that my conduct needed a fuller explanation, and that I ought to take her more fully into my confidence. Her implicit trust in me, her absolute faith, her tender love, all so touching, made me feel this the more. She loved me so much that I ought to tell her; I loved her so much that I could not tell her. I knew that the first sight of me would fill her with horror. I should lose her forever. She could not love me. But I loved her too much to risk that.

"Well, at last I couldn't hold out any longer. I determined to know my fate. At this juncture a happy thought suggested itself. It was to go and see her under an assumed name. Further reflection gave me a first rate plan. I told her that at last I was in a position to be married, but that I could not go to England in person for certain reasons, which I would explain when we met—but that I would send her an intimate and valued friend to bring her to me. She wrote back, in her usual loving way, and assured me that if I were a captive in a dungeon she would rejoice to come to me whenever I asked, and share my fate. Well, I sent on my friend. Now, you know, the friend was myself——"

"Yourself!" said Cary; "well, the affair is get-

ting complicated. But didn't she know you?"

"Know me!" said McGinty, with something like a wail of despair. "How could she? Oh, but it was an awful moment that meeting! I trembled from head to foot. I couldn't look at her. All my future was at stake. She stood waiting for me to speak. I stood looking at the floor, with my scarred face half-concealed. A beard covered the lower part. I didn't wear any beard in the old days, and though I came as another person, I instinctively turned my face——"

"Look here, old fellow," cried Cary, "it appears to me that you make no end of a fuss about your face. It's a very good looking face, I swear, now. It's very little marked. No one would notice it except he had a microscope."

"Oh, no," groaned McGinty. "You don't know what I once was. Why, Apollo himself——"

"Oh, bother Apollo! cut on with your story, man."

McGinty sighed.

"Well, then," he continued, "there we stood—she silent, and waiting politely, of course, for me to say something. I unable to say a word. I handed her, in silence, a letter which was from her McGinty, introducing me as his friend Smithers. I didn't dare to look at her. She broke it, and stood a long time reading it. I stood like a criminal awaiting his sentence. At last she spoke, in a sweet, low voice, that trembled slightly from her deep agitation.

"'I really hope,' she said, 'that you will pardon me, Mr. Smithers, for keeping you standing so long,' and then asked me to sit down. I stole a look at her, and I saw her eyes fixed on me. They were moist with tears, but there was a smile on her face. Oh, I knew it all—the tears were tears of joy at the thought of going to me, after so long a separation—yet there I was—myself—and dared not tell her. Oh, how I longed to catch her in my arms. How I longed to fling myself at her feet, and hide my face, and tell all. But I did not. I could not. I could only stammer forth something and sit down. She sat near me—more beautiful than ever—with all that delicate grace that I remembered so well—that sweet expression—that soft, tender glance—that bright smile of

infinite mirthfulness, so characteristic of her. And she asked me how I had left Mr. McGinty! Think of that, Carey! Oh, only think of that!"

"My opinion is," said Cary, "that you got things most infernally mixed up. How do you know that she didn't know you all the time?"

McGinty groaned.

"Oh, you don't understand," said he. "At any rate she couldn't recognize me, and she didn't. Well, after that I saw her constantly. She made arrangements to go on with a family that were about going to Italy—a daughter of the family had gone to school once along with her—the daughter not a bad lot—but the old people something superhuman in their utter vulgarity. Pill Patterson, you know, the Cockney medicine man—and only imagine my Kitty going with that lot. But it was all her longing to get to me—to me! and there was I at her elbow. There was I. I saw her every day. I talked, walked, rode, drove with her; she was always gracious, always tender—so confoundedly gracious and tender that I swear it was only by the strongest self-restraint that I kept myself from telling her how I loved her—as Smithers—mind you, Smithers. Over and over again I was in danger of letting out my secret. For whenever I talked of the past it was always McGinty's past. My life, and that of McGinty, had evidently been inseparable. My distress was so great, that I couldn't work up sufficient imagination to invent a new past, and so fell back on the old one. She noticed that. Then, again, that infernal name of Smithers was for ever bothering me. I could never get accustomed to it. Finally, when I did get a little accustomed to it, I found myself growing jealous of McGinty—thought of McGinty as some former lover of hers—took to cursing him for his personal beauty, his graces, and his numerous virtues."

At this Carey burst into a laugh.

"By Heaven," he cried, "McGinty, of all the Irishmen I've ever met with, I swear you do most honor to the old country—the native land of whim and oddity, and cross purposes and bulls. Only I'd give something for five minutes' conversation with your Kitty on the subject of Smithers —"

"For Heaven's sake, man, don't think of it — don't hint at it — you'd ruin me," cried McGinty. "If you do meet with her, guard my secret—like your heart's blood."

"Oh! as to that, there is not the least danger in life—for, in the first place, I shall never see her. So, go on."

"Well, I was saying," said McGinty, "that I grew jealous of myself. For you see I saw all her grace, and beauty, and tenderness, and love, all lavished and expended on McGinty, while I—Smithers—only shone by a reflected light. Can't you comprehend the position?"

"I'll be hanged if I can comprehend anything, you've got everything jumbled up so."

"Well, we continued on these terms all the journey here, and now things have come to a crisis. Here we are in Rome. Here she expected to meet McGinty. Well, what now? where is he? what can I do?"

"Divvle take me, if I know, or can imagine. Ye'll have to find yer own way out of it, me boy."

"Well, I hit upon a plan. I wrote a long letter at Florence, and handed it to her not long after her arrival here. It was from McGinty. It told her that he had to go to Naples, but hoped to be back again in time to receive her. It was full of undying love, and all that, of course, yet it must have been a bitter disappointment to her. Still she didn't show it, whatever she felt. She took it from me, and read it in her own apartment, so that I didn't see her while she was reading it. It must be her faith that keeps her up, her confiding love that thinks no evil. McGinty, she thinks, is truth itself. I saw her to-day. She was, as usual—no trace of disappointment—but sweet, gracious, smiling, ever merry. I took her over the Vatican, and round to many of our old haunts—the dear old places of long ago. Little did she guess that the miserable sneak, Smithers, is the old McGinty himself, of whom she talks so incessantly.

"And now I'm fairly at my wit's end. How am I to keep it up? or, on the other hand, how am I to end it?"

"Well, me boy," said Cary, as McGinty paused, after this appeal, "nobody but an Irishman could ever have constructed such a tissue of difficulties around his way. There is

only one thing for you to do. Own up; tell all; make a clean breast of it."

"Too late," said McGinty. "Too late. If I'd only told her so at our first meeting. If I'd only gone on as myself instead of Smithers, it might have turned out all right. Her love for McGinty might then have survived the shock of his changed face. But now—what am I? Wretch that I am! To her I'm not McGinty at all; I'm Smithers. Another man! As Smithers she knows me. As Smithers she must always think of me. But, as Smithers I have not a ray of hope, for all her soul turns to the old McGinty. And he can never come again. So what can I do, or how can I ever get out of this?"

"Well, old man, you've got to come to it, you know. Tell her all. Appeal to her love."

"No, no," said McGinty. "It is too late. It can't be done. I'm Smithers; she's got accustomed to Smithers. Its impossible for her to warm up her friendly esteem for Smithers to the passionate love she used to have for me as McGinty. She no longer flushes up as in the old days. She no longer feels the old thrill when I come near. Why? Because I'm Smithers! What does she care for me! And I couldn't marry her as a mere friend. I want her love—the old love that McGinty had, and that old love Smithers can never, never gain!"

## CHAPTER IV.

### LITTLE ROSETTE—ALONE IN THE WORLD—THE POLICE ON HER TRACK.

Into service she must go.  
She'll escape incognito.

SOME further conversation followed, consisting chiefly of advice on the part of Cary, for McGinty to make a clean breast of it, and lugubrious objections on the part of the latter.

"Well, old boy," said Cary, "I'm glad you're back, at any rate, for you can be of assistance, and can do a great service to me, and to another who needs it. What you've just been telling me shows me a clear way out of my difficulty."

"If I can do anything, you may count on me—no end—of course."

"Well, you can't do much; but this family—

these friends of yours—they're just the ones."

"For what?"

"I'll explain. It's little Rosette, poor little thing."

"Little Rosette?"

"Yes. Rosette Merivale."

"Rosette Merivale? Don't know her."

"Didn't you know her father, Eugene Merivale?"

McGinty shook his head.

"No? Well, very likely not. He kept himself rather close—very reserved. Between you and me, me boy," continued Cary, dropping his voice to a low whisper, "he had his reasons."

"Ah?"

"Yes," said Cary, in the same tone; "concerned with the Republicans, you know."

"Ah! a conspirator?"

"H—sh!" said Cary, laying his hand impressively on his friend's arm. "Take care. Walls have ears—and forewarruned, forearrumed. But now about little Rosette. Merivale has got into trouble with the authorities."

"What! not arrested?"

"No; but on the point of it. Information had been given. The police were after him. A friend gave him the hint, and he ran for it at once—ran for it on a moment's notice, without packing up so much as a cravat, or a sheet of paper. Worst of all, he had to leave his daughter, little Rosette, here, perfectly helpless. Worse still, he was afraid that the police, in their anger at his escape, might arrest her, in the hope of finding out something from her, or of decoying him back, by using her as a may-jim."

"Was Merivale really implicated?"

Cary shook his head solemnly.

"Deeply?"

"Well, about as deep, I fear, as he need be. He was a romantic, poetical sort of a divvle, always into the thick of movemints like these—the more fool he; but howandiver, here it is with him on the wing, and little Rosette on my hands."

"Oh, she came to you, did she?"

"Of course. Where else could she go?"

"You didn't say so."

"Didn't I? Well, you see, Merivale sent a letter to me at once, imploring me to see about



little Rosette. He also enclosed one for her. I at once went off after her, and brought her here very secretly, without delay, and none too soon; for not more'n fifteen minutes after I got her off, the police made a descent on Merivale's rooms, and seized every article in it.

"Well, I soothed little Rosette as well as I could. She's been here in hiding these two or three days; but, you see it isn't the proper thing, at all at all, for the likes of her—and it's hard for me, too, as well as mighty embarrassing; for you see she's cryin' all the time, and so I'm at me wit's end. The only thing I have hoped for, is to find some reliable English family, who would be willing to receive her and take care of her. It would be necessary for her to go under an assumed name, for, of course, it would never do for her to be known as the daughter of the Republican, and conspirator—Merivale."

"You don't mean to say that they'd touch her."

"Touch her?" cried Cary—"wouldn't they, though? That's just what they would do. Why, man, they're on the look out for her now. I know that. An' they'd give a good deal to be able to lay hands on her. These are ticklish times, remember, and no throne in Europe is safe. It's no child's play, and the police handle suspected persons without gloves."

"Well, I'll do all in my power; but what do you think I can do?"

"Well, as I said, I have hoped to find some English family, kind-hearted people, you know, who would be willing to take her. Now, these friends of yours seem to me to be the very ones. But they must not know anything about her, nor even suspect. Rosette herself must be warned most solemnly. She'll have to go under an assumed name."

"I could introduce her as the daughter of a friend who had died."

"No, no—none of that—she musn't go as a friend at all."

"A friend? Why, how else can she go?"

"She musn't go as an equal—she'd tell all about herself, and once the secret was divulged, all would be lost. She'll have to go in such a capacity that she couldn't make any confidences."

"How?"

"Well, I've been thinking she might go as lady's maid."

"Lady's maid!"

"Yes. It wouldn't be for long, and with good-natured people it wouldn't be hard."

"Well—if she could only go with Kitty. That's the way. I'll get Kitty to take her."

"Oh! bother. No—Kitty would never do—Kitty would make too much of a friend of her, and find out."

"Well, what then? Kitty can keep a secret as well as either of us."

"Of course; I only mean that it wouldn't be fair to subject her to the unpleasantness and possible danger of such a secret."

"Oh! I see; well, the old lady might do—no, the old lady would kill any one with her vulgarity. Harriet would be better."

"Who's Harriet?"

"The daughter of the family."

"Well, why won't she do?"

"She will do—she's the very one. A lady, but reserved and cold-blooded. She'd be civil to Rosette, without trying to find out her secret."

"The very one. McGinty, my boy, you're a trump."

"I'll see about it the first thing, and by this time to-morrow little Rosette shall be in her new place."

## CHAPTER V.

THE INCONSOLABLE ONE—THE MOST FAITHFUL OF SPOUSES—EVILS OF MARRYING A WIDOW.

Over Alpine rocks and stones  
Rattle Malagrida's bones.

"YE see, McGinty, me boy," said Cary, after a few moments of profound meditation, "there are various reasons why I'm not in a position to take care of little Rosette, and I think, since you've been so kind, I'm bound to explain them. In the first place, I've got no female belongings, and don't want any. In the second place, I am compelled by circumstances to lead a rather roving life; and, in the third place, if she wants to be in hiding, I'm the worst man in the world for her to hide with. I don't want to go into particulars. I'll only

say that I know too much about her father's secret business. You understand. *Verbum sap.*"

McGinty nodded.

"What you've been telling me about yourself reminds me of an affair of me own that's had a very great effect on me own life, and accounts also for the fact of my being now a lone man in the worruld, and distichute of all female belongings, and, what's more, not wanting any. Your confidence to me makes me feel inclined to make a return of the same, and who knows but that you may get some hint that may help you. At any rate, as I feel in the humor, why I don't mind telling you.

"You know that I've lived a varied life. I was educated in Ireland, at Maynooth. I got into trouble there with the authorities, through the meanness of a fellow student that pretended to be a friend, and betrayed me in an affair which I was engaged in, and of which I had made him my confidant. His name was O'Keefe, the bloody traitor. He got his reward in promotion, patronage, and favor—while I found it convenient to retire. Well, then I wandered abroad, and finally found myself in Rome. I went to the Propaganda, succeeded in getting in, but finally decided not to be a priest. It's a mighty convenient thing, though, to have a priest's education, and then be a layman. True, it don't give a man the advantage which it did in the days of Henry the Eighth of England, or Sverre, King of Norway, both of whom knew how to fight the priests with their own weapons; howandiver, a man can turrun it to advantage in many ways. I found it so, I know. I managed to push my way, until at length I attracted the attention of His Iminince, Cyardinal Aguardiente. I gradually won his favor and confidence, till at last I became his segretario cameriere and maggiordomo strordinario, in which position I made money, possessed influence, and came in contact with many distinguished men of all ranks and stations in life.

"Well, things went on very well with me, till one day there was an announcement of a visitor. The title sent up was Monsignore Ballywhack, a name which was quite unpronounceable by His Iminince. So I told His Imi-

nince it was only some owmadhawn of an Irish Padre coming to beg money from him, and got instructions to receive the Irlandese myself.

"Well, I went to the aujince chamber, and there the door opened, and in came Monsignore Ballywhack; and who do ye think he was? Can ye ever guess? By the pipers of war, McGinty, it was no other than that viper, O'Keefe himself. Tare an ages! but didn't me blood boil at the sight of him—comin' there as a high ecclesiastic, to hob nob wid his Iminince! Well, I didn't pitch into him on the spot, though it might have been better to have had it out. I merely rang for servants, sent out for gen-darmes, and had monsignore arrested and packed off to San Angelo in less than fifteen minutes, and there I intended to keep him till he got enough of it.

"Unfortunately, McGinty, me boy, man proposes, an' that's all. The viper had powerful friends, it seems, who missed him, applied to His Iminince, who at once taxed me with it. I saw that all would be known, and that I'd catch it hot and heavy, so I concluded to retire. I gathered together all I had, and ran off to Florence, and afterwards to Venice.

"Well, I thought I was nicely out of it, and began to cast about for a new occupation in life, when Fortune threw in my way a beautiful widow, whose husband had died not long before, leaving her inconsolable. Fortunately, she was Irish, and that constichuted a bond between us; and so, with this advantage in my favor, I lay siege to the beautiful widow, and at length achieved a conquest.

"Now, this widow was the most inconsolable widow that ever was known. She told me frankly that she could never forget the late lamented—she would carry his image to her grave—and could never leave his tomb. Well, I allowed all this, thinking that time and a new husband would make it all right. She swore that she could only give me the fragment of a broken heart; while I had sufficient vanity to believe that I could patch together that shattered organ till it became as good as new. Under these circumstances we came to an understanding. But before we were married, she declared that she pined for her native land, yet at the same time she could not

bear to be parted from her dear deceased husband, and therefore stipulated that we should carry his remains with us to Ireland. Imagine what a thing that was! Fancy what a madman I must have been to make such an agreement! But all lovers are mad, and I was of course as infatuated as any of them.

"Well, we were married, and then began all our woe. And now, me boy, ye'll hear a story that beats yours."

Cary refreshed himself here with a draught from the flask, and having thus gathered strength, proceeded:

"We started off. There was our luggage—four trunks; and an enormous box, seven feet long, four feet wide, and three feet high, that weighed about ten tons. It was labelled:

*Signor Malagrida,  
care Timothy Cary, Esq.,  
Galway, Ireland.*

Now, mind you, inside that box was my predecessor, Malagrida, and I was expected to take charge of that infernal machine all the way by land and sea to Galway.

"I confess that when I first saw it I faltered. I tried to persuade my wife to send it by sea to Galway. But to this proposal she would not listen for one moment. She declared that she could not part with him. He was dearer to her than all the world. She would be faithful to him till death. In fact, McGinty, she was Irish—nobody but an Irishman could have thought of such a thing. Well, I couldn't resist her tears, and so we started.

"It was the first step that cost—yes, and cost money, too. Four miles of water till we got to the land, and Malagrida had to be carried in half a dozen barges, towed by a dozen gondolas. It took two or three days. Then we got him on a wagon, and he rolled along, while we in a carriage had to go at a walk. It was a funeral. At Verona we took the railway train, which carried us and Malagrida to Milan. At Milan we had to organize the funeral once more.

"Now all this preyed on my spirits. But besides all this my wife was constantly in tears. She discoursed forever about the virtues of Malagrida; told me a hundred times the story of their courtship and wedded love; and thus gradually reduced me from one of the most

amiable and light-hearted of men to a miserable wreck of my former self—a being with the heart of a misanthrope, and the exterior of an undertaker; and thus we reached Dinio d'Ossola.

"Here the Alps rose before us. It was the month of March. The road was blocked by snow. Avalanches were falling. We had to wait a week before it was possible to move Malagrida. Every day I remonstrated, argued, coaxed, prayed, and wept. In vain. My wife's fidelity to Malagrida could not be shaken. So I had to submit.

"Well, we started. Malagrida required four sleds and a file of sixteen horses. Even then his weight would bring him down deep in the snow wherever it was at all soft. Thirty cantonniers, armed with shovels, accompanied us to dig him out. The first day brought us only partly the way up the ascent. The next day we toiled on, and only made a few miles. We had to encamp all night in a gallery. Next day we went on, and an enormous avalanche fell on Malagrida, smothering two horses and stunning one man. I was for leaving him, but my wife denounced me so bitterly that I caved in. We dug out Malagrida, pitched the dead horses over the precipice, and marched along. We spent another night in a gallery, encountered a few more avalanches, and at length reached the village of Simplon. The hospice is not far off, and I made a feeble attempt to persuade my wife to leave Malagrida here among these holy men, who would sing masses for the repose of his soul. But she would not listen to it. There never was such an obstinate woman since the world began.

"Well, so went a few days more, and at length the mighty task was achieved. The mountain was traversed. We were at Brieg. Here I found myself still more changed. I was growing morose. I remonstrated less patiently and more sharply with my wife. She seated herself on Malagrida, and took refuge in tears.

"Well, the funeral went on. We reached Villeneuve. Here we had to put Malagrida on board a steamboat for Geneva. Malagrida nearly tumbled overboard, and I indulged in a wish that he had gone to the bottom. My wife gave me a look that might have crushed me a fortnight before.



"At Geneva I grew sharper. I saw that, after all, the journey had only begun. I felt the humiliating position in which I was, that I, with my talents and personal advantages, should be a sort of lackey to a miserable creature like Malagrida—a miserable Italian, who might have been a Jew, as many Venetians are. Why should my wife cling to him? Insatiate monster that she was, could not one husband suffice? My bitterness broke forth without restraint.

"Then we came to Morat. Here we had a battle—the battle of Morat. I on the offensive—and I was as offensive as I could be; she on the defensive, armed with tears and reproaches. I told her that I couldn't be Malagrida's lackey any longer, and that she'd have to give him up. She, on the other hand, called me a cruel wretch, wept torrents of tears, invoked her lost spouse, and implored Heaven to save her.

"Well, we went on. Malagrida rested at Berne, at Basle, at Strasburg, at Carlsruhe. There, on taking the train for Mayence, I made a desperate move, and had him left behind. But it was no use. After a fearful scene, I had to go back for him. Then we went to Cologne.

"At this point, my patience was all gone. I had grown to be a sour, morose, fierce, miserable misanthrope, furiously jealous of Malagrida, and anxious for vengeance on him. My wife was as obstinate as ever. Besides, I got sick of the idea of going to Ireland. I wanted to go to Paris. My wife insisted on going to England at least. I refused, unless she left Malagrida behind. This she refused.

"I put the offer to her point blank. I told her she must now choose between me and Malagrida, as there wasn't room for both of us. At that very moment, she was seated upon the infernal machine. I asked her to come to me. She wouldn't. She chose Malagrida.

"Well, I was as firm as she was. I told her that I would see her off, if she wished me to. She told me that I would repent this bitterly some day. I informed her that I already repented of my acts for the last month most bitterly. She burst into fresh tears, and told me I could not have the heart to leave

her. I told her that I must, unless she left Malagrida.

"Well, the next day it was all over. I saw Malagrida put on board the steamer, which was to go down the Rhine, and then gave my wife a last chance. I stood on the quay. I asked her if she would leave me for Malagrida. She said nothing, but wept. The bell sounded. She gave me a hurried kiss, and fled on board. The last I saw of her, she was seated on Malagrida, her eyes streaming with tears, waving a sad farewell to me."

"Well," said McGinty, "is that's all?"

"Yes," said Cary, filling his pipe, which had gone out. "One thing more I did. I knew her address; so I sent her, not long afterwards, a notice of the death of Timothy Cary, Esq., and forwarded to her a coffin containing his remains. She seemed so fond of corpses, that I thought I'd indulge her fancy. I dare say she gave me a handsome burial. Or, perhaps, she married again, and went off on her honeymoon with both of her former spouses."

## CHAPTER VI.

### LITTLE ROSETTE AMONG THE PHILISTINES.

Rather rough on Rosie this is;  
Can she live with such a Missis?

THE previous chapters contain a sufficient explanation of the position of little Rosette. It was with some apprehension that she entered upon her new life. Under the advice of the experienced Cary and the sagacious McGinty, she arrayed herself for her new vocation; a short dress, an apron, a cap, under which her hair was done up very prettily, and a small bundle—such were her preparations for the responsible post of lady's maid to 'Arriet. McGinty had done his work, and no difficulties had been met with. And thus it was that McGinty's promise was fulfilled, and on the day following little Rosette found herself among the Pattersons, waiting in the ante-chamber of their lodgings.

It was Mamma Patterson who first came to see the new maid.

Little Rosette stole one timid look at her, and then lowered her eyes modestly to the floor.

Mamma Patterson seated herself in what was meant to be a dignified attitude, and then surveyed the little maid for some time, very leisurely and in silence.

"I've ben requested," said Mamma Patterson, "to take you as maid to my darter, an' I 'ope you'll try an' mind your missuses, remember your place, an' try an' do your 'umble dooty in the station of life in which you are sitooated."

"Yes'm," said little Rosette, meekly.

"Now, in the fust place," continued the mamma, "there's some things that must be understood, fust an' foremost; an' I won't stand any nonsense on this pint. Now I want to know one thing. 'Ave you got any followers?"

Little Rosette looked up with a questioning glance, and repeated:

"Followers?"

"Yes; sparks, you know." •

"Sparks?" said little Rosette, with a puzzled face.

"Well, fellers, then—you know."

"I'm sure, I don't know what you mean," said little Rosette; "and I'm very sorry."

Mamma Patterson's face flushed.

"Oh, yes, you do, you artful puss; I know it."

"She's awfully rude," thought little Rosette; "but I must try to be very polite, indeed, and perhaps she mayn't be quite so cross." So with this thought in her mind, little Rosette put her hands behind her, like a child saying a lesson, and then looked at Mamma Patterson, her great, dark, soft eyes resting dreamily upon her, with their long, dark eyelashes sweeping her rounded cheeks. At which the old lady frowned, and her expression grew more and more sour, as though she felt dissatisfied with so sweet a face; while she regarded her with a truculent glance—and little Rosette said, in a tone of courtesy that was really exquisite:

"I must thank you very much, indeed, my dear Mrs. Patterson, for being so good natured as to allow me to come here. I do not really know much—that is not *very* much, you know—but I hope you will try to make every allowance—and I'm sure I shall try very hard

indeed—and one cannot say more than that, you know."

Little Rosette concluded her speech with a very pretty smile, that was meant to be conciliatory, and then awaited an answer. But something in that face and voice seemed to have jarred very unpleasantly on Mrs. Patterson, for she sat in silence, glaring at her with a glance that was more unpropitious than ever.

"Highly tighty! high and mighty!" exclaimed the old lady, at length. "Here's a queer go, too! What may you 'appen to call yourself, pray? Is this the fashion that you've larned of talkin' to your missuses and betters—like borned ladies, an' free an' ekal? Is this the fashion on the Continink? Why, you might as well be one of the Red Republicans."

This allusion to the Red Republicans startled little Rosette, for she knew that her present situation was in some way owing to them—and was af aid of discovering her secret.

"Oh, if you please, don't," she said, with a gesture of alarm, and a hurried look around her. This, however, the old lady didn't notice, but went on with her own idea.

"Now look here, you Miss Rosette, I want to tell you one thing. I don't like your style—I don't like them fundangos an' fal-lals—I don't like lady's maids a-trickin' of theirselves up like coquettes. You're rigged up to the nines, an' you make too much play with them eyes o' your'n."

"Do I?" said Rosette. "I'm very sorry, I'm sure;" and she looked meekly at the floor, the long lashes fringing her lids and giving her a new charm, which was still more offensive to Mrs. Patterson.

"Fust, I say," the mamma went on, "fust of all, you've got to change that name. I don't want no Rosettes about this house. You'll have to take a plain honest name—Susan—or sech."

"Susan!" said little Rosette. "Oh, if you please, I'd very much rather not. Susan is so very, very horrid."

"Horrid, is it?" snarled the mamma. "Horrid—highly tighty, Miss Flighty—not good enough for Your Royal 'Ighness! Well, all I can say is, beggars mustn't be choosers—an' there's better women named Susan than you'll ever be, bein' as my own sainted mother, as is dead

and gone, bore that name, and was buried under it, which it's ten times better'n you deserve to 'ave, you impertinent young huzzy, you!"

"How shockingly rude she is," thought little Rosette. "I'm afraid that I shall find it *very* hard to grow accustomed to her—and one can't stand being scolded always; and she *won't* be pleased with anything."

"Then, again," resumed the old lady, "thar's another thing—what d'ye call that thing on your head? Take it off. I don't want it. I won't have you a-trickin' up like a coquette."

"I'm sure I'm *very* sorry," said Rosette. "I thought you would prefer a cap, but one hardly knows how one ought to dress when one——"

She removed her cap without finishing her sentence, and then there was disclosed a rippling, crisp, curling mass of dark luxuriant hair, that made her quite enchanting; while old Mrs. P. sat staring at her in utter disgust.

"Well, young woman, there's one thing you'll have to do, I plainly see, if you stay here. You'll have to cut off them curls."

"Cut off my hair!" said Rosette, aghast.

"Yes—all of it—every mite; shingle your head close as a soger's—otherwise you ain't goin' to stay with *me*. Mind that, miss."

"But I'd *very* much rather not do that," said Rosette; "that is," she added, in her usual polite way, "that is, if you don't *very* much mind it, you know."

"But I do mind it very much, indeed, and you know it."

"I think," suggested Rosette, in a conciliatory tone, "that if I wore a very large cap, indeed I might manage to hide it all."

"A large cap—no you don't! I twig! More fal lals! That's all *you* want. You don't come them games over me, young woman."

"But I'd so *very* much rather not," objected Rosette.

"Well, then, you shall, and you must. Who cares for you?"

"But how can I, when poor papa is away; and might be very angry, *indeed*, if he were to know about it, you know."

At this Mrs. Patterson threw up her eyes.

"Hear her! Listen to her! Her papa! Her

—pa-pa! And who is your papa?—and who do you suppose cares a pin for him?"

"He's a very nice man," said Rosette, "a very nice man, indeed. And he loves me very dearly."

"Well, all I can say is, it's a pity he didn't have you brought up in a way more sooted to your station in life an' footer prospects. Better for you, miss, if he'd made you cut it all off long ago."

"I'm sure I'm very sorry," said Rosette; "but I can't help it."

"You can help it."

"I do wish she wouldn't contradict one so rudely," thought Rosette, and then she tried very hard to think of something conciliatory. The mamma returned to the charge.

"Then there's another pint. Them eyes o' yours—I don't like 'em. You roll 'em about too much."

"Oh, well," said Rosette, with a smile of candor, "I can't do anything then, for one can't go and cut one's eyes out, you know."

At this the old lady grew more wrathful still.

"See here, now, Miss Flighty," she said, sharply. "You and me's got to understand one another. I'm a plain woman, I am; an' I allus speak plain. There's too many gentlemen a-comin' an' a-goin' in this 'ouse, an' you've been a trickin' of yourself out to attract their attention. You're a born coquette, that's what you air, and them I can't a-bear. Now, I give you warnin'—don't you be givin' of yourself airs. Don't let them gentlemen have too much to say to you. Above all, there's my man, Billy—don't you go an' let him come foolin' around you. He's an old fool, an' I don't like to have the likes of you in the 'ouse when he's round."

While Mrs. P. was thus expressing herself, Rosette was thinking that she was very particularly unpleasant, as well as vulgar, and wondered what her papa would ever think if he only knew what sort of a person this woman was. How excessively rude she is to me—she thought—and I don't quite see how I can ever become accustomed to her, and I do wish she would not contradict one so.

"Mrs. Patterson," said Rosette, with some dignity, yet with that sweet air of courtesy



which never failed her, "I am sure you would not have said all that if you had known how very particularly unpleasant it is to me."

"Yes, I would," said the old lady, rudely, "and I don't believe it's unpleasant a bit."

"It's *very particularly* unpleasant," said Rosette.

"It ain't," said Mrs. Patterson. "You like it—you know you do."

"I particularly dislike it," said Rosette.

"You don't," said Mrs. Patterson. "Besides, I don't care whether you like it or not. Who are you. Who cares for you? You're only a servant. I could buy up a thousand servants, all better'n you."

What is one to do? thought Rosette. She is certainly a *very* vulgar person—I think quite the vulgarest I ever saw. I really think she must be almost, if not quite, insane. I wonder if they're all like her, and if there may not be one who may be the least little bit like a lady. I never was so rudely treated in all my life —

"An' mark my words, miss," continued Mrs. Patterson, "no foolin'—no coquettin'—no philanderin'—no cuttin' up Didos in this house—no —"

But at this point Mrs. P.'s tirade was cut short. The door opened. It was 'Arriet."

The mamma retreated, and 'Arriet seated herself on the vacated throne, looking at Rosette with something of the same scrutiny and a little of the same expression which the mamma had shown. Rosette, on the other hand, remained standing in her former meek and quiet attitude, wondering to herself whether this one would be as rude as the other.

"What is your name?" asked 'Arriet, in a cold, distant manner—

"Rosette."

"Rosette what?"

"Rosette—Finch," said the other, with an effort. It was hard to deny her own real name—and she thought to herself, also, that it was a sort of lie, which was wicked.

"Very good," continued 'Arriet, in a business-like way. "You have been recommended by Mr. Smithers. You are to be my maid. Mr. Smithers said that you had not lived out."

"Well, not *very* much."

"Have you ever lived out at all?"

"Well, n—no," stammered poor Rosette,

fearing that this admission might damage her; "but I'm sure I couldn't help it."

"No matter. Mr. Smithers spoke very favorably of you, and I hope you'll prove to be all that he promised. I daresay you'll suit me very well. Be honest, be obedient, be modest, be truthful—that's enough for me. Any little awkwardness I will overlook with pleasure. And now, what persuasion are you?"

"I beg your pardon," said Rosette.

"What persuasion—religion, you know?"

"Oh—why—the *Christian*," stammered Rosette. "Protestant, you know."

"Oh, yes; but what denomination among the Protestants?"

"Oh, well, I don't belong to any denomination, you know," said Rosette, briskly. "I belong to the Church, you know."

"Ah—h—m—well—we don't. I merely wished to know. I'm glad you belong to even that—ah—body, and hope you feel the great responsibility that attaches to you as a church member."

Instinctively Rosette's little hands sought one another behind her back, and the old school-girl feeling came over her. She's catechizing me, thought Rosette; and, in a kind of panic, her mind reviewed all her old religious instructions.

"Oh, yes," she said, sweetly, "I can say it yet, pretty well—though not very—at least not so well as I might wish;" and she stood as though expecting every moment to be asked, "What is your name?" "rehearse the articles of thy belief," or "which be they?" But no question came; and little Rosette felt, on the whole, decidedly relieved. 'Arriet sat looking at her curiously for some time, and at length said, with some abruptness:

"You're too pretty."

Oh, there it comes, thought poor Rosette. She's beginning, and what can one do? She did not know what to say, so she took refuge in a glittering generality.

"Yes, please."

"I hope," continued 'Arriet, in a lofty tone, "that you'll try to be very quiet and modest; that you'll avoid every thing like airs, or impertinences, or impudence; and that you'll be respectful to your betters. It's my opinion that you are vain and light-headed. It's a

great snare. Beware of this. Fight against it as a besetting sin. Don't dress so smartly. That's another snare. And above all, be on your guard always against the gentlemen that may be coming and going. Don't let any one of them say one single word to you; and if they do, be sure not to answer them at all."

This last seemed to Rosette to be quite absurd, and involving incivility, discourtesy, and even rudeness. To be silent when spoken to was out of the question. Common politeness would make one reply to a remark. This seemed self evident.

"Oh, well, you know," said Rosette, "I suppose if any of them ask after you, for instance, I may answer them, you know."

"Oh, you know perfectly well what I mean," said 'Arriet, sharply. "I mean that you must not allow yourself to indulge in any of those small coquetries to which I fear you are altogether too much inclined. Remember, that I shall be watching you, and that I have sharp eyes. You'll not be able to deceive me."

"Yes, please," said Rosette, "I shall remember, I'm sure;" and I really do believe—she thought to herself—I really do think that she is almost, if not quite, as disagreeable as her mamma. And if she is how dreadful it will be. But, perhaps—she reflected, rising into a more sanguine mood—they may all turn out to be nicer when we all get better acquainted with one another.

As for 'Arriet, she felt decidedly puzzled. She had noted at once in Rosette a certain grace of bearing, and refinement of accent which she had never before seen in any lady's maid. She saw in her a certain nameless something which may be called "style" in default of a better name—a high-bred air about her face, about the poise of her head, her attitude, in short, everything; and how to account for this she did not know. She concluded, however, that Rosette may have lived a good deal among ladies, and caught their ways. Besides, she remembered having heard that on the Continent, servants and mistresses associate on more equal terms than in England, and supposed that this might in part account for the puzzle.

After some further remarks she took Rosette off to explain her duties, during which expla-

nation Rosette felt like the little maid in the story of the Three Spinners, when the Queen takes her to the room full of flax; but, alas! here there were no friendly fairies to interpose.

For the perilous nature of Rosette's undertaking will be fully appreciated, when it is explained that the only preparation which she had ever had for these complicated duties, and the only experience in them which she had ever known, consisted solely in the services which, in former years, she had rendered to certain dolls of various names and sizes, which, from time to time, she had adopted as her companions. These she had served very faithfully. She had done up their hair; dressed and undressed them; made their beds; washed their doll-clothes, in doll wash-tubs, with doll soap; ironed them with doll irons; read to them in doll books; nursed them when ill, and doctor-ed them with doll medicine; put them in doll baths, and accompanied them on their travels in doll carriages. But varied and important as this training may have been, it was hardly adequate to prepare her for her present position, and its multifarious duties; Mamma Patterson and 'Arriet were by no means so amiable as those old companions, and before one day had passed poor little Rosette found herself comparing her present with her former duties, to the great disadvantage of the present.

## CHAPTER VII.

OLD FRIENDS—A RAPTUROUS MEETING—ASSOCIATIONS AND REMINISCENCES OF THE PAST.

Mercy on us! here's Rosette.

How you've grown since last we met!

ON the afternoon of the following day every one was out, and Rosette, in pensive mood, was in the ante-chamber, at her wit's end about some household duty enjoined upon her by 'Arriet. Of this household duty she simply knew nothing whatever, and felt more than ever like the little maid already mentioned in the room full of flax. At this juncture there came a knock at the door, and Rosette went to open it.

It was Mr. Fred Fotherby, who had come to call upon the ladies. He had just opened his

mouth to ask the words, "Are any of the ladies at home?" when the words were suddenly arrested by something in the appearance of the little maid before him. She also had taken a hurried glance at the new comer, when something in him made her take a second. At that second their eyes met; there was an instant of mutual inquiry; then bewilderment; then amazed and astonished recognition.

"By Jove!" cried Fred.

"Why, Freddie!" exclaimed Rosette.

"Rosie!" cried Fred. "It can't be. You, Rosie! Why, what in Heaven's name!—why, you darling little pet! I'm awfully glad to see you, Rosie," and with these words Fred caught Rosette in his arms and kissed her.

"I'm awfully glad to see you, Rosie," said he once more.

"And I'm sure I'm awfullier glad to see you, Freddie, you dear, darling old boy," said little Rosette, whose eyes were swimming with tears, but whose face was glowing with joy.

Fred stood off, holding her with one hand on her shoulder, and surveyed her from head to foot in fresh amazement.

"Why, what in the world's the matter?" he asked. "What have you been doing with yourself? What's all this rig—this cap and apron? It can't be a joke or a masquerade?"

"Indeed, I only wish it was," said Rosette.

"But what are you doing here?"

"Oh, why, you know, I'm lady's maid."

"Lady's maid!" gasped Fred.

"Yes—to Miss Patterson."

"Lady's maid to Miss Patterson! The devil! Why, what do you mean? But I'll be hanged if you don't look prettier than ever. Why, Rosie, do you know that cap is awfully becoming to you?"

And at this Fred made a movement to kiss her again, but little Rosette retreated, holding up her hand.

"Hush—s-h! Oh, please don't, Freddie."

"Well, but how did you get here?" asked Fred, full of curiosity.

"Oh, why, you know, it's all some business of poor papa. It's some difficulty."

"What? not money?"

"Oh, no, not money, but with the police—politics, you know; but s-s-s-h! for it's a great secret," and Rosette put her hand over her

ruby lips, and looked with solemn, mysterious warning out of her great dark eyes.

"But tell me," said Fred, coaxingly.

"Oh! no, no,—I mustn't," said Rosette, shaking her head.

"But me."

"Oh! no, no, Freddie, dear, not even you—not a single soul. Its dangerous."

"Nonsense."

"Oh! but it is. Papa had to run away. So had I. I'm hiding."

At this Rosette gave a look of awful mystery.

"Hiding!" exclaimed Fred.

"Yes, that's the reason why I'm lady's maid. And I've had to change my name. My name now is Rosette Finch."

"Finch! Ye gods and little fishes," cried Fred.

"And so don't you go and let anybody ever know that you know me, you know, or else the police might hear, and if they did they'd arrest me at once."

Fred stood looking at her, full of surprise, sympathy, and admiration.

"Well, I'll be hanged!" he exclaimed.

"I'm sure there's ten times more danger of my being hanged," said Rosette, "if you don't promise never to speak to me again, and not let any body know about me."

"I swear, Rosie, I really do think that you are the prettiest, the very loveliest little thing that I ever saw," cried Fred—"why, what's the matter? It must be the cap and apron, of course—that's it, by Jove!"

"Am I, though?" said Rosette, joyously; "well, I'm awfully glad that you're here, Freddie. They're all out, and we can have a nice long talk. But how did you happen to come here. You couldn't have known anything about my being here."

"You? Oh! no," said Fred. "I had no more idea of your being here than the man in the moon; why, I heard that you had gone to Germany."

"Well, so we did, but we only remained there a little while, and then came back here again."

"And I haven't seen you for two years, Rosie," said Fred, in a regretful tone.

"And, oh! Freddie, this *is* so jolly, you



know," said Rosette, overjoyed to have an old friend near her.

"I don't think you've grown very much larger; but you've grown prettier, somehow—though how you *could* grow prettier I don't know. Don't you know how I used to copy your face, Rosie—always your large eyes—the pupil always under the upper eye-lid, and the line of white below it—then the long, long black eye lashes fringing the lower eye-lid, and the delicate little nose, and the perfect bow-shaped lips—the corners generally a little down, except when you were smiling—and then what a work I had with the hair——"

"Oh! you great, old, foolish, nonsensical boy, I do wish you wouldn't. I have every one of those old pictures—I never lost one. I'm sure I don't think they look very much like my idea of how I look—a dreamy-looking child, with enormous eyes, enormous eye-lashes, and awfully sad face, and awfully long and waving hair—and you call that me. But come, Freddie, what are you doing here? How did you get here? Tell me something about yourself"

"Oh! why, you know I came on here with these people."

"You came on here with these people," repeated Rosette. "Which people?"

"Why, the Pattersons."

"Why, what in the world ever induced you to have anything to do with such people as these?"

Fred, at this, looked a little confused.

"Oh, well, you see, Rosie," he replied, "I've been a bad boy entirely, and have been spending all my money, and going into debt no end, head over heels, used up, going to ruin, and all that, you know; and so I concluded at last that my only hope was to get hold of a rich wife."

"A rich wife!" said Rosette. "Why, what an idea for you! Do you mean to say that you are thinking of getting married? How very funny, Freddie!"

"I know it is," said Fred; "but then, you know, it's all I can do as things are. So I thought of Harriet, Miss Patterson, you know. Now, don't you think, Rosie, that she really is a gorgeous creature?"

"Why, that's my mistress."

"Mistress! What an idea! Oh, I see. Confound this business of yours. Well, at any rate, don't you think she is a most gorgeous creature?" repeated Fred; "all soul, you know—that's my idea—she is a splendid figure of a woman; and then, as to mind, intellect, brain, all that; why, I'd like you to mention anybody, man or woman, that comes near her. And then in addition to all this, mind you, Rosie, she's as rich as Cræsus—or her father is. Oh, that's the woman for me."

"And I suppose she's just—oh! just awfully fond of you, isn't she now, Freddie?" said Rosette, with an admiring smile.

"Oh, well, not so awfully," said Fred, who, in spite of conscious merit, still felt like putting forth a modest disclaimer of little Rosette's lavish praise; "but it'll come, no doubt. I dare say she doesn't like to show it too soon, you know."

"Of course not," chimed in Rosette; "she wouldn't till you tell her, you know. That's always the way, of course."

"Of course," assented Fred; "and then, you know, I owe most of my debts to her father."

"Owe your debts to her father?" said Rosette, in astonishment; "but what has that got to do with her loving you?"

"Oh, nothing with her loving me, little goosie; but it has a great deal to do with my getting her for my wife."

"I'm sure I don't see how."

"Oh, you know her father is enormously rich—a great money-lender, you know; and I owe him no end; and if I marry Harriet, I'll be his son-in-law, and, of course, that'll be the easiest way to pay off my debts, won't it?"

"Oh, yes, of course; but does he know?"

"Know? Oh, yes—I dare say—yes, of course he does."

"And, of course, he admires you—oh, ever so much!" said little Rosette, looking with all her own honest admiration at the handsome young fellow—an admiration which Fred, the conceited young dog, accepted as quite his due; "but I say, Freddie, it seems to me that it will be oh, so queer, and he will be oh, *such* a funny papa for you to have, you know. Why, it will be worse than my being lady's maid; for, after all, this isn't for life; but, if you become his son-in-law, you'll have to love, honor, and

obey him, as long as you live, you know. And so I shouldn't like to be you."

"Pooh, nonsense, goose," said Fred. "I don't marry the papa. He's only an old pig. I marry the daughter. And that's different."

"Yes; how nice it will be," said Rosette, in an abstracted tone; "and you'll have lots of money?"

"Yes—and such a great, noble creature for my wife," said Fred, enthusiastically.

"Yes, she's *awfully* big," said little Rosette. "I'm afraid of her, Freddie."

"Big? Nonsense. She's majestic—a grand creature—a gorgeous being—a— But see here, Rosie," said Fred, abruptly changing the conversation, "I don't like this sort of thing at all, you know; bad enough for you to be in a scrape, and have to be lady's maid—but hang it, these people, you know, they're not the right sort of thing at all for one like you—the two old ones awful bores, no end; and that old woman can be brutally rude without knowing it. So look here, you know, you must come out of this."

"Oh, but I can't. I'm hiding, you know."

"Nonsense! you can."

"Oh, but I can't—and I've no other place to go to."

"Place? Oh, I'll find places," said Fred, grandly.

"Oh, no; I couldn't think of it, Freddie. There's danger of the police finding me out. I must keep hid away."

"Hid? nonsense! Who's been stuffing you with all that? Come with me to the British Ambassador."

"Oh, no, I mustn't."

"But I can't stand it—and I won't."

"Oh, I hope it'll only be for a little time; and papa will come for me, you know, and take me away. I shall be able to keep quiet till I hear from him, only the worst of it, they will scold me so."

"Scold?" cried Fred, with a frown. "Scold? Who?"

"Why, all of them."

"All?" cried Fred, looking black. "All? What, the old woman? She wouldn't dare."

"Yes; and I think Miss Patterson is, if possible, worse."

"What, Harriet? Confound her impudence!

She scold you? Let me tell you, Rosie, I won't stand it. That girl! Why, she isn't fit to black your boots—a miserable, low-lived pill maker's daughter! a narrow-minded, vulgar, stuck-up, purse-proud—I'd wring her neck for sixpence!"

"No, no, that's against the laws; you must wait till you're married, Freddie."

"I'll—"

"You'd better be careful how you give way to your naughty temper, Freddie," said Rosette, who listened to this tirade with an air of intense enjoyment. "She might hear of it, and you might lose her."

"Lose her? Oh, no. Besides, I don't care. I've got two strings to my bow."

"Two strings?"

"Yes."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, another lady."

"Another lady!" exclaimed Rosette, in unfeigned surprise. "You awful boy! But who is she? What is she, and where did you find her? Tell me all about it."

"Well," said Fred, "she's an Italian Countess."

"An Italian Countess!"

"Yes, and a widow."

"A widow—oh!"

"And she's as beautiful as—as—well, as an angel—in fact, more so, much more," said Fred, enthusiastically.

"A beautiful Italian Countess! why, where did you meet with her, Freddie?"

"I'll tell you. It was on the road," and Fred proceeded to tell the whole story.

"How nice!" exclaimed Rosette; "why she must be utterly enchanting."

"I should rather think she was," said Fred.

"And is she really *awfully* fond of you, Freddie?" asked little Rosette, looking at Fred in her usual admiring way.

"Oh, well, you know, Rosie, it isn't so easy to tell with widows, you know. But she makes no end of a fuss about me—and between you and me, Rosie, I don't mind saying that I do believe that she really *is* *awfully* fond of me; though she doesn't like to show it, of course—that is, not too much," and the young puppy went on to tell about a good many things on the part

of the Countess which showed a tender interest. "And, I really think, Rosie, she's the most fascinating creature I ever saw—why, her eyes—they fairly thrill through me; and she's so elegant! She's a widow—but she must be very young."

"And is she rich?"

"Tremendous."

"How do you know?"

"Oh, well, by everything. Her way of speaking, for instance. She owns a villa in Tuscany, a house in Naples, an estate near Viterbo, another somewhere else; why, she must be a regular female Rothschild! She scatters money like mad—and then, she's the most perfect lady—and the most good-natured, amiable, warm-hearted, lively person I ever saw. I tell you what, Rosie, I'd ten times rather see you with her, than here; you'd be ten times happier."

"Oh, but I don't speak Italian."

"Oh, that's nothing. She speaks enough English to get along with. Suppose I tell her about you. I'm going to call there soon—to-day."

"Now!" said Rosie, in a forlorn voice.

"Now!—what, and leave you?" cried Fred, "and before I've even began to talk of a thousand things that I want to ask you about. Why, I haven't seen you for two years—and don't you remember that the very last time I saw you was when we were out in the boat, and you insisted on learning to row?"

"Yes," cried Rosette, eagerly, "and I caught a crab, and I lost my oar."

"Yes, and reached out to try and get it again—" cried Fred, as an eager, vivid remembrance came over him.

"Yes," interrupted little Rosette, in the same eager voice, "and I reached too far, and I fell overboard—and sank like a stone."

"And made me mad with terror, you little reprobate, after I consented to let you have the oars."

"But, oh, Freddie! you saved my life!" said Rosette, in a tremulous voice.

"Oh, yes—course—I had to fish you out, and got the greatest ducking I ever got in all my life."

"Yes, you jumped overboard, you poor old Freddie, and went down to the bottom after

me. And I remember how I opened my eyes at the bottom of the boat, and saw you crying like a baby over me, you silly old cowardly boy, you."

"Well, goosie, and didn't you cry, too, for a half an hour afterwards?"

"No, I didn't. It was the water in my eyes and hair. Besides, you made me cry, because you were crying so yourself."

"Well, but you always have been my own little pet, haven't you, Rosie?" said Fred, with tender frankness.

"Certainly, Freddie," said Rosette, with the same frank and open tenderness; "and I've always stood up for you, and been your friend."

"But, oh! what dear, delightful old days those were at Cheltenham!" said Fred, "at your uncle's, when I was a happy boy for years, and you keeping me from my studies with your teasing."

"You! Oh! oh! As if you would *ever* study."

At this, they plunged together back into that bright past at Cheltenham—at the old parsonage—when Fred had been a pupil, living with Rosette's uncle, with whom she also was living. A thousand bright memories were held by both in common—memories all golden as they arose illuminated by the sunlight of a happy past. They had been together for years in that past, and now met once more.

At length their conversation was interrupted by the return of the family, and Rosette had only time to say:

"Now, Freddie, you mustn't let them know that you know me, because it's awfully important for me not to be discovered. I'm incog."

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THREE STRINGS TO ONE BOW—A TOO IMPRESSIBLE YOUTH.

Fickle Freddie, how can you  
To so many loves be true?

THE beautiful Countess had continued her association with the Pattersons. Her affability filled the papa and mamma with delight, but inspired 'Arriet with varied feelings. For 'Arriet had noticed a visible change in the attitude of Fred toward herself ever since the appearance of the Countess, and concluded



that the lovely stranger had a motive for her condescension, that motive being no other than the capture of Fred. Delighted, therefore, and proud though 'Arriet might under other circumstances have been at the friendly advances of a titled lady, it was not in human nature that she should be patient at the sight of a once devoted lover being enticed away by a perfect stranger, and that too at the very time when he had virtually declared himself. For though the formal words had not passed between them, still Fred had given her to understand pretty plainly, by months of assiduous attention, what his purposes were; and it was certainly rather hard for 'Arriet to see the volatile young man transferring much of his allegiance to the Italian flag.

The Countess, for the present, however, had the advantage, and seemed determined to keep it. It was evidently the plan of this lady to win Fred for herself. Her motive was not at all a complex one. It was simply because her fancy prompted her. The romantic meeting on the mountain seemed to have impressed her greatly. Fred also was a young fellow who, in spite of his evident self-conceit, was very well adapted to win the regards of that sort of woman. And so the Countess set herself to the task of winning him.

From the first, Fred's too susceptible heart had felt the effect of her enchantments. Her dark eyes had sent electric flashes through him. Nor were little hints wanting, or words to give him encouragement; and therefore Fred's boast to little Rosette, though an unwarrantable violation of a tender secret, was after all founded on an actual fact.

The Countess, however, was by no means inclined to push her own purposes in defiance of everybody else. "Many things are wily," says the Greek dramatist, who goes on to say that man is the wildest. To which may be added, "except woman." Woman's wiles were possessed to the fullest degree by the Countess, and these she brought to bear on all her friends. She saw, first of all, that it would be better for her to have 'Arriet for her friend than her enemy; and so long as she could retain her on a friendly footing, she would have a much better chance of acting over the whole field. In order, however, to disarm 'Arriet's

jealous suspicions, it would be necessary for her to furnish that injured young lady with some other occupation for her thoughts. The best occupation seemed to her to be a new cavalier. For such she did not have long to wait. And this is the reason why the Countess introduced to the select circle of the Pattersons her brilliant, chivalrous and gallant friend and relative, the Count Filippo de Grassato.

This was a master stroke on the part of the Countess. All the English snob was roused within the soul of 'Arriet at the approach of a live Count. This was a very different thing from associating with a Countess, though that had, indeed, been a dazzling honor. But, in that case, the Countess had been, at the best, simply an acquaintance—one, too, who assumed a superiority which made her often feel ill at ease. In this other case, however, it was different. It was a Count, not a Countess; a gallant, not an acquaintance; a lover, not a friend. The Count placed himself altogether at her service. Instead of assuming any tacit superiority, his assumption was all the other way. He was not 'Arriet's superior. He was her very humble servant. To 'Arriet, those were delicious moments when the Count picked up her fan, or her kerchief; sprang to open the door for her; flew to hand her a chair—those moments when she had a born nobleman waiting upon her with the utmost deference.

Moreover, Grassato presented a marked contrast to Fred, apart from his title. Fred had never put himself out particularly. Fred thought that an infinity of small attentions was a bore, and also a silly affectation. He looked with infinite contempt upon a man who devoted himself in that small way to any woman whatever. The bows, scrapes, smiles, apologies, compliments, and multifarious attentions shown by Grassato seemed to him unworthy of a man, and characteristic of a "beggarly Italian."

If 'Arriet had thought of using Grassato as a means of bringing back Fred to his duty, she made a failure of it, for Fred seemed to regard the Italian with magnificent indifference. But 'Arriet found in the Count himself a source of joy altogether apart from the fact that he might be used against Fred; and her bereaved heart began to be soothed by a feeling of sweet

complacency, as she regarded her future self in the light of a possible Countess.

This little stroke of the Countess di Carrara had thus been quite successful. She had disarmed the jealousy of a rival, and retained that rival as a friend. The whole field thus lay open before her, and everything seemed to favor her purposes. Fred himself seemed to feel happy in finding himself her favored attendant; nor had he, as yet, altogether overcome that first enthrallment and enchantment which she had flung over him. Accordingly, not a day passed on which Fred was not dancing attendance upon this beautiful siren; waiting upon her; walking with her; riding or driving with her.

"Ow you lika Roma?" asked the Countess of him one day, as they walked through the grounds of the Villa Borghese.

"Oh, first rate," said Fred, "tip-top! It's the jolliest place I ever saw."

"Joli? oh, si, yes—beautiful, splendida. You joy you saffa in dees villa?"

"Awfully," said Fred, "never enjoyed myself so much in all my life that I remember."

"Ah! you naffa joy you saffa so moocha een olla you lifa. I am glad at it. When did you find you saffa de mos appy?"

And at this question the Countess fixed her glorious dark eyes on Fred, as if to read his innermost heart. Fred's heart beat fast as he met that gaze.

"Don't you know?" he asked, in a tender voice.

"I not know," said she, in a simple way. "How can I?"

"Shall I tell you when I've been happiest?"

"I shall be so gratafulla to know."

"Well, since I crossed the mountains from Spoleto."

"Ah!" repeated the Countess, keeping her deep glance fixed on him, "since you crossa de montagne from Spoleto. An why dat maka you appy to crossa de montagne!"

"Some one I met," said Fred, with boyish shyness.

"You metta?" hinted the Countess.

"A lady. She was a Countess," said Fred, with the air of one who was making a very distant hint.

"I do beleef dat was me," said the Countess, with sweet frankness.

Fred blushed. A good sort of soul after all this Fred—not altogether out of hobbledehoyhood, you see, since he could blush.

"Yes," said he, "I mean you," and he laughed with immense glee.

"I do beleef," said the Countess, again with the same charming frankness, "dat you mean to say you appy wit me."

"Of course I do," said Fred, with a rapturous laugh. "It's splendid!"

"Wit me?" said the Countess, archly.

"Of course," said Fred, "you, of course."

"Aha! now you flatta. You moos mean de Arrietta!"

"Harriet—pooh!"

"Ma—why pouf?"

"Harriet—why she's not to be named on the same day with you."

"Why not?" asked the Countess, who preferred direct statements, apparently, to indirect.

"She's not so beautiful. You're awfully pretty, you know."

"Mi—ofully pretta. Dat is more flattera!"

"You're the most lovely—the most beautiful woman that I ever saw," said Fred.

"Aha! you not mean!" said the Countess, holding Fred enchained with her deep dark glance, and smiling bewitchingly one of her glorious smiles.

"I think you are more beautiful than any angel," said Fred.

The Countess gave a low sigh. She was evidently gratified, though this sort of thing was not so refined, so delicate, and so ethereal, as it might have been. After all, however, it came better from Fred than lighter compliments. It was frank, direct, outspoken, and suited to his style; and, therefore, the Countess liked to have him express himself in this way.

"I do beleef dat you adamarra me," said she, "what you call—ofally!"

Upon this Fred assured her in the strongest language that he did, and used stronger and stronger expressions, until at last the only wonder was that he did not down on his knees and ask her to be his forever. But though the Countess expected such a conclusion, and awaited it, and though such a thing would

have been a fitting and appropriate sequel to such a beginning, yet, as a matter of fact, Fred did not do it.

There were several reasons why Fred did not.

The first reason was that they were in a public place, with lots of people walking about in the garden paths.

The second reason was that at a critical moment they met Grassato and 'Arriet, and the latter gave him such a look that it arrested the flight of his feeling and fancy.

And the third and, perhaps, truest reason was that Fred, in spite of all his self-conceit, and other qualities was actually excessively bashful. This quality, like the habit of blushing, was one which he had inherited from a boyhood which was not very remote. Out of a sort of honest feeling he poured forth torrents of admiration and praise; but when it came to the actual point, he shrank back in bashful fright. He felt himself sufficiently in love with the beautiful Countess to commit any act of folly or absurdity, but could not bring himself to say to her that he loved her.

Now the Countess was remarkably acute, and had a singular gift of reading character. She understood this peculiarity of Fred, and loved him all the better for this very thing. It made him seem so different from other men. He seemed so good, and honest, and fresh, and true. She delighted in watching his broad, frank face, all aglow with enthusiasm or excitement, on seeing him rush headlong onward at the impulse of feeling till he reached the impassable barrier which his boyish modesty set up.

"E is de sweetest bloked I ever saw," said the Countess, to herself. She found herself dwelling much on his many virtues, and gradually growing infatuated about him.

Fred saw 'Arriet that same evening, and found her very stern. The fact is, 'Arriet had felt much cut up at her encounter with him and the Countess in the garden. She had seen his face all aglow, and had heard some of his wild words. The society of Grassato and his delicate compliments remained unheeded for the rest of that walk, and she went home thirsting for vengeance.

Her feelings for Fred had not yet subsided

into indifference. Her case had been a common one. She was the daughter of vulgar parents, who had caused her to be educated as a lady. The consequence was that the ways of her parents grew distasteful, and their associates hateful. She loved the society of ladies and gentlemen. For a husband it was a sine qua non with her that he should be a gentleman.

Now, Fred was the most gentlemanly fellow she had ever seen. He was very well connected. In many respects she could not hope to find his equal. The only fault was that he had no money. This, however, was a slight one. She herself would rather have a poor man like Fred, than a rich man of her father's order. As to the old people, they themselves had something of the same feeling, and had looked upon Fred's attentions with complacency.

Now, however, 'Arriet saw that Fred was slipping away, and she was forced to ask herself the question, whether, after all, the Count would compensate for him, and even if the Count would, she could not help feeling mortified at losing him so openly.

"We don't see very much of you now, Mr. Fotherby," said 'Arriet; "you seem too much taken up with your aristocratic associates."

"Do I, though," said Fred; "what nonsense. Why, I'm here every day."

That was the fact.

"Oh! yes; but those are only formal calls. But I suppose you have so many friends."

"Well, not so many."

"Oh! it's only the one friend, I suppose?" said 'Arriet, bitterly.

"What do you mean?"

"Oh! you know," said 'Arriet. "I mean the Countess, of course. You make no secret of your feelings, sir, I'm sure."

"Oh! well, you must allow she's an awfully nice woman, and awfully pretty."

"Oh! well, her face would do for a picture—but for my part I wouldn't trust her. She's treacherous."

"Nonsense," said Fred; "I believe she's as earnest and sincere as any body."

"The admiration, certainly, seems mutual."

"Think so?" said Fred, highly pleased and gratified.



"I allow," said 'Arriet, "that great beauty may be associated with moral worth, though one does not often find the two together. Your Countess is beautiful, but flippant and worthless. But mark what a contrast there is in the gentleman whom she introduced here—a singularly handsome man—with all the graces of a finished gentleman, and yet a frank, loyal, manly, honest nature."

"What!" cried Fred, thunderstruck. "You don't mean Grassato."

"I refer to the Count di Grassato," said 'Arriet, placidly.

"What! that monkey—that grinning baboon—that idiot, with his bows and —"

"Mr. Fotherby," said 'Arriet, severely, "I would thank you to remember that the Count Grassato is my friend, and that I will not allow him to be vilified by one whom I think his inferior in every respect."

"His inferior!" groaned Fred. "Oh! ye gods and little fishes! His inferior—why, in the first place, I don't consider him a man at all. He looks like a woman dressed up in man's clothes."

"It is always the way with lower natures and vulgar souls," said 'Arriet, loftily. "They respect only bodily size and strength; whereas the greatest heroes have always been small men. Napoleon and Nelson were little men. So were Alexander the Great and Julius Cæsar. Among poets and philosophers, again —"

"Oh, Lord! Only listen to this," groaned Fred. "Why, do you mean to say that this infernal Grassato is to be named on the same day with Napoleon and Nelson—well, I like that. Come, perhaps he's the Archangel Gabriel, too. Go it, I say. Pile it on. Grassato! Why, I'd fight half a dozen such fellows as that; a miserable, common Italian, with a pasty face, and the manners of a dancing-master. Why, that fellow isn't fit to be in the same room with an English gentleman."

"That is your envy. He is more refined than you, and that is the chief point of difference."

Fred stood glaring indignantly at her.

"So this is your style of thing, is it?" said he; "and this is what you call fidelity, and all that sort of thing?"

"I don't see what this has to do with fidelity."

"Oh, yes, you do, miss. You know very well what I mean. You remember. And after what passed between us. And now, the first thing I know, I find you mad after a fellow like this."

"I am not mad about any one," said 'Arriet, who felt immensely gratified at Fred's violence. It looked like jealousy.

"And if you think I'm going to let that fellow quietly step in and do what he likes, you're mistaken. I'll punch his head."

"Mr. Fotherby, I must once more request you not to abuse my friend—an Italian noble."

"Italian fiddlestick," said Fred, angrily. "What's a Count? Everybody's a Count in Italy. An English gentleman of good family is better every way. It's only the lower orders in England who admire Italian Counts. The Italian nobility is not the real thing. It's pinchbeck. I wouldn't change the name of Fotherby for any title in all Italy."

"Well—well—what made you so attentive to the Countess?" said 'Arriet.

"The Countess!" said Fred. "Oh, a fellow must be civil to the ladies."

"You never speak to me now," said 'Arriet, who was rapidly relenting, partly from re-awakened tenderness, and partly because she was profoundly affected by Fred's scorn of the Italian nobility. What if Grassato were, as he said, only pinchbeck?

"Speak to you?" said Fred. "Why, how can I, when I never get a chance, with that fellow forever in this house, and trotting around with you all day long? Fact is, I thought your taste was queer, but thought you were enjoying yourself; and so I went about in the free and easy Continental fashion, doing the agreeable to the only other lady of my acquaintance—a lady, too, who had the good taste to prefer an English gentleman to her Italian friend."

This was the last blow to 'Arriet's obduracy. She softened utterly. There was a grand reconciliation, in the midst of which the writer of this came away.

Came away, puzzled and mystified, and musing on the fickleness of Fred Fotherby's too

susceptible heart. Where would it all end? Or how long might Fred hope to keep this up?

## CHAPTER IX.

### JEALOUS OF HIMSELF.

Here's McGinty in a fix—  
Fitting end to artful tricks.

MEANWHILE, the love-lorn McGinty still felt himself unable to come to any decision, and while devoting himself to Kitty under the name of Smithers, was unable to devise any means by which he could extricate himself from a false position.

Kitty was always bright, always amiable, and, it may be added, always very cordial, and even affectionate. A rare and radiant spirit, this Kitty—never cast down, always buoyant, gentle, and universally popular; a slender, trim figure, blue eyes, hair of golden hue and silken texture, which was never arranged the same way on two successive days, and a nobility of expression which made her face a perpetual study.

"Well, Mr. Smithers," said she, on this occasion, "how awfully late you are. I hope you're not growing faithless. I'm afraid about this Miss Rosette——"

"Oh, Miss Kinnear!" said McGinty, reproachfully.

"Well, but how do I look this morning?" said Kitty.

"You look perfectly lovely," said McGinty, in a voice that was tremulous with emotion.

"I don't believe you mean what you say," said Kitty, "but I like to hear you say it just the same. There's something so sweet and sugary about praise. And I perfectly love being praised. I think that it's the loveliest thing in all the world."

"That's what I think of you," said Smithers, bluntly but honestly.

At this Kitty fastened her eyes on him with a strange look.

"Now there," said she, "that's just what I've always said. That's the right way to talk to me. I've always said that you ought to be more gallant, and pay more compliments, and all that sort of thing. And now, Mr. Smithers,

of course you have brought me a letter?" McGinty sighed and shook his head.

"Do you really mean to sit there, Mr. Smithers, and look me in the face, and say that you have no letter at all?" asked Kitty, in a low voice.

McGinty shook his head more dismally than ever.

"Well," said Kitty, "if ever there was a modern Ariadne, you now behold that unhappy being. There is beginning to be a cool heartlessness about Mr. McGinty's treatment of me that is absolutely unparalleled. So long as he wrote, I could be content; and what makes it worse, I see plainly, Mr. Smithers, that you no longer sympathize with me."

At this, Kitty heaved a heavy sigh, and put her handkerchief to her eyes.

"I—I—" cried McGinty, "I not sympathize! Good Lord, Miss Kinnear! I—I'd—I'd lay down my—my life!"

"Well, then, why—don't you gig—gig—gig—get me a lit—letter?" sobbed Kitty.

McGinty looked all around with a wild eye. What should he do? Kitty's distress was too much. Should he tell all?

He looked toward her. All his being went out in unutterable yearning.

The yearn grew stronger.

Stronger!

He couldn't stand it any longer.

"Oh!" he began.

Kitty sobbed.

"Oh, Kik——!"

He stopped. Ought he to call her by her Christian name. After all—dared he reveal the truth? No, no. Better wait. He could not yet risk all. Better write another letter.

"He might know," said Kitty, "how awfully lonely it is here, where everybody is so taken up with everybody else, and there's not one single soul in all the world that I can ever see for even five minutes!"

"Oh, Miss Kinnear!" said McGinty, deeply wounded; "you don't mean that—you forget me."

"I do mean it," said Kitty, sadly; "and I don't forget you. It's you that forget me."

"Forget you! never—no, no!" said McGinty, vehemently.

"You've got your own friends," said Kitty.

"You have this little lady that you have brought here as maid, and you won't tell me one word about her."

"It's a friend's secret," said McGinty, in distress.

"But you have no right at all to keep anything a secret from me at all, when I ask you about it," said Kitty; "and especially a thing of this kind."

McGinty was delighted at this. He could only murmur something about the secret not being long to keep.

"Now, Mr. Smithers, you must bring me a letter to-morrow," said Kitty. "You *must*. I mean it."

And Kitty looked so serious, that McGinty at once decided to furnish the letter.

"I'll do what I can," said he; "but I don't like this."

"What don't you like?"

"I don't like McGinty's behavior."

"Such as what?"

"Well, going off to Naples, and remaining there at such a time."

"I should think it ought to seem strange—and imagine how it must be to me—but then he'll write soon."

McGinty shook his head and sighed:

"I'm afraid that he is not much to be relied upon—I shouldn't like to trust him."

At this Kitty started up with a warning gesture.

"Oh, you naughty man! You wicked man! You treacherous, false, faithless friend! You're trying to undermine my confidence in my poor, dear, old McGinty—you're trying to poison my mind against the man that I've been so faithful to. Oh, Mr. Smithers, how could you be so awfully base!"

At this McGinty felt depressed.

"You seem to have no end of confidence in McGinty," said he.

"Of course, I have," said Kitty. "My confidence in him is simply boundless. *Whatever* he does, *whatever*, I don't care what, I will trust in him all the same. I know him too well to doubt him; no matter how strange his conduct may seem, he shall find that there is one who knows him to his heart's core—and trusts him implicitly."

There was a little thrill in Kitty's voice as

she said this, and she spoke it in a way which was different from her usual bantering tone.

McGinty looked more distressed than ever.

"Couldn't you lose faith in him under any circumstances?"

"No."

"Under no *possible* circumstances?"

"No."

"Couldn't you ever love another man?"

"Never—never. Not if I were to live a thousand years."

"But other women do," said poor McGinty; "widows love and marry second, and even third husbands."

"Well, I'm not a widow," said Kitty, with a laugh; "and I'm sure I don't want to be one—and if you ask me what I should do if I were to be one, why I won't answer."

Had McGinty not been in his present false position, all this would have been delightful beyond measure, but as it was, it only increased his gloom. For his position was now so peculiar, that the very fidelity which he ought to have loved he was compelled to fear; yet, at the same time, he could not help loving it. He was trying to shake her faith in McGinty, so as to win it for Smithers; was in despair when he found the faith unmovable; and yet out of his despair he regarded Kitty with greater love and admiration than ever. In fact, our friend, McGinty was rapidly developing into one of those wonders of modern fiction, a "psychological study," and I only regret that I cannot go into this more deeply. But if a fellow begins to psychologize what will become of his story?

"Have you ever been able to decide on any particular cause for McGinty's strange absence?" asked he, at last.

"Well, to that I can only answer, as I already have for some twelve or thirteen hundred times, you know, in the brief words—'no—have you?'"

"Oh! well you know I only thought that, perhaps, you might have thought of something new, you know."

"No—for I don't believe I ever thought of anything new in all my life," said Kitty, fixing her large, blue eyes upon McGinty, with that peculiar expression of mournful archness, or of humorous melancholy, which



he loved to see, and which he called the face of a mirthful Cenci.

"I begin to think it must have been some political difficulty."

"I begin to think that you are no more original than I am," said Kitty. "How often have you made that remark. Why, you've said that a thousand times a day."

McGinty sighed. He was sighing at this intimacy between them, which could never become more a—thou—art—so—near—and—yet—so—far kind of feeling.

"I tell you what I've thought of—something new," he said, briskly.

"Something new—not really?" said Kitty, brightly. "Well?"

"Perhaps he has decided to become a Roman Catholic priest?"

At this Kitty looked at McGinty with a face of irrepressible fun.

"Ah, now, Mr. Smithers, have you the heart to look me in the eyes and say that?"

At this, poor McGinty was once more struck dumb. No, he could not look her in the eyes, and meet their clear gaze—the gaze wherein was so much fun, and mirth, and seriousness, and tenderness all combined—he could not do so, and say those words.

"Suppose he should be insane," he suggested, at last.

"Insane?" said Kitty. "Why in the world do you hint at such a thing?"

"Oh, I don't know," was the somewhat imbecile answer.

"Insane?" said Kitty, keeping her eyes fixed on McGinty. "Well, really, now, Mr. Smithers, I begin to think that there may be something in that. His conduct seems mad. He seems to be acting like a madman, and, really, it wouldn't take much to make one think that poor McGinty *is* mad—yes," she continued, with her eyes all light with mirthful meaning—"mad—mad as a March hare—utterly crazy—the maddest man I ever saw in all my life."

"You believe that," said McGinty, "and you will still be faithful."

"Faithful? Oh, of course. I don't object to a mad husband—that is, one who is mad in that way."

"But he may be a raving madman?" said McGinty.

"And I'm afraid he may be," said Kitty; "but, then, I will hope for the best; and you know marriage always sobers a man."

At the close of the day, when the hamlet was still, Mr. McGinty sat in his room looking gloomy. There he sat, jealous of himself—a man who was his own rival, and had been trying to undermine himself in the affections of the woman he adored. His position seemed horrible. Kitty's fond and familiar little ways were almost intolerable. Her looks were worse. And he, wretch that he was! could he have any hope? could she ever love the miserable Smithers? Pooh! impossible. How could she, when all the time she was expressing such undying and touching fidelity for her lost McGinty?

## CHAPTER X.

TOO POPULAR—ROSETTE IS MISUNDERSTOOD.

All the ladies glow with ire;  
All the gentlemen admire.

It came at length to this, that little Rosette found herself in no end of trouble. Searching for obscurity, she had simply become the observed of all observers, and the common centre of an immense sensation. The gentlemen all admired her. The ladies all were jealous of her—and I'm sure I don't see why—thought little Rosette.

"She's no good—she's a worthless huzzy," said the mamma to the papa. "She knows habsolutely nothink; an' she's that orkid it's no use axin her to do a turn of work at banythink."

"She's oncommon," said the papa. "I dare say now, she's been some high up, tip-top, lady's maid."

"Lady's maid, indeed! For my part I don't believe nothink of the sort. She's never been nothink till she came here. High up, indeed! All I can say is, if she wants to be high up she's got into the wrong family. For I ain't goin' to stand her airs much longer. And 'Arriet ain't. And none of us ain't."

"Oh, well, p'raps she'll do for 'Arriet. She can show her a good many things that 'Arriet ain't up to yet. P'raps she's lived among nobles and that."

"Good for 'Arriet! not her!" retorted

mamma. "And as to showin' 'Arriet, I beg to be higsused—none of her ways for 'Arriet, say I. I don't want my 'Arriet to be a coquette with a cap an' hapern."

"Oh, I only mean has to the ways of society," said the papa, in a meek tone.

"No—she won't do," said the mamma. "She's haltogether too worldly an' vain. Her heart's hall set on vanity. She don't think of nothink but her heyes an' figure—her ribbons an' curls."

The papa shook his head solemnly.

"Jest what I was afeard on," said he, "jest what I was afeard on. Hall vanity—nothink in her mind but the vanities an' the follies of a frivolous world. An' I ben a-talkin' to her about it——"

"Oh! so you ben a-talkin' to 'er about it, have you!" snarled the mamma. "Oh, ho! an' already! Well, then, let me tell you that I ain't goin' to have any of them goin's on— an' don't you go for to try any of them games agin, or it'll be the worse for you. Do you hear me! P," she cried, elevating her voice, "do you hear me! You better look out how you go a-talking vanity with young gals like that."

At this tirade the papa seemed to shrink up into his boots, which was a very wonderful thing for the papa to do, since, as a general thing, he lorded it majestically over his wife, and usually did all the scolding that was to be done. But 'tis conscience that makes cowards of us all, and it may be that the papa's motives had been less elevated than he professed, when he talked vanity with little Rosette.

The mamma carried her griefs to 'Arriet, to whom she confided them, at the same time denouncing poor Rosette in characteristic language and with unusual vehemence.

"She's too high and mighty for me," said she, "though I don't know 'ow it soots you, 'Arriet. Why, she looks at me like as if she thought herself was the missus, an' me her black cook—an' me a-payin' of her wages; an' what's worse, your da is goin' on too bad. 'E's got his old fool's 'ead full of her. It's nothink with 'im but Rosette, Rosette, Rosette. 'E tried to get me to stand by an' let him talk goody talk to her, the old fool. Actelly 'ad

the imperence to pertend to me as how that he wanted to make her ser'ous minded. An' me that had knowed 'im more'n thirty year!"

'Arriet sighed.

"I was afraid of that," said she. "Papa is so silly!"

"I declare to goodness gracious," said the mamma, "that the fust time I heard him a-go-in' on about that young gal, I thought I'd bust. An' I tell you, 'Arriet, as long as she's in the 'ouse we ain't goin' to 'ave any peace."

"Oh, I've no patience with her," said 'Arriet; "she makes fools of all the men—every one of them. How she does it I don't know. It's something in her expression. She cultivates it—but I can't lay my hand on anything and say, that's it."

"I'll tell you what it is, 'Arriet," said the mamma, "she's a Borne Coquette! That's what she is, an' that's what I saw, an' that's what I says the very fustest time as ever I set heyes on her. I says, 'You're a Borne Coquette!'"

"Fred's just as bad as any of them," said 'Arriet. "Why, one day I came in and found him chatting away with her as though she was his equal, and as though he had known her all her life. And she was chatting with him in the same way. It's bad enough to see Fred making a fool of himself with the Countess, but to have him flirt with servants under my own eyes is a little too much. I spoke to Rosette afterwards, but didn't get the least satisfaction. I spoke very seriously, but she didn't say a word. She only looked at me, in that way she has of looking, just as though she was one's equal, if not superior, and occasionally said, 'Yes'm.' I don't want to be harsh or unjust, but I'm resolved to pack her off about her business as soon as I can find some plausible excuse."

"Oh, well, as to Mr. Fotherby, 'Arriet; he's queer and odd, but he's a nice young man at the bottom. Some time, he's apt to be delooded. And then there's these wicked Continental fashions that's bad for him."

"Then there's the Count, too," continued 'Arriet. "I can see that he's quite infatuated. I don't wonder at him, however, so much, for it's the fashion on the Continent for masters to be familiar with servants."

"And a very wicked fashion it is," said the mamma.

"The Count asks me all the time about her. I tell him I don't know anything, but he evidently thinks I am deceiving him, and makes hints, and lays little traps for me to draw me out. I've seen him also making little advances to her. I must say, I've never seen her respond. In fact, she don't seem to like him."

"Not like him—ha! ha! That's her cunning, the sly huzzy," said the mamma, hysterically.

"We can't keep her," continued 'Arriet. "That's certain. The house is in an uproar. Everything is getting into confusion since she came. At the same time, I don't know that I quite make her out, and I can't find anything in particular to use as a charge against her. In fact, I don't even know how to talk to her. I never have met with such a person before. What I do say, seems to make no impression on her whatever. There's something about her that I can't understand. She's always perfectly respectful, yet, at the same time, there's an undefinable something about her that shows me plainly that she considers herself altogether out of my reach, if not above me. She seems to be uncommonly critical about what is ladylike and unladylike. All her notions of right and wrong are bound up in those two words. We shall certainly have to tell Mr. Smithers—only I don't know what to say, for there's really nothing in the world against her—and if we tell the truth, he'll be indignant, and say we're all jealous because she happens to be too pretty. And it would be too degrading to lie under an imputation like that."

"Well, I don't understand all them scruples," said the mamma. "I only know this here, that that there gal's got to go, and go she must; and I don't care one snap of my little finger for what Mr. Smithers or anybody else may think or say. I say that the peace of this here fambly is ten times more important than the notions of Mr. Smithers; and, for that matter, my private opinion is that Mr. Smithers himself is the wustest of the whole lot."

Kitty was soon made acquainted with the feelings of 'Arriet and the mamma, but did not altogether share them.

"I think you're too hard on her," said Kitty.

"For my part, I think she's a dear little thing.

She always seems to me like a little lady. In her accent and her manner, she certainly is a perfect lady. She waits on you with the quiet grace of one. I can't make her out, but I feel convinced that she is in a false position. As for the men admiring her, I really think that I admire her as much as they do, and I don't believe she ever gives the faintest encouragement. The poor little thing is, as you say, of no use. She's a lady. Don't you see that? and don't you see that she can't possibly make herself a lady's maid?"

"Then what did she come here for?" asked 'Arriet, sharply.

"I'm sure I don't know," said Kitty. "That's just where the puzzle is. For my part, I cannot help feeling always that she's my equal, and I can't order her about."

"Well, I can; and my opinion is, Kitty, that you spoil her by your absurd politeness."

"My dear Harriet, that little thing has taught me a lesson. Her pretty little words, and her pretty little ways, and her polite little speeches are beyond anything I ever heard. Have you ever seen any failure in her perfect politeness? I shall never forget how she took a terrible scolding from your mamma with her 'yes, please,' and her 'Oh, if you please, I'm really very sorry,' and one cannot say more than that, you know; and, finally, 'I'm sure you would not be so unkind, my dear Mrs. Patterson, if you only knew how you wound me by such remarks.' She's a study," said Kitty, who had imitated little Rosette to the life in these remarks; "she's a perfect study; and I've teased Mr. Smithers till I'm tired, to tell me all about her, but he won't give me any satisfaction. Who can she be? What in the world is she doing here? She's certainly a lady—there are marks of high breeding in every word and act. But what in the world is she doing here? It can't be the game of 'She Stoops to Conquer,' for who is there to conquer?"

"Who?" said 'Arriet, catching at this last word, "who? why all the gentlemen!"

At this Kitty burst into a merry peal of laughter.

"Well, what good does that do to the poor little thing? It only worries her."

"Worries her!" said 'Arriet, bitterly. "I



think you'd think very differently if you were to see your dear friend Mr. Smithers at her feet."

At this Kitty gave a start.

"What do you mean?"

"What I say."

"Mr. Smithers at her feet!"

"Of course. Isn't he her all in all—her guide, philosopher, and friend—her protector and champion? Didn't he bring her here? Isn't he the only one that knows her secret? Doesn't he guard it like his heart's blood? Why he won't tell it even to you! Mr. Smithers! Why he's quite as infatuated as any of the rest of them. In fact, more so. I believe he thinks of nothing but her. Oh, I've seen them talking."

By this time Kitty had regained her composure.

"Oh, nonsense. Of course he knows about her. Of course he takes a kindly interest in her. He's spoken to her of course—possibly made a few kind inquiries. Naturally he takes an interest in her."

"Oh, very deep, very deep," said 'Arriet. "But that's exactly what I don't like. If I have a maid I want her to do her duty and remember her place. I don't want her to be the dear friend of my dear friends. I don't want her to come between me and others. I may be very harsh, very cruel, very unjust, and even very jealous; but I can't help it; and you must allow, Kitty, that it's very hard for me, after innocently taking a person as my maid, and innocently imagining that I was her mistress, to come upon my maid one day pretending to retreat from the Count de Grassato, another day deep in a most familiar chat with Mr. Fotherby, and a third day profoundly absorbed in some communication from Mr. Smithers."

Kitty was evidently much moved, though she tried not to show it.

"I don't believe there's any harm in poor little Rosette," said she.

"Oh, no—perfect innocence."

"I don't care—why should I care for Mr. Smithers?"

"Oh, I don't know," said 'Arriet, in a very aggravating way. "I thought he was your dear friend."

"Harriet, what do you mean by such an in-

sinuation?" said Kitty, with some warmth. "I am engaged to Mr. McGinty, and expect every day to see him here. We are to be married before long. So why should I be interested in the proceedings of Mr. Smithers?"

"Oh, well, you know, one likes to have one's friend as long as one can,"

"I like Mr. Smithers very well, of course," said Kitty, in a tone of candor.

"And one often likes, Kitty, dear, to have two strings to one's bow."

"Two strings?"

"Certainly," said 'Arriet. "Now, don't get mad, Kitty, dear; I mean no offence. Only I will say this, that if you haven't two strings to your bow it's no matter; but if you have, the Smithers's string is being rapidly gnawed asunder by that sly little mouse, Rosette."

"Well, Harriet," said Kitty, "I can only rebuke you in the words of little Rosette, and say—'Really I'm sure if you only knew how *very particularly* unpleasant all this is to me, you would not make use of such language.'"

"Oh, come now, Kitty, you needn't take up that tone," said 'Arriet. "Haven't you yourself teased me about two gentlemen, Mr. Fotherby and the Count. And did I ever grow angry? So don't be silly."

"Oh, but that's a very different thing."

"Different! I should like to know how! Here you are engaged to Mr. McGinty. He is absent. In his absence his friend appears who shows to you a devotion which is simply unparalleled in my humble experience. To say that he worships the ground you tread on is nothing. But I won't pursue the subject. I merely remark in the mildest manner in the world, that it is hard to lose such a friend on account of an adventuress that no one knows anything about."

"Harriet," said Kitty, "don't be silly."

As these events were thus exciting the ladies of the household, the Countess, in the course of her daily calls, informs herself of everything. But while the conduct of little Rosette excited hostility and suspicion in other minds, in the Countess it inspired nothing but admiration, in the expression of which she was most enthusiastic.

"Dio mio," said she, "de Rosettina haf alloway hen a gran ammirazione to me, but I

nefare dream dat dis could happen. She make eferytin one perturbazione. She haf datesprit—dat fascinazione—she make dem all her captivi. I charm about her mysef.”

“She a ojus, artful minx!” said Mamma Patterson. “She’s a coquette, and them I can’t abear. We can’t have her here. She must go.”

“Oh, den, I hope you weel let me know, an’ den I sall gat her. I sall tink mysef fortunata eef I sall get de Rosettina to mysef. Haf you tole Signor Smeedair?”

“No,” said ‘Arriet, gloomily; “not yet. I don’t know what to say to him. I have only suspicions. I can’t find out anything against her, except that she doesn’t know anything about the duties of a lady’s maid—and the worst of it is, Mr. Smithers told us that before we took her. I’m afraid he will laugh at us and think we are jealous of her, unless we find some real objection.”

At this the Countess laughed long and merrily.

“O, Dio mio,” she said. “Eet is de Signori. Dey all fly to her—she haf de incantaments for dem. She one siren, an’ sing to dem. Dey all captivi. De Signor Pattasina lofe her like a padre—de Conte Grassato lofe her like one amato—de Smeedair, e lofe her like one broder—an’ Signor Fodairby, he lofe her wid de gusto of de artist. All de same—dey all lofe de Rosettina—I tell you now. You say notin. You let her come to me. She be my lady maid. I charm wit her. In Italy we make great friend wit de cameriere, de domesticki, and de servante.”

## CHAPTER XI.

### VERY UNLADYLIKE—NO ONE TREATS HER WITH COMMON POLITENESS.

Poor, afflicted little maid,  
Don’t you hope for Smithers’ aid?

It was all true—too true. The gentlemen adored her; the ladies hated her; and between the two the poor little thing had no peace. The mamma could not possibly be more rude than she had been, but became more disagreeable by pestering her more frequently; ‘Arriet grew more exacting, and Kitty seemed to have her mind poisoned. The vulgarity of the former was bad, but her daughter’s harsh-

ness seemed worse, and little Rosette found it hard to bear, so she grew very sad, very melancholy, and very miserable. And the more mournful she grew in mind, the more did she show upon her face a pathetic beauty which made her more enchanting than ever. No one that pretended to have the heart of a man could look at her without feeling stirred by sympathy to the profoundest depths of his nature. But this very thing made it all the worse for little Rosette, and the tender grace of her pathetic face, which so charmed the gentlemen, awakened fresh indignation in the ladies.

This was the state of things, when one day McGinty bore down upon her to answer what he considered a signal of distress.

“You look rather blue, little one,” said he. “Cheer up; you ought to hear from your father soon.”

Rosette sighed.

“I’m sure you’re very kind, indeed,” said she, “and I’m sure I’m very grateful; but I wish you could do something to make these people stop scolding me so. If I don’t hear from papa soon, I shall have to quit this house—that is, if they don’t drive me away themselves.”

“Why, what’s the matter?” asked McGinty, who had not known anything hitherto of Rosette’s troubles.

“They’re all very cross and very unkind to me.”

“What! all?” asked McGinty, in surprise.

“No; not all—Miss Kinnear did not use to be, but she don’t take any notice of me at all, now; and I call that unkind, I’m sure. And, at first, she was so very good that I felt content.”

“Oh, she will always be good,” said McGinty. “But what about the others?”

“The others,” said Rosette, are very, very rude, indeed; and they scold one so, and contradict one so, and order one about so, that I scarcely dare to open my mouth. I don’t believe that the police would ever treat me so rudely as Mrs. Patterson. I don’t believe a dungeon would be half so gloomy as this house. And so, if you please, Mr. Smithers, I think I shall go and give myself up.”

Rosette spoke these words with a gentle melancholy, and a tender resignation, which made

Smithers feel cut to the heart. It was like a reproach to himself. It was his doing. How could he help her? He could think of nothing except an appeal to Kitty.

"Oh, well," said he, "I'll speak to them, and see if they can't make it pleasanter for you. And now you try and cheer up. Don't think of leaving here. If the police were to get you, your father would die of despair. Think of your father."

"But if papa behaves in this way, and runs away and leaves me, how can he expect me to live? I don't understand being ordered about so. And they always will order me about. I was never so ordered about in all my life."

McGinty felt much troubled, and resolved to talk it all over with Kitty.

## CHAPTER XII.

### A VICE LOVER—KITTY'S PECULIAR POSITION.

What a lover fate has sent her—  
Nothing but a self-tormentor.

"Good morning, Mr. Smithers," said Kitty, the next time McGinty came. "I hope you have brought me a letter to-day."

McGinty shook his head.

"I don't quite know what to make of it."

"What? haven't you a letter for me?"

McGinty mournfully shook his head.

"How you can have the heart to treat me so," said Kitty, in a melancholy tone; "after what I told you—after I made such a point of getting a letter, is more than I can imagine. Why, I've told you so more than a thousand times a day," she added, with characteristic exaggeration.

"I'm sure," said McGinty, "I don't know how I could bring you a letter if he didn't write one."

"But you should have made him write. What is the good of you as mutual friend and confidant, if you can't make everything go on smoothly? Come, now, don't you think you've treated me very badly? and won't you promise not to do so any more?—and won't you register a vow on high to bring me a letter next time? Oh, you must, you know. If you don't I shall not speak to you. I shall transfer all my young affections to Mr. Fotherby."

"Fotherby!" said McGinty. "He's got enough affections already to take care of."

"Well, it shows that he must take good care of them, or he wouldn't be so favored. But, I suppose, you have come to see about your fair young friend. Don't be anxious. She shall be well taken care of. You have been so kind to me that I shall be willing to do this for your sake."

"To do this! What?" asked McGinty.

"Why, to watch over her for you."

"Watch over her?"

"Yes—your inamorata, little Rosette."

"Rosette! pooh, nonsense, Miss Kinnear; you cannot imagine that she is anything to me. You are joking, of course."

"Ah, now, Mr. Smithers, what is the use of making such a mystery of it? Come, you must be candid with me, you know. I assure you I detected it from the first. And I'm sure she's something better than common. And I do believe that she's the most awfully beautiful girl that ever was born since the world was made. She's a sweet little thing, and she does the most infinite credit to your taste."

McGinty began to protest against this.

"Oh, I like her awfully. I had a long talk with her. She reposes the most implicit faith in you. Such utterly devoted faith I never saw in all my life. She refers to you in every single thing."

"Miss Kinnear, I assure you that you give me pain by such insinuations."

"But I think it's so pretty, it's quite touching. It's a beautiful thought, and I hope she will always feel so for your sake. But when is it to be?"

"It! What?"

"Why the happy event, of course."

"Happy event!"

"The wedding—how very stupid you are pretending to be."

"Oh, I assure you that you are utterly——"

"Oh, nonsense!"

"I declare—I protest—I swear, that you are utterly mistaken——"

"Nonsense. You'll hurt her feelings, and injure her too, if you deny and disclaim her in this fashion. Well, I think it hard that you won't even tell me when your wedding is to be."

McGinty sat looking vexed and perplexed.

"I wish I could tell when you are in fun, and when you are in earnest, or whether you are ever in earnest," he said.



"Why there never was a more earnest person than me ever born since the world was made," said Kitty; "but, come—let us make an agreement—will you promise?"

"What?"

"No matter. Will you promise—and promise blindly?"

"Yes."

"Well, let your wedding be arranged so as to fall on the same day as mine—and we can both be married together, so that there won't be any pangs of separation and all that, for we shall each have something to console us."

McGinty sat staring at Kitty for some moments in utter amazement. Her words were very ambiguous, and might be interpreted in a better way than he dared. But the reality of his situation suggested itself, and his spirit drooped.

"Oh, yes—I promise that," said he.

"Thank you; but, in the meantime, may I ask you, dear Mr. Smithers, not to forsake me altogether. An abrupt separation is hard. Even if it is easy to one, it is hard to the other. And so don't let yourself be too exclusively taken up with your sweet Rosette. Remember, sir, that your position is one of great responsibility. You are Mr. McGinty's representative. I regard you as his vicar—a vice McGinty. Until he comes I insist upon the same attention from you—as from him; the same fidelity, and the same vigilance. I shall be awfully *exigeante* with you—and horribly jealous. I have given you my confidence and esteem, and if you dare to desert me, even for Rosette, I shall never, never forgive you—no, not for all the rest of my life."

So McGinty thought that for the present he would have to postpone his remarks about little Rosette.

### CHAPTER XIII.

HARD ON THE LITTLE GIRL—TOO YOUNG FOR SUCH A POSITION.

Poor Rosette! your woes increase;  
You should call on the police.

FRED got into the habit of coming to the house when the ladies were out, so as to see Rosette, and this was hard on the little girl, and not fair on the part of Mr. Fred, who, as

usual, thought of nothing but his own noble self, and never noticed the cloud of care that was gathering over the fair young brow of little Rosette. But for that matter, the cloud of care was usually dispersed at his appearance, and was succeeded by so bright a sunshine that perhaps after all Mr. Fred may be excused for not discovering her troubles.

At length, one day, the cloud was too deep, and Fred noticed it.

And what was it?

Oh, why, she was not happy.

"Not happy?" he cried—"not happy? I said so—I knew it. How can you be? Why can't you leave this confounded place?"

"Well, I'm afraid I must. I told Mr. Smithers so, but he advised me to wait a little longer."

"Oh, Mr. Smithers—you told Mr. Smithers. And so you think his advice is better than mine——"

"Oh, now, Freddie," began Rosette, "don't talk so. I feel sad."

"Smithers!" cried Fred, bitterly, taking no notice of Rosette in his awakening jealousy. "Smithers! I'd like to be informed what right he has to your confidence. My opinion of Smithers is that he's an infernal puppy!—yes, an infernal, pig-headed puppy, that's what he is. He got you into this scrape, and now it seems he won't get you out of it. By Heaven, I'll see that scoundrel himself, and have it out with him this very day."

"Oh, no, no, Freddie, you must not."

"Must not?"

"Oh, no; let my secret remain a little longer. Don't, please don't, make any disturbance—ple-e-e-e-ase don't, Freddie."

"Well, but I want to know why you tell him all your secrets, and won't tell me?"

"I didn't. It was papa. It's his business—not mine. Do you think I'd keep anything from you, Freddie, unless it was papa's——"

"Well, I'm ten times more your father's friend than this fellow Smithers. Do you think if your father was here he'd trust him? Not a bit of it. But I see how it is; you don't care for me."

"Oh, Freddie!" said Rosette.

"No, you don't; you don't care for me a bit," repeated Fred, gloomily.

"I do—I do care for you," said Rosette, earnestly.

"No, you don't," persisted Fred; "you don't care any more for me than if I were a red dog."

"I do," cried Rosette, her eyes filling with tears; "and you know I do; and I think it's awfully cruel for you to say I don't care for you when you know I care for you awfully. Everybody's cruel to me now."

At this Fred broke down. He relented. He kissed Rosette, and tried to soothe her.

"I'm a confounded, infernal, and abominable brute and reptile, and I won't do so again," he said. "Only I can't bear to see this miserable puppy taking possession of you—putting you here among vulgar people, degrading you to a menial position, and then coolly refusing to get you out of it when you're unhappy. Whatever this secret is of your father's, my opinion is that it isn't much; and that he's a humbug, and is only taking advantage of your ignorance. What possible danger can there be to you if you live here like a lady, in a respectable way, with your own name? Or, at any rate, if you insist on concealing your name, why can't you go and live with the Countess? I'll tell her who you are. Your secret will be safe with her; or, if you like, I'll simply tell her that you're a relative of mine—or a friend—and she'll be glad to take you on my recommendation. At any rate, this isn't the proper place for you. You're ten times more of a lady than all these people put together."

"Do you think I'm as ladylike as the Countess?" asked Rosette.

"The Countess? Pooh! Why, she isn't fit to be your maid."

"I'm sure that's very kind in you to say that, dear old Fred," said little Rosette with a smile, that beamed like sunshine through the clouds and the tears. "And I like having some one kind to me. Every one here is so unkind."

"Who is?" said Fred, fiercely. "That beast, Smithers, I know. I'll punch his head."

"No, no, Mr. Smithers is kind enough. The worst is that Italian, Count Grassato."

"What!" cried Fred, "that pale, slimy, cadaverous little beast. Is he sneaking about

that way. Do you mean to say that he dares to open his mouth to you, Rosie? The nasty little reptile. I'll punch his head for him."

"Oh! no, Freddie, you won't. He's a relative of the Countess."

"Well, and what do I care if he is."

"Why, you're going to marry her."

"Well, I'm not going to marry him, goosie, am I? And do you think I'm going to let any of them bother you? Why, I'd ring the necks of the whole concern rather than let them bully and torment you. But can't old Patterson have some control over his wife? Has he ever overheard her?"

Rosette sighed.

"He's the worst of all."

"What!" cried Fred.

"He's a horrid, nasty old man," said Rosette, with a frown.

"Why, the infernal old devil. What do you mean, Rosie?" asked Fred, anxiously.

"Why, he comes and he talks, and he annoys me, and he's as horrid as he can be."

"As sure as I live," cried Fred, "I'll pound that old vagabond to a mummy. Only think of it, and he such a confounded moralizer—always talking goody—always giving advice to the young. Why, he owns a chapel in London, and preaches himself. Well, Rosie, if that's so, that ends it. It's an infernal disgrace to you to remain here another day. You must come. I'll speak to the Countess at once. You must come to-day, or at least to-morrow."

"I don't know, I'm sure, about that, Freddie," said Rosette, in a hesitating way.

"Why not?" asked Fred, sharply.

"Why, I'm afraid."

"Afraid?"

"Yes, for you know if I go to live with the Countess there'll be that odious little Count Grassato."

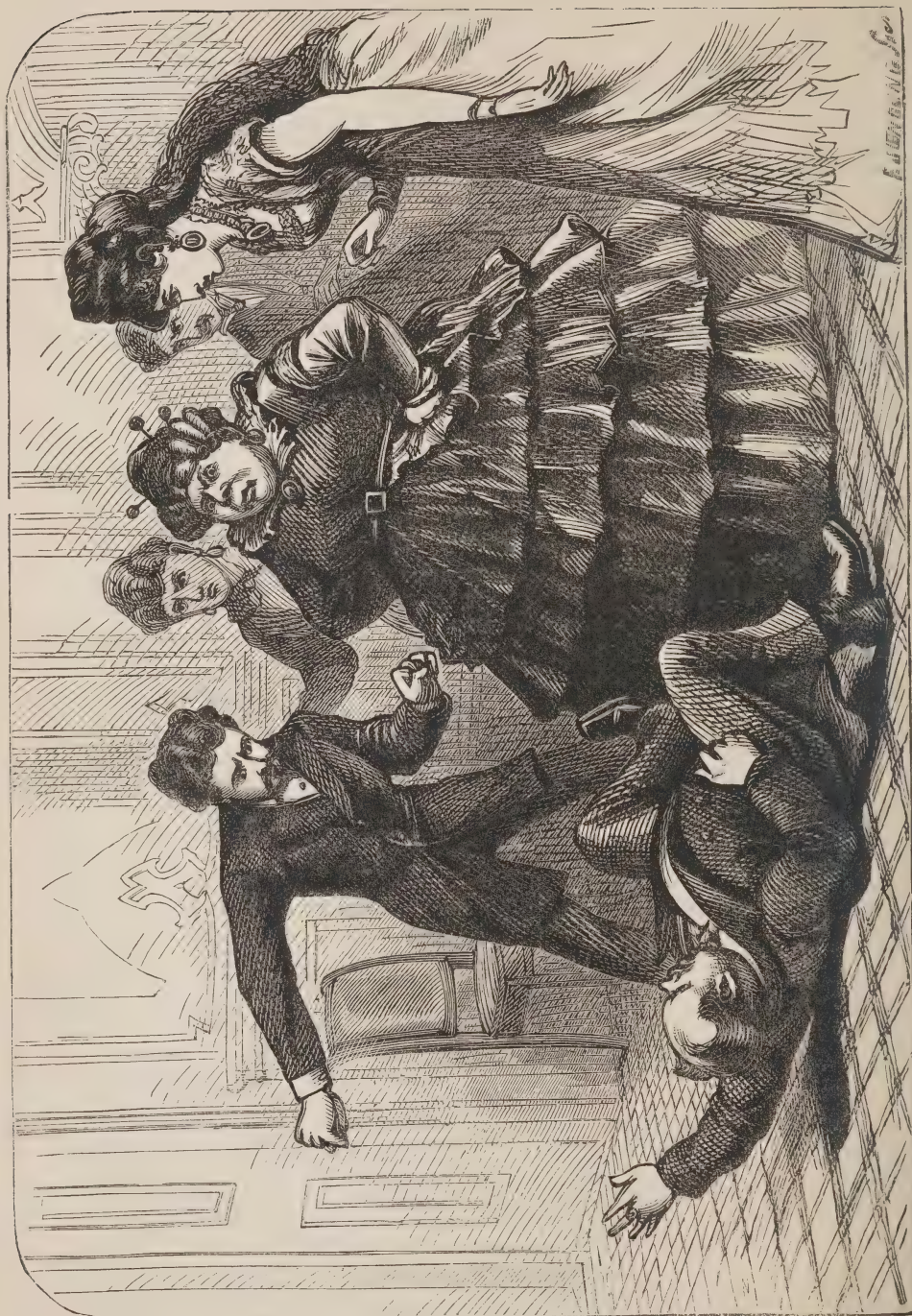
"Rosette, I'll go to-day and I'll kill that little beast—or at any rate I'll beat him to a jelly; so now he shan't trouble you any more. You make up your mind to go to the Countess—mind you—not as a servant, but as a friend; call yourself any name you like—keep your present one if you like."

"Oh! I don't know," said Rosette. "I think I'd better give myself up to the police at once and be done with it."









Fred sprang 'lowards him, and hit him a smashing blow from the shoulder; and the aged man went over at once and lay on his back. Page 49.

"Hus-s-s-sh, my child! Turrrrr not a deaf ear to the words of insterruccion."

"If you please, sir," said Rosette, politely, but sharply, "I'd so *very* much rather not have you here talking to me, and if you don't *very* much mind, I should *very* much rather be alone."

"Alone!" said the good papa, rolling up his eyes and sighing. "Oh, no—no, no. That's not what you want. That's not what is good. That's not what is wise. Is solitood wholesome? No. So we must all try to make it pleasant for our dear little friend. We must all try to make 'er 'appy."

"Excuse me," said Rosette, still maintaining her unflinching politeness, but in a quick, sharp tone, raised high, and with the words coming out with a snap. "Excuse me, sir, I'd *very, very* much rather be *quite* alone, than be with people who talk disagreeably."

"Oh, no—no, no," said the papa again, in a wheedling, coaxing tone, excessively irritating to Rosette, "you don't understand me, I see. Come, let me tell you a pretty story."

"I beg your pardon," said Rosette, with the same snap in her voice, "but I *very* much prefer not to hear *any* stories *at all*."

The papa sighed, and looked at her with a grieved expression, and an air of fatherly rebuke.

"My dear young friend," said he, reaching out once more to take her hand. Rosette tried to step back, but the papa had a long arm, and his big fat hand closed around her slender wrist, and she was captured.

"I am not your dear friend at all," said Rosette, struggling to pull her wrist from his grasp; "and I should be *very* much obliged *indeed* if you would let go my hand, sir."

"Oh, no. Wait. Hear me out. But one word. It shall be a word in season. It shall be a word from one who has tried in his feeble way to do good to his fellow creatures. Listen, my child, to a solemn word."

But Rosette would not listen. With her other hand she sought to disengage the grasp of her venerable friend, who still went on talking in a solemn monotone, with his hand like a manacle.

"Listen, my child," he continued, "to the words of the poet. 'Ow 'appy his the child that hears—Insterruccion's warning voice—and 'ow——'"

But at this moment there were footsteps and voices. The door was thrown open, and in stalked Fred.

He saw it all, and stood rooted for a moment to the spot.

The papa had been too much engaged in his discourse to hear the footsteps, and continued it in the same tone. His back was turned to the door, so that he saw nothing. But little Rosette's face was turned towards Fred, so that he understood all. It was flushed, her eyes glittered with indignant anger as she struggled in vain to get rid of the grasp that held her.

"Fred!" she cried. "Oh, I am so glad!"

At this old Patterson stopped short, and turned, still holding Rosette. The next instant Fred sprang toward him and, without a word, hit him a smashing blow straight from the shoulder, full on his broad, fat, rubicund countenance. And the aged man went over at once, and lay on his back.

Others gathered upon the scene.

The mamma came in with a shriek; Arrief, pale and horrified; Kitty, astonished; McGinty anxious, as well he might be; finally, the Countess, with her large eyes taking in the whole scene.

For a moment there was a  
Tableau!

Then dumb show, in which Fred turned to Rosette and took her hand. But Rosette tore herself away and rushed out of the room.

Then again a Tableau.

The silence was at length broken by some comments put forth in a critical way by the Countess.

"Dio mio! De ole signor! 'E get caught. Dees is like one scena in de teatro—an' de Signor Fodairby is de 'ero of de play!"

## CHAPTER XV.

### THE MAMMA REBUKES THE PAPA.

Oh, good gracious! here's a row!  
Where can Rosie turn to now?

FOR some time there was dead silence. This as a matter of course. During the silence the aged papa began to pick himself up, and at length gained half way of the distance, where he rested in a sitting position on the floor. He then reconnoitred the neighborhood.



The first person that he saw was the mamma. In fact, he could hardly avoid seeing her first, for she stood before all the rest, concealing them by her ample outline, with her eyes fixed upon him, her arms akimbo, and her whole expression full of evil omen for the future peace of the papa.

"Well," she began, "and so it's come to this! I do wonder that the earth don't open beneath you, and swallow you up, or that the lightning don't descend and bust you up—or that some hother judgmink don't fall—which it's this I've 'ad to bear hall my days, an' goodness only knowges what a life I've 'ad, an' more'n enough for mortal flesh an' blood. How dare you look me in the face? How dare you hold up your 'ead? How dare you face the light of day?"

"I wasn't doing of anything," muttered the papa, as soon as the mamma gave him a chance to put in a word.

"Oh, no—you wasn't doin' of hanythink!" retorted the mamma, starting out from this as from a text for a new sermon; "as hinnocink as a lamb. Never means any harm. Oh, no——"

"I tell you I wasn't," growled the papa, sulkily, "I was only having a little good discourse with Rosie, when——"

"Oh, my! a little good discourse with Rosie! You can't humbug me. 'Aven't I heyes? Can't I see? Don't I understand? Didn't I see it afore? Didn't I warn you agin this here?"

While she was yet speaking the papa succeeded in getting upon his feet, and then beat a hurried retreat to the door. Turning there, he shook his fist at Fred, with a malignant face, and then went off, banging the door behind him.

The mamma, thus disappointed of one victim, turned to find another.

"Whar's that huzzy?" she said. "Whar's that baggage? Whar is she, till I——"

"I beg pardon," said McGinty, coming forward, "but I cannot allow you to talk that way about Rosette, who is——"

"And I beg your pardon," said Fred, interrupting McGinty, and facing him with a haughty frown. "Allow me, sir, to call your attention to the fact that Rosette is no longer anything whatever to you. I will see that she

is in a proper place, and under proper guardians—though what the devil you meant in degrading her as you have done, is a question that I will ask of you elsewhere."

At this, McGinty stared at Fred in amazement and hot indignation.

"You don't know what you are talking about," said he, sharply.

"I know too much," said Fred, hotly. "I know that you brought Rosette here, knowing, as you must have known, that this was no place for her; stuffing her with nonsense; frightening her with your humbug about the police, and subjecting her to shame and continual insult."

McGinty gnashed his teeth, but repressed his rage by a mighty effort.

"The man's mad," he said, addressing the ceiling.

"It may suit you to say so," cried Fred; "but you shall find that there is a method in my madness."

"What!" cried McGinty, losing all control of himself; "is that a threat?"

"Take it as you please," said Fred, with a sneer.

"You shall give me satisfaction for this——"

"And you'll have to give me satisfaction for your infernal treatment of Rosette. By Heaven, sir, you must have been mad. Didn't you know who her friends were?"

The ladies had listened to all this with frightened eyes, except the Countess, who, I am sorry to say, seemed to rather enjoy it all. "De bloked," she sighed to herself, "ees so grand in hees anger. It moos come to one duello. De scena ees magnificentissima."

But at this moment, Kitty hurried forward, and stood between the two, laying her hand on McGinty's arm.

"For shame, gentlemen," she cried; "you forget that ladies are here. Mr. Smithers, *you*, I'm sure, will not carry on this brawl."

Hot, fierce words were on McGinty's tongue, but they died away at the touch of Kitty's little hand. His eyes were lowered from the face of Fred, and falling, encountered the soft glance of Kitty turned appealingly toward him. He sighed. Fred saw it all.

"I beg pardon, ladies," said he. "Mr. Smithers and I can see one another elsewhere."

"As you please, sir," said McGinty.

Fred then stalked out of the house.

"Well," said 'Arriet, "it seems that we are no longer mistresses in our house. Rosette is mistress here. Gentlemen come and go with no other purpose in life, apparently, than to quarrel and brawl about her. I beg pardon. Mr. Smithers, and hope I have not just said anything about Rosette to wound your feelings. We all know how important her welfare is to you. Perhaps, in future, she will be happier, and you, too, if she is taken under your immediate protection."

With this parting shot, 'Arriet turned to her mamma, and taking the old lady's arm, drew her out of the room. Kitty, whose face was now flushing crimson, bade a cold adieu to McGinty, and with the Countess, followed the other ladies.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### THE MAMMA'S LAST SHOT.

What an odious persecutor—  
Poor Rosette can never suit her.

LITTLE ROSETTE had fled to her room, where she flung herself down upon her bed, and had a good long cry. After this she felt much better, and sat up near a window with her chin on her hand, and her mind full of sad thoughts.

Worse and worse, she thought. How they will scold and go on! But this must be the end of it, and what am I *ever* to do? That dreadful old man! And now poor Freddie will go and get himself into trouble, and all about me! for knocking him down. Perhaps the police will arrest him. Oh! if they only do, I know what I'll do at once. I'll give myself up on the spot—make them arrest me, too, and we'll go to prison together. Perhaps we'll be locked up in the same room; and wouldn't that be perfectly lovely?

This idea was so pleasant, that a bright smile flashed over her face, and in the light of that idea she went and washed her face, and succeeded in removing the traces of her recent tears, except her poor little eyelids, which remained redder than usual.

It's awfully hard, she thought, going back to her seat. Poor Freddie was in the right, after all; and Mr. Smithers was quite wrong;

quite, I see it now. He did very wrong, indeed, when he put me here in this house with such a very low set of people. I've been feeling that very strong, though how was one to suppose that they would ever begin to go on so. I suppose it's always so when one puts one's self in a false position. For my part, I really don't see how I can ever consent to be lady's maid again. I'm sure I think I'd rather be in prison as a lady, than here as a lady's maid—and the beauty of it was I was not free as a lady's maid at all, for I have had no end of jailers. And I'm sure they're far worse than the police—very far. I never knew before that there were any people in all the world who were so awfully vulgar. I don't believe that savages and cannibals are so awfully vulgar, though they're cruel, of course, for they kill people and eat them up. I do wish I could see Freddie now, and ask his advice. I think I'll do just what he says after this. But he's very boyish too; and I'm afraid he's going about now to punch everybody's head, as he said he would—just because he feels so sorry for me. I do wish I could see him.

Little Rosette's thoughts were interrupted by a knock at the door. It was a servant who informed her that Mrs. Patterson wished to see her in her room. Upon this Rosette gave one look at herself in the glass, in order to efface any further traces of tears, and then went out.

It was mamma's room. She was seated in a big arm-chair, partly for comfort, partly also to appear with greater dignity and impressiveness before the culprit. She was trying very hard to be cool, and calm, and judicial, but without success; for there was a cross, peevish look on her fat face. On one side sat 'Arriet, cruel and severe; on the other sat Kitty, looking mild and rather melancholy; while in the rear was the Countess, who had chosen a position from which she might survey the scene to the best advantage.

The mamma cleared her throat.

"I've sent for you, miss," said she, "fust an' foremost to give you warnin', and immejit dismiss; an' also to give my reasons for so doin', an' as these ladies 'av ben afeard I'd go it too sharp, an' be too 'ot an' 'eavy, I'm a goin' to try to be as mild as milk, though goodness

knows you're enough to vex the patience of a Job, which I'm not; so fust an' foremost I'm done with you."

"Thank you," said Rosette, politely, as the mamma paused to take breath.

She had 'been standing there before the mamma, closely watched by all, who regarded her with varied feelings. In spite of her care, her eyes still showed traces of weeping on the eyelids, that shone pink under the long, dark sweeping eyelashes, and in the melancholy that lay in her eyes. She stood with her sweet face turned toward them, in an attitude of perfect ease, and well-bred grace, and self-possession. 'Arriet looked at her with severity unrelenting; Kitty watched her with a puzzled face; the Countess regarded her in utter admiration. For the Countess had come to the conclusion that little Rosette, in the *role* of injured innocence and sweet simplicity, was simply sublime, and the greatest actress living upon earth. And to have gained that peculiar quality which Rosette seemed to use so lightly, the Countess would have given all that she owned in the world, and thought it well paid out.

"I want to have a solemn word with you, young woman, about your evil doons," proceeded the mamma; "but most of all about your enticin' ways with the gentlemen, that I warned you agin', when fust you sot foot in this fambly."

"Excuse me," said Rosette, "but you are quite mistaken."

"I ain't."

"I'm sure I never did anything of the kind; so you see you must be mistaken."

"I tell you I ain't, and you did, an' you know it. May as well say I'm a liar."

Rosette looked away at the other ladies with a glance of mute despair, mingled with resignation, as if to say: "Must I put up with all this? Will none of you speak for me?" But she only gave a little sigh and relapsed into silence.

"Yes, you did," continued the mamma. "Didn't I see it all the time, a decoratin' of yourself, an' a trickin' of yourself out like a rovin' gipsy—all curls, an' ribbings, an' fuss an' feathers; a makin' eyes at every body, an' a drorink of all the gentlemen arter you, to

make blessed fools of theirselves; an' a gettin' of them to pay you attentions that no girl with proper modesty and self-respex could ever abide."

She is so dreadfully unladylike, thought Rosette, that one cannot possibly do anything with her. One might as well talk to a stone wall.

"I don't think I ever, in all my life, was so talked to before," said Rosette, speaking in a general way. "I wish I could make you understand how *very, very particularly* disagreeable this is. And I should *very much* rather not have you talk in that *very* odious way."

"It ain't ojus; it's the truth, an' you know it—a bold, brazen faced huzzy, a-goin' about a breakink hup the peace of virtuous famblyes."

Rosette threw a glance of surprise all round.

"An' never knowed your dooty—not a mite. Wust maid, the very wustest, I ever saw; did nothink but make bold eyes at the gentlemen, an' aggerawate your missus most to death."

It *is* worse than the police, thought Rosette. It seemed useless to say anything. But she mildly remarked:

"Excuse me, you are very much mistaken."

"I tell you I ain't—not a bit!"

"I beg your pardon," said Rosette, "but you really are, and will find out some day."

"You don't beg my parding, an' you know you don't—a-standin' there, with your baby face, an' a-lookin' as if butter wouldn't melt in your mouth; an' then a-sayin' that you—beg—my—parding! Parding, indeed! Why don't you down on your knees, an' ax parding for your bold, wicked ways, you wicked huzzy? An' mind you, that's why you go. I won't give you a character. If you refer anybody to me, I'll say Rosette is a bold, bad, low creetur, that I had to pack off, 'cos I was afeared my darter'd be harmed by sociatink with sech a low creetur."

All present found this scene too painful. The contrast between the two was too much. Rosette was a little lady. The mamma looked and talked like some angry, drunken fish wife. Even 'Arriet felt this, and was ashamed of her mother. The Countess felt that the requirements of art should make this scene end just



here; while Kitty felt all her sympathy rising up in behalf of Rosette.

"Mrs. Patterson," said she, "pray excuse me, but I think that you are too harsh, and I must remonstrate."

"Harsh!" exclaimed the old lady. "Oh, harsh, is it? Harsh! Harsh indeed; arter this here huzzy's ben a-beguillin' an' a-bamboozlin' my pore ole Billy till he's that far gone that he doosn't know whether 'e's on 'is 'ead or 'is 'eels, an' spends all 'is time a-selectink religious tracts to give to 'er, an' talkink to me about tryink to make 'er a member of our Body—'er! a artful, designink puss, as would roon hany Body—an' so, young woman, you may pack, an' good riddance, an' go off out of this, anywhars—go off to your dear friend, Mr. Smithers. 'E brung you 'ere, an' 'e'll see about you for the footor."

All this stung Rosette to the quick, and her whole soul rose up in resentment. She determined to administer a severe rebuke. And so this is what she said, speaking with much emphasis:

"Some people would call this *very* unlady-like behavior, *indeed*."

And that remark, in little Rosette's opinion, was almost cruelly severe, and only excusable from the greatness of the insult.

But the old lady did not seem to mind it.

"Pooh!" said she. "What are you? You're only a lady's maid. What do you know about ladies?"

Rosette still tried to be severe and caustic.

"It would be well," said she, in the same tone, and thinking this time to crush the mamma; "it would be well if some people would only try to be as lady-like as other people that they think are their maids."

And then having fired off that shot, Rosette felt amazed at her own boldness. She was so gentle, and it was so hard for her to be otherwise.

"That!" exclaimed Mrs. Patterson, snapping her fingers in her vulgarest manner almost in Rosette's face; "that! for you and your ladies! Who air you, any way? You ain't nothink, you ain't. I could buy up ten thousand creeturs like you."

"Excuse me," said Rosette, "I'm afraid you would find it hard, with all your money, to

buy up even one"—this much with a little thrill of proper pride—"and you are an awfully rude person; and I think you ought to know better; and I assure you I would never have consented to come here if I had known that I should be treated in so unladylike a manner."

"A lady—lady again? Bah! what do you know about ladies?"

"I am a lady," said Rosette, with dignity, careless now about her secret.

"Pooh! a lady's maid, you mean."

"I am not a lady's maid. You saw yourself that I knew nothing of that sort of thing. I am a lady. My papa is a gentleman. I belong to one of the best families in England. All my people are gentry."

"Don't believe it—all nonsense," snapped Mrs. Patterson. "What did you come here for?"

"It was a very unwise thing, but it was the fault of Mr. Smithers. At the same time, he meant well."

"Oh, Mr. Smithers!" said the old lady. "Oh, he meant well—oh, yes—and what did he mean? Come, now, let's see how long you can keep this hup."

Rosette, by this time, had become so thoroughly provoked, that she cared not to conceal anything.

"He sent me here under an assumed name and character to keep me concealed."

"Concealed? Oh—ah—h'm!" said Mrs. Patterson, in her most insulting manner. "And what for? to conceal you from your friends?"

Rosette was looking at the other ladies, and taking no further notice of the mamma.

"He sent me here in this way to keep me concealed from the police," said she. "I mention this to you ladies, so that I may free myself from all suspicion. He did it for the best; but it has been very, very painful to me—so painful, that I do not wish to be concealed from the police any longer."

At this unexpected revelation, there was a dead silence. 'Arriet looked thunderstruck; Kitty looked shocked and amazed, yet full of pity; the Countess gave a start, and frowned slightly, after which she regarded Rosette with a new and very peculiar interest indeed, as though this discovery had suddenly invested

her with an unusual importance in her eyes.

But the silence was broken by the old lady. After a few moments of speechless horror, she started to her feet with something like a scream.

"The police!" she cried. "Hiding from the police! under a false name, and in my house! Seize her! She's a convict! Turn her out. Send for a policeman!"

But 'Arriet sprang up and made her mother stop abruptly, by the summary process of putting her hand over the mamma's mouth. At which the old lady sat down blubbing.

'Arriet then turned to Rosette.

"May I ask," she said, with some civility of manner, "how we are to know that this is true?"

"I am not in the habit of saying what is not true," said Rosette, haughtily. "If you do not trust a lady's word, however, you may ask Mr. Smithers."

"Thank you," said 'Arriet, "and will you allow me to ask you one further question—for my own satisfaction—that is, if you have no objection, would you tell us your name?"

"My name," said Rosette, "is Merivale. Have you ever heard of Sir Eugene Merivale, of Berks. He is my papa."

At this astounding piece of information the mamma sat staring, like one stupefied by a sudden shock. 'Arriet looked frightened, Kitty half started to her feet, and then sank back in her chair. The Countess' face flushed, her eyes glowed bright with intense excitement, and she murmured to herself, in a low voice: "*Merivale! Diavolo!*"

## CHAPTER XVII.

### MCGINTY ANNOUNCES HIS OWN DEATH.

And in what a wretched state he tries  
To plunge the hapless Kitty!

MCGINTY'S position gradually grew intolerable, and every day he drew nearer to utter desperation. Desperate diseases require desperate remedies, and so at length he resolved to strike a final blow, which, as he expressed it, would either kill or cure.

The next day he waited upon Kitty. Gloom was on his brow. His eyes were lowered. His

manner was sepulchral. He sighed frequently. He did not speak, but pressed her hand in silence.

"Oh, Mr. Smithers, how awfully you look. Something's happened. Oh, tell me. I never was so frightened in all my life."

McGinty sighed, and taking a seat, sat with bowed head, the image of despair.

"Oh, Mr. Smithers, how can you have the heart to sit there looking so owl-like, and keep me in utter torment and suspense? Tell me. Oh, tell me all."

"I dare not," said McGinty, with a groan.

"Dare not? Oh, tell me. You must. Is it anything so very absolutely terrific?"

"I cannot."

"But you must, you know; so oh, pray do make haste."

"Can you bear it?" he inquired.

"How can I tell whether I can or not, till I know what it is?"

McGinty drew a long breath. Then, raising his eyes, he regarded her with a solemn gaze, and said:

"You wanted to hear from McGinty?"

"Of course I do—and if you haven't brought me a letter, I will never forgive you as long as I live."

McGinty sighed.

"You will never hear from him again," said he, in a dismal tone.

"Oh, Mr. Smithers!" cried Kitty, clasping her hands, "what in the world can you possibly mean? Do you mean that Mr. McGinty has gone and become a Republican conspirator?"

"No," said McGinty. "Worse than that."

"Has he gone mad?"

"Worse than even that."

"Oh, dear! why don't you tell me?" said Kitty, "when you know I am always so stupid at guessing things. Has he changed his name?"

"No," said McGinty, with a start.

"Has he caught the small pox?"

At this question McGinty felt as though he were turned to stone. It was so horribly abrupt. It was asked in such a matter-of-fact tone. He had intended to lead up the conversation to this very point, by slow degrees, and very cautiously; but when it was forced out

thus suddenly, he was quite unprepared, and recoiled in terror and dismay.

"What makes you ask that?" he said, in a hollow voice.

"Why, because I thought of it. You've had it, you know, and I've often thought that, if it weren't for that, you'd be the most awfully conceited man that ever lived in all the world. You must have been awfully handsome——"

"Handsome!" thought McGinty. "Apollo. Antinous, Hermes—type of manly beauty. Little does she think—ah me! How can I go on?"

"Oh, Mr. Smithers! why—oh! why are you silent? It is—it is—it must be—my McGinty has the small pox! Oh! oh! oh! oh! oh! oh! When he used to be so awfully vain, and spent nearly all the time before the looking-glass. Oh! oh! what will become of him? He will blow his brains out! Oh! he was so conceited!"

McGinty writhed under this. It was hard—very hard—he conceited? He could repel the unjust imputation with scorn. But the effect on Kitty gave him something else to think of. Her horror at the idea of small pox seemed to confirm his worst fears. It was all up. He must not allow her to dwell on this idea. He retreated now at once from telling the truth, at least for the present, and tried to get up something else.

"It—it's not quite that," said he; "not—the sum-sum-all-pox, you know!" he stammered.

"Not the small pox?" said Kitty. "Then he must have gone and fallen in love with some other woman, and run away with her—some one like Rosette. Oh! I know it. He had an awful fancy for that style. Oh, I've dreaded this a thousand times a day, and I've thought of it a thousand thousand times over, and over, and over, and I've made up my mind that if he ever ran away with anybody and got married, I would never forgive him as long as I lived—that is, if it was a woman."

This, also, was very unpleasant to McGinty, and grated on his soul. He hastened to draw Kitty away from this fancy.

"It isn't that," said he

"Not that!"

"No. Worse!"

"Worse?"

"Yes—he's—he's—he's dead!" said McGinty, in an awful voice.

At this Kitty stared for a moment at him, and then bowed her head. She drew her handkerchief and covered her face, and turned away. McGinty looked on in dismay. He saw her slender, graceful figure all shaken with convulsive emotion. He longed to soothe her, to take her in his arms—to tell her all. He dared not.

At last, Kitty started to her feet, and rushed wildly out of the room.

"Wretch that I am. Villain! Miscreant!" muttered McGinty. "I was too abrupt. It was too hard. It's an awful blow. She'll never get over it. The end of it all is, I'll have to blow my brains out."

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### MCGINTY PRONOUNCES HIS OWN FUNERAL DISCOURSE.

Here's a thing to make one laugh,  
Mac indites his epitaph.

MCGINTY wandered about, plunged in the depths of gloom, in anxious suspense, dreading the worst, and toward evening dropped in again. He sent a note to Kitty, earnestly asking her to see him, and enclosing another letter, written in back hand, and purporting to be from an imaginary friend in Naples, which gave a business-like account of the sudden illness and death of McGinty.

Kitty sent word that she would be down in a few minutes, and McGinty was full of hope and gratitude for such a mark of kindness and confidence. Before long she made her appearance. It was evening, and he could not see whether there was any very great change in her appearance. He pressed her hand in silence, and she said nothing. They then sat down, and McGinty began to try to think of some speech of general condolence.

"I hope you will excuse me," said Kitty, at length, in a low voice, "for appearing in this dress; but I have not had time to get mourning, and besides, I believe, after all, I am not expected to wear it."

These remarks grated on McGinty's soul. They seemed heartless. Yet he knew she was



not, and this made him fear that her mind was affected.

"I don't know, I'm sure," said he. And then Kitty bowed her head and put her handkerchief to her face. McGinty could see that a shudder ran through her. Ah! he thought, that gentle heart will not readily recover from this. It has been too much—too much. I must try to soothe her.

"Well," said he, in a deep, hollow, sepulchral voice, which he had fashioned upon the holy tone of a revered clergyman whom he had known in his youth; "well, our dear McGinty is gone; but we must try to feel as though we would not wish him back if we could. His loss is our gain."

At this, another shudder passed through poor Kitty, and quite convulsed her.

McGinty went on:

"He was my friend," said he. "I shall always revere his memory. As handsome as Apollo, with the symmetrical figure of an Antinous, and the grace of a Hermes, I never have met with the man that was the equal, physically, of our departed friend. And yet, his great personal advantages never spoiled him. As unconscious of these as a child, he had all a child's unfettered ease and grace. In character, he was even better. Generous to a fault; brave; chivalrous; admired by men, and adored by women—such was McGinty. Intellectually, also, he was rarely endowed. He was the life of every circle, the soul of every gathering. I've often and often thought to myself of the future that lay before that man.

"McGinty, my boy, I used to say, 'McGinty, there's not your equal living. You must go into Parliament. That's the place for you. Your knowledge of mankind, your genius for debate, your genial and popular manner, your gentlemanly breeding, and your wonderful administrative ability, all point you out as one who could rise to the topmost summit of greatness, and be *facile princeps* among the first statesmen of the age.'"

While McGinty had thus been indulging in this faint tribute to departed worth, the agitation of Kitty was growing more and more evident. She trembled violently. The convulsions were more frequent. She pressed her

handkerchief closer and closer to her face, and to her mouth, to hide her tears and to stifle her cries. In vain. Her emotions were too strong for her, possibly: as he reached the close, they swept suddenly away beyond all control.

"Oh, I can't stand it!" she cried. "It's too much!" She started to her feet. She burst into a peal of laughter—loud, long, merry, musical—peal after peal. She staggered with faltering steps to the door. She rushed out, and the horrified McGinty heard her laugh ringing along the corridor.

He stood the picture of despair.

"Hysterical," he murmured. "Oh, Kitty! darling Kitty! what a wretch am I!"

## CHAPTER XIX.

### McGINTY BIDS AN ETERNAL FAREWELL.

Bids good-bye forevermore,  
Then comes calling as before.

THE following day McGinty found Kitty calmer. She met him with a sedate and demure face, greeted him languidly, and in a low voice, apologized to him for her agitation on the preceding day, assuring him that it was uncontrollable.

"Say no more," said McGinty. "I understand. I was to blame. I shall never forgive myself."

"I have read that letter," said Kitty, after a pause. "I suppose you will go at once to Naples?"

"To Naples?"

McGinty looked surprised.

"Yes," said Kitty, dolefully, "to perform the last acts of friendship."

McGinty looked embarrassed.

"Well," said he, "to tell the truth, I was not thinking of going there—that is, not just yet."

"Not just yet? Why, when can you go?" asked Kitty, in a tone of mournful reproach.

"Well, you see," said McGinty, "my duty seems to keep me here."

"Duty? Why, what possible duty can be equal to that which is owing to the departed? That is a thousand thousand times more pressing than any other."

"Well, you see," said McGinty, "I'm very

peculiarly situated. I don't exactly like to leave you just now, in this hour of grief, and I feel like following the Bible doctrine, 'Let the dead bury their dead.'"

"I do really think," said Kitty, "that that is the awfulest thing I ever heard said in all my life."

"But I feel that you need consolation," said McGinty, in an apologetic tone; "and we've been so much together, and known so much about one another, that I thought I could be able to—to soothe your sorrows, and—and—but then, again, I couldn't bring myself to go away; it would be so lonely."

"Lonely?"

"Yes—away from you!"

"Why, would you miss me so very much?" said Kitty, in a mournful voice.

"Awfully," said McGinty; "and, besides, I should seem a recreant, not only to you, but to the—the—departed, you know. He sent me to take care of you, and watch over you, and be in his place till he came; and if I were to leave you, you know, it would seem like betraying a trust, and being a traitor to my noble friend. Why, his ghost would haunt me."

"I'm sure, Mr. Smithers," said Kitty, "I feel very much obliged, indeed, and I never met with so attentive a person as you in all my life; but, at the same time, under present circumstances, it stands to reason that——"

"That what?" asked McGinty, anxiously, as she hesitated.

"Well, you know, I meant it stands to reason that you can't take care of me now, and watch over me, and follow me, and all that,"

"I don't see why," wailed McGinty, as his soul plunged down into despair.

"Don't see why?" repeated Kitty, in surprise. "I do think that is the most extraordinary thing I ever heard. How can you possibly watch over me, and take care of me, when I have to go back to poor dear aunty's?"

McGinty trembled.

"Oh, Miss Kinnear! Oh, Kitty! Oh, my dear! Oh, don't, don't, don't go back to your aunt's. Stay here. Let me take care of you a little while longer."

"Why this is perfectly preposterous," said Kitty. "I can't imagine what you mean!"

"Oh, Kitty! can't you understand me?"

"Really, Mr. Smithers, I can't form even the faintest possible ray of the most distant conception of what you mean."

"Oh, Kitty! forgive me. I love you so. Be mine. Oh, let me take the place of McGinty! Let me have you always by my side!"

And with these words, which poured from him impetuously and irresistibly, the wretched McGinty flung himself on his knees at Kitty's feet, and tried to take her hand.

Kitty let him take her hand.

She sat there, and raised her face and her eyes toward the ceiling.

"This is frightful!" she said, in a low voice; "it is simply frightful! Oh, how perfectly awful—and for *you*! Why, I never heard anything so utterly terrific in all my life! Why, it's wicked! And *you* of all men, Mr. Smithers! And before poor, dear Mr. McGinty is in his grave. And when I trusted you so. Why, it's enough to bring him back to life again!"

At this Kitty gently withdrew her hand from McGinty, who, by-the-way, had been kissing it some dozens of times, and said:

"This scene has been so painful, Mr. Smithers, that you will have to excuse me just now."

McGinty gave her an imploring look. She was excessively agitated. She buried her face in her handkerchief.

"Will you bid me farewell?" said he, in a sepulchral voice: "One last, long farewell?"

Kitty was silent.

"Once—only—Kitty—darling Kitty!" said McGinty, trembling from head to foot; "once only! Let me bid you an eternal farewell—will you?"

Kitty sighed.

McGinty ventured nearer. He took her in his arms. He bent down over her, and pressing her close in his embrace, he gave her a long, convulsive kiss.

Then he sighed.

"Farewell, forever!" said he.

"Farewell, forever!" said Kitty, in a low voice. She moved away to the door. Then she turned and looked back. He was still standing on the same spot where she had left him.

"Well," said she, in her usual tone, "I suppose I shall see you to-morrow?"

"Oh, yes," said McGinty.

Whereupon Kitty went to her room, flung herself on her bed, and laughed till her head ached.

## CHAPTER XX.

HERE THIS STORY ENTERS UPON A TREMENDOUS SERIES OF CATASTROPHES WHICH ARE UNEQUALLED IN MODERN FICTION.

Deeds of darkness, fetters, chains,  
And the torture chamber's pains.

It was about noon on the following day a close carriage drove up to the house where the Pattersons lodged, and stopped at the door. It was a peculiar looking carriage—sombre, not exactly shabby, but very dusty—not exactly the carriage of a public functionary, yet certain public officials were connected with it, for on the box was a gen-d'arme, and behind were two others. Moreover, when the carriage stopped, the gen-darmes descended, and one of them opened the door and let down the steps, and there emerged two individuals of sombre appearance, one of whom looked like a retired undertaker, while the other seemed like a person who might be a police magistrate. All of which cheerful crowd entered the house and ascending to the upper floor, called for *Meestair Pattasone*.

Who appeared with a scar on his forehead, just between the eyes, and a badly swollen nose, which nose rapidly turned from red to white, as did the rest of the face, when he looked upon his unwholesome visitors. For they were all redolent of the law—and the law on the Continent of Europe, and particularly in Rome, was at that time a thing of awe unspeakable to the average Britisher.

This average Britisher was by no means reassured at the words which were spoken.

The Retired Undertaker did the talking, always referring, however, to the Functionary of dismal dye already mentioned as half Ecclesiastic and half Police Magistrate. The Retired Undertaker, in fact, seemed to be Interpreter to the other, and to gain his honest but laborious livelihood by the sweat of his brow,

wrung out by hard labor of the brain, in perpetual exercises at translating *viva voce* from the Italian into other languages, and back again.

Which Retired Undertaker, directed by the Functionary, proceeded to ask the papa a number of minute questions—as to his name, residence, business, motive in coming to Italy, time of stay in Rome; whether he was married; age of self and wife; birth place of wife; number of children, names of children; whether he had any friends in Rome, or in other parts of Italy; names of friends, ages, callings, rank in life; whether married or single; together with others too numerous to mention.

Such matter of fact questions as these about the ordinary affairs of life gradually restored to the frightened papa his presence of mind and his ordinary instincts; and being of a strong business turn, as the ruling passion revived within him, he sought to turn this interview to his own advantage, and therefore endeavored to interweave with the answers to these questions valuable information as to the excellences of the Patent Medicines with which his name was connected. He had already come to the conclusion that these visitors of forbidding aspect were simple census takers, or Inspectors General of Travelers, and was devising some way of turning this interview to account in an advertising way, when the conversation took a new turn, which once more plunged the good papa into the depths of gloom.

The Retired Undertaker, after a prolonged converse with the Functionary, turned to the papa, and spoke the following:

"Now, see here, Mr. Patterson, it is plain that you are talking round the question, and are endeavoring to lead the conversation to irrelevant things, like Pills and Doctor's Powders. But I must make you understand that we are not men to be trifled with. This signor, is his Excellency, the Prefect of the Municipal Police, before whom important information has been laid, which he has come forth to investigate and to act upon. You are seriously implicated in a charge of a very grave character, and if you have any regard for your liberty you will answer our questions directly, without any further allusions to irrel-



evant matters. These times are perilous, and no one can venture to trifle with the Municipal Police."

Now, that was a very pretty speech for a Retired Undertaker, and for an Italian—good plain English—terribly plain—so plain that the venerable papa found himself collapsing.

What words were those which he had heard!

He was confronted with an official of the most exalted character, no less than his Excellency the Prefect of the Municipal Police. The Police! The Municipal Police! Awful, tremendous thought. His youth had been spent in readings which had reference to the tyranny of foreign despots and the glories of Britannia. His later years had been taken up with rampant Radicalism, which had become his Religion, and which had led him to regard the free Britain as the first of created beings, and all foreigners, without exception, as degraded slaves. To him the Police of a foreign state was the sum and substance of all human iniquity, and the very word was a word of horror, associated with all that is most frightful to the human imagination.

The blood of the aged papa seemed to freeze in his veins—his heart seemed to stop beating—his hair bristled—his knees smote together, and his tongue adhered to the roof of his mouth. He was like a boy in the presence of Old Bogie.

Therefore it was that the faculties of the venerable papa, never very brilliant, now for a time utterly deserted him; and while the Retired Undertaker discoursed to him about the benefits of frankness, he scarcely understood a word of what was said to him, but sat trembling, staring, a dumb, inarticulate papa.

Having reached this stage of prostration, he awaited the next questioning.

"Information of a serious nature has been handed in against you," said the Retired Undertaker; "you are implicated in a serious offense against the laws."

At this, Patterson sent his memory out on a wild career over the Past, but could think of nothing that might be construed into an offense against any laws, except his getting knocked down by Fred, and that was an offense which he had not inflicted, but suffered.

"If, as we suppose, you have any confed-

erates," continued the Retired One, "associates, correspondents, or otherwise, it will be best for you to tell at once, so as to save further trouble to yourself and us."

This only served to deepen the mystery, for it showed that no possible reference was made to his quarrel with Fred. It must be something else altogether, which might thus lead to questions about confederates and correspondents.

"At the same time," continued the Retired One, "you must be informed that for some time past you have been under surveillance, and that certain words and acts of yours have been reported."

This made it more mysterious than ever. Patterson tried to recollect whether he had been indulging in any counterblasts against foreign tyranny of late, but could not call them to mind. His last one had been near Spoleto, and had been checked by Fred. The consciousness of innocence gave him a feeling of great relief, and he began to indulge a trembling hope that he might yet emerge from the darkness of his present despair.

The Retired One now called upon him to make his confession.

"I—I ain't got nothink to confess, sir," said the papa, very tremulously. "I—I never said nothink against the government. I can prove it."

"Take care!" said the Retired One.

"I can prove it," continued the papa; "and I'll take my davy afore the British Ambassador."

At this there was some conversation between the Retired One and the Prefect of the Municipal Police, after which the former returned to the charge, and fired off the following:

"His Excellency here wishes me to give you warning that this visitation is authoritative. You will, therefore, answer with candor and fullness. Above all, he wishes me to warn you against any foolish confidence in the protection of your ambassador. Those who violate Roman law must come under Roman jurisdiction, and be tried under such law, and be punished in case of conviction. British insolence, British prejudice, and British swagger will only injure you."

It was a beautiful thing to see the face, attitude, expression and mien of the papa, as he

was thus warned against indulging in "British swagger." He stood there in a state of collapse, his jaw fallen, his eyes wandering round from one to another in helpless appeal—while on his face there was a mixture of servility, obsequiousness, apprehension, horror, and deadly fright.

"Come now," said the Retired One, "answer one question—where is Merivale?"

"Merivale!" Patterson repeated the name in a wondering way.

"Yes."

"I don't know," said he helplessly.

"You had better tell all," said the Retired One.

"B—b—but how kik—kik—can I tell when I did—did—don't know hanythink at—at all about 'im?"

## CHAPTER XXI.

THE MAMMA AT BAY—BEARDING THE LION—  
THE PREFECT OF THE MUNICIPAL POLICE IS  
NONPLUSED.

Goodness! lawk a mussy me!  
What d'ye want with my Billy?

THE Functionary at length found out this: that if he wished to obtain information they could not elicit it from Signor Pattasino. He grew more and more helpless every minute. The dread shadow of the POLICE was over his soul, and he seemed already to be tasting of the bitterness of death.

At first the Prefect attributed this to the cunning of a guilty accomplice; all his trembling, all his agitation, and all his incoherency, were regarded as so many very transparent devices to mislead or baffle them. As a consequence he was liberal in the outlay of means to frighten him into a confession. All the thunders of the tribunals of justice were therefore brandished over him, and launched in fury upon his miserable head. The Interpreter's English lacked something of the sonorous power of the Prefect's Italian maledictions, yet its effect upon the hapless Pattasino was so withering that the Prefect had every reason to feel satisfied that it had reached the mark, and that his words had not returned to him void. For in the end he perceived that the terror could not be counterfeited, but was so real that all sense had fled away.

The Prefect, however, had come with a purpose, and he was not willing to go until he had exhausted every mode of investigation. Information had been given him against this family, and he hoped to find out something from some one of its members. After consulting a paper for a time, he sent the Interpreter to summon the Signora.

In due time the mamma made her appearance. It was evident that the Interpreter had conveyed his invitation to her in such a way that she had no idea of the true nature of the case, but had some idea of entertaining some public functionary who had come out of civility or respect. All this was on her face as she entered, for there was an attempt at dignity, tempered by a gracious desire to do the agreeable. She smiled around on all the company, and then said:

"Deeply honored, gents all; an' much hobligated for the honor of this call, and if I can do hany think for any of you, say the word."

But as her beaming eye roved about the room, it suddenly rested upon the figure of her husband. He had sunk into a chair, in which he sat overwhelmed, with a white face of terror, looking like one who had seen a ghost. The mamma gave a cry and hurried toward him.

"Why, Billy!" she cried. "Billy! why, Billy! what's the matter?"

The papa gave a groan.

"Are you faint? 'Ave you 'ad a bad turn? Let me get some gin. Oh, Billy, what ever 'ave come over you?"

The suspicion suddenly occurred that these visitors had been the cause, and she threw a hasty look around, which was by no means so friendly as it had been a minute before. She then went to a closet where she found a black bottle, out of which she poured some liquid for her husband. He took it with a trembling hand, and swallowed it, the mamma soothing him gently and affectionately, and plying him with questions as to his health. The papa seemed to regain a little of his composure, and sat up straighter in his chair, but the awe of the Police was still on him, and he refused to tell his wife what had brought him to grief, and only hinted that he had not got over the effect of yesterday's accident.

And now the Interpreter requested the mam-







"For two pins I'd shake the life out of you, you viper, an' make your withered bones rattle in your yaller parchment skin." Page 61.

ma to give her attention. The mamma accordingly seated herself beside her husband, holding his hand in a protecting way, as though fearing further harm for him.

"Signora," said the Interpreter, in what was meant to be his most impressive manner, "this is His Excellency, the Prefect of the Municipal Police, and he has come to investigate certain charges which have been made against this family. We wish you to answer truly and honestly all that you know. To those who confess, we know how to be merciful, but to those who are obdurate, we can be severe. Do not hope to trifle with us, but answer honestly, not only for your own sake, but for the sake of your husband also."

While the Interpreter had been speaking these words, the effect upon the mamma was very peculiar. At the first utterance of that dread name, a change came over her. She sat erect; her hands came together with a tight clench; her eyes grew hard and steely; her nostrils swelled, and her brow gathered into a frown. Her reception of this announcement was the very opposite of the papa's. All feminine softness vanished; she seemed like a she-wolf guarding her young against the approaching hunters.

As the Interpreter ceased, the mamma slowly rose from the chair, stood erect upon her feet, fixed her eyes upon the Prefect of the Police, threw her head back, put one foot before the other, and placed her arms akimbo.

The sight of this acted upon the papa like a cordial. No one knew better than he did what that meant. When the mamma had taken up that position, and that attitude, and put on that look, it meant that she was on the war-path. Hitherto she had found few who could face her. The papa's crushed heart swelled with hope and confidence. It was like Andromeda at the approach of Perseus, or the distressed damsel of chivalry, at the advent of the knight errant.

"So that's it, is it?" she began. "The Police! the Police! an' so ye can't find hanythink better to do than to come an' friken a pore old body like my Billy with yer Police Bugaboo! An' now that ye've got here, what is it? What do you want? No tomfoolery, but speak hup-and-down."

To this the Interpreter responded by a warning and a caution, and then directed her to tell all that she knew.

The mamma did not look at the Interpreter at all, but kept her eyes fixed upon the Prefect. "Tell all I know," she repeated. "Well, fust an' foremost, I know hallabout you an' your bloody Police Tomfooleries. Thank 'Eving, you hain't got no power over a Hinglishman—which ye're all a pack of blood-suckers, hand Judas Iscariots, an' vampires—a burnink of pore people alive at the stake, an' a-tort'rink of them with melted lead. But mind you, you hain't got the power to touch a Hinglishman. Burn up your own people, but don't come a-foolin' round here. An' so ye hadn't nothink better to do than to come 'ere, an' friken my Billy—ye brimstone ruffins. But ye've got into the wrong shop this time—ye've got the wrong sow by the hear. Do ye think I care for the likes of you? Who are you, any way, you nasty, skinny beast—you dried-up, mean, dirty, brimstone pig of a Prefix! For two pins I'd shake the life out of you, you miserable viper, an' make your withered bones rattle in your yaller-parchmenk skin——"

Here the Interpreter, who had vainly tried to stop the mamma in her wild flight, stamped fiercely with his foot, and yelled at her to stop. The mamma did stop for a moment, glowering at him.

"Are you mad, woman?" he shouted. "Do you mean to insult his Excellency to his face? Do you want to be taken to prison? Do——"

The mamma at this snapped her fingers so close under the Interpreter's nose, that he darted back as though avoiding a blow.

"That!" she cried, "for you, and the old Satan, your master; insult him? Course I will. Ain't a Hinglishman's 'ouse his castle? What business has he in my 'ouse? Arrest me? I'd like to see you try it. Yes," she continued, striding up to the Prefect and brandishing her clenched fist in his face, while the Prefect instinctively retreated—"yes, you lantern-jawed old brimstone Satan, for two pins I'd fling you out of the winder. Arrest me! P'r'aps you'd like to arrest all the Hinglishmen in Rome! P'r'aps you'd like to arrest 'Is Hexcellency the Hinglish Hambassador! P'r'aps you'd like to take possession of Hold



Hingland, an' hayrest 'er Most Gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria, the Prince Consort, Albert Prince of Wales, an' hall the Royal Family. Who cares for you! You're only a pack of Bobbies—none of ye's equal to a London Bobby. Ha! you old Prefix. Ha! would ye. Ha-a-ah! ye Police Vipers. Ha, Prefix! Oh! I'd like ye to arrest me, ye bloodsuckers—wouldn't I 'ave the Hinglish Hambassador down on ye, an' the Hinglish fleet would come and bombard Rome, till your dungeons tumbled about yer ears. Fetch along yer Prefixes and Bobbies. Bring 'em along, all of 'em! Who cares for 'em! Who cares for you! who cares for the whole beggarly town, half in roons. That for your brimstone Police!"

During this, the position of the Prefect was, to say the least, embarrassing. He had no actual charge against the mamma. He had come simply to investigate, and was not prepared for a scene like this. But to have this virago howling at him, and brandishing a huge fist in unpleasant proximity to his face, was certainly hard. The unhappy Prefect did not wish to appear frightened at a woman, and therefore could not call upon his gen-darmes to save him; while the gen-darmes could not move till they had orders. The consequence was that the Prefect retreated slowly, step by step. Step by step, however, the furious mamma followed him up. But this sort of thing could not go on forever; and at length the Prefect's further retreat was terminated by the wall of the room, against which he was brought up all standing. And there he remained, while the mamma, with her fist brushing against his nose, or her fingers unpleasantly snapping against it, continued her wild harangue.

## CHAPTER XXII

### AWFUL DOINGS—A BRAVE FIGHT.

See the British matron stand,  
Grappling with a hostile band.

BUT the Interpreter could stand it no longer. His zeal for his master outran his usual subordination; and as the unhappy Prefect stood with his head against the wall, and his nose rubbed by the fist of the mamma, the Interpreter came to his relief. A wave of his hand, a few words to the gen-darmes, and the mam-

ma was seized and dragged back, struggling and storming in vain.

This gave the Prefect a chance to recover his usual calm, and regain his lost dignity. Once more, then, the Interpreter returned to the charge, and as soon as he could make himself heard, addressed the mamma.

"All this will be the worse for you. You and your husband are now under arrest. You are suspected. These evasions and this violence will only make it worse for you. It is known that you are the associates and confederates of an English Milor—Sir Eugene Merivale. He has escaped, and is hiding. His daughter has been secreted under your care, in this house. You will see, then, that denial is useless, and evasion impossible, and that your only hope lies in a full confession."

This produced a very strong effect upon the mamma. It showed her at once that the whole difficulty had arisen out of Rosette; and, if possible, increased the deep hatred which she already cherished toward her. It showed her, also, a way by which she might not only throw suspicion away from her "Billy" upon the one to whom it properly belonged, but also bring to condign punishment that "ojus minx" herself.

The consequence was, therefore, that the mamma's feelings underwent a fresh revolution, and changed from a bold defiance of the police, to an eager desire for the arrest of Rosette.

"Indeed, then," said she, "an' may it please your gracious worship, I knows no more of 'im than a babe unborn—which 'is darter came to hus in disguise—an' is now in this 'ouse, an' is the only one as can tell 'is whereabouts; an' me an' Billy 'ere never knowed nothink about 'em afore this darter came 'ere with 'er airs and graces, a disguisink of 'erself—an' she's 'ere yet, though about to leave and go away, an' can be brought back 'ere in a momint."

Some further conversation followed, and, at length, the mamma offered to go away and bring Rosette. The others assented. The mamma went off on her amiable errand, and two soldiers stood outside, awaiting her return.

No sooner had she retired than the papa was arrested at the command of the Prefect and conveyed away. Terror rendered him dumb,



and almost incapable of motion, and in this state he was taken to his awful destination.

It was not very long before the mamma returned along with Rosette. The latter alone was allowed to enter. The two gen-darmes kept the mamma back, and the door was closed in her face.

Upon this the mamma grew violent, and tried to force her way in. Thereupon the two gen-darmes seized her, and dragged her by main force back into an inner room, where they committed her to the charge of the terrified Kitty and the horror-stricken 'Arriet. They then locked the door and returned to their master.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### LITTLE ROSETTE ARRESTED AND IN THE HANDS OF THE POLICE.

Luckless Rosie, here we are,  
Fastened up with bolt and bar.

ROSETTE entered the apartment with her usual self-possession, and calmly surveyed the company. She was still dressed in the costume in which she had come to the house, and which, to those present, was of course the disguise of a fugitive. But those present were evidently surprised at her appearance, since it was different from what they had anticipated. For the daughter of a man who had been denounced as a dangerous conspirator, and who herself had fled in disguise, had seemed to them to be of quite another order from the little being of grace and delicate mould that now stood before them. Rosette's eyes wandered from one to the other, over all of them, until finally they rested on the Prefect, whom she decided at once to be the chief man among them. After which she seated herself on the chair which had lately held the collapsed personality of the papa.

The Prefect then gave some directions to the Interpreter, who began:

"This is His Excellency il Conte di Cernosso."

Rosette bowed very pleasantly.

"I am very happy to make your acquaint-

ance, Mr. Cherrynose," said she, thinking at the same time, what a funny name.

"He is the Prefect of the Municipal Police, and has come to inquire about certain information relating to yourself, and also to Signor, your father."

The terrors of that name did not seem to affect Rosette at all. She caught only the allusion to her father.

"Oh! I am so glad," she said. "Now, perhaps, we may be able to talk it all over, and find out where in the world he is, for really, do you know, I'm beginning to feel quite anxious about poor dear papa."

"He is your father, then?" asked the Interpreter.

"Certainly," said Rosette, who thought it a very funny question, indeed; just as if any body else could be her papa, and it struck her at that moment that Mr. Cherrynose looked just like Ham in an old Noah's ark that she once had, and the resemblance was so absurd that she had to put her hand before her mouth, and cough to hide a smile, for she didn't want to appear rude.

"And your name is Rosetta Merivale?"

"No, not Rosetta—it is Rosette. I don't like Rosetta at all. It's too prim."

Upon this the Interpreter talked for a little while with the Prefect, who appeared satisfied with this acknowledgment.

"As you acknowledge yourself to be Rosetta Merivale—"

"Rosette," interrupted she, with a smile, and a gesture of playful warning.

"Rosette Merivale," said the Interpreter, adopting the correction, "His Excellency does not wish to say any more to you just now. But as there is a serious charge against you, it will be necessary for you to leave this house and come with us—and you will be examined further afterwards."

At this Rosette sprang from her chair to her feet.

"Leave this house!" she exclaimed.

"I am sorry, but it will be necessary."

At this Rosette's face flushed very red, and her eyes sparkled with joy.

"Oh, I'm so very, very much obliged to you all. It really is particularly good in you to come here for me. I had about made up my mind

to give myself up, only I didn't know how to go about it quite, and now it will be all so nice. And please, am I to stay with you?"

At this last question, which was asked in rather an anxious tone, Rosette looked inquiringly at the Prefect. As the Interpreter explained this, the Prefect looked puzzled, and seemed not to know what to make of it all.

"His Excellency assures you," said the Interpreter, "that everything will depend upon your statements."

"Oh, then," said Rosette, "I shall be particularly careful how I behave, and I'm sure you shall have no fault to find with me, if I can help it!"

This answer puzzled the Prefect also. It seemed to him a little like a hint that she would confess nothing; he made the Interpreter say it all over a second time, but finally gave it up, and then took a long stare at his captive. Little Rosette returned his stare with a smile; she felt very well disposed, indeed, toward him. After her experiences at the Pattersons' these seemed like true friends, and the courteous air of the Prefect, and ceremonious language of the Interpreter, were very pleasant to one who had listened to the brutal taunts of the mamma. So she sat smiling very pleasantly, and her large eyes rested solemnly, yet very amiably, upon the Prefect, who tried to read in them, and in the sweet, round face, something of that cunning which he had suspected. But little Rosette's face, like her words, remained a conundrum insoluble. He gave it up.

So the Prefect rose and spoke further with the Interpreter.

"You will now please to come with us," said he.

"Now? how perfectly lovely!" said Rosette. "Shall we walk?"

"Oh, no—we have a carriage, and you are to get in."

"Oh, thank you very much. I hope you have not put yourself out too much, for after all I can really walk just as well—that is," she added, "if it is not *very* far."

"Oh, it is not far," said the Interpreter, grimly, "and it is no trouble at all."

How very kind they are to me, thought Ro-

sette. How I wish I had gone to them first. But, then, how did I know? How foolish of Mr. Smithers; and poor Freddie, how delighted he'll be. Only I wish he was going too.

With these very pleasant thoughts, which threw around her face an air of great peace and happiness, little Rosette prepared to follow her captors. One gen-darme went first; then the Prefect; then two gen-darmes, as though to guard the prisoner; and last of all, the Interpreter. Little Rosette, however, remained altogether unconscious of her formidable guard, and merely thought of them all as friends and protectors.

On reaching the carriage, the first gen-darme opened the door and stood waiting. The Prefect stood looking at Rosette, and motioned with his hand.

"Am I to get in here?" asked Rosette. "Thank you," and then she got in. The Prefect followed, and last the Interpreter. Then the carriage was closed, the gen-darmes mounted before and behind, and the carriage drove away to the Prefecture of the Police. People in the streets had seen the carriage and the fair young prisoner. They averted their heads, and hastened on. Passers by saw the carriage as it drove to its destination, and pitied the victim inside, whoever it might be. And so on through the streets, and over the Ponte de S'Angelo to the other side of the Tiber.

Rosette was perfectly happy, and at peace with all the world.

How perfectly lovely this is, she said to herself; and what nice people the Police are, and what a contrast between such a man as Mr. Cherrynose and that dreadful old man. I dare say if he could talk English, he'd be delightful. Why, one would think that I had been a prisoner in the Ogre's Castle, like the princess in the fairy story, and that I did have a good fairy, after all—and that she sent these good, kind, nice people, and this nice carriage, to take me away from Ogre Castle; and then she added, in her thoughts: It would be well if *some* people were not so much like ogres, and more like ladies and gentlemen.

At length the carriage stopped. The door opened. All got out. Rosette looked around with a bright glance of interest and curiosity.

It was a stone-paved court yard, with stately buildings around it. At one end was a circular mass, on the summit of which was the statue of an angel. Some people would have found the scene gloomy, but to Rosette it seemed to be the palace of the Good Fairy.

A sentinel or two paced about here and there, and upon a bench near a doorway some soldiers off guard were seated. Toward this door the Prefect led the way, and the Interpreter asked Rosette to follow. At their approach, the soldiers arose and gave the military salute, and the sentinel presented arms, all of which seemed to Rosette to be very gratifying and complimentary.

Entering the door she found herself in a stone-paved hall, with doorways on each side. More soldiers were here, all of whom gave the military salute. Passing down this hall, they came to a winding stairway of stone at the further end, up which the Prefect led the way.

At the top was a small chamber, from which led a narrow gallery. Down this they passed. It was lighted here and there by a twinkling lamp. It seemed to Rosette to extend a long distance. At length they reached another stairway which went up a long way. On reaching the top, Rosette found herself in a wide hall. Soldiers were here, also. On each side were doors. Above there was a skylight. Along this hall the Prefect led the way, the soldiers saluting as before, until he reached a door at the end. Opening this, he entered an ante-chamber. Rosette followed.

A woman was here, who bowed very low as they entered. The Prefect addressed some words to her, and as they were in Italian, Rosette, of course, did not understand them, but guessed, very naturally, that they referred to herself.

The Prefect then opened a door and disclosed a room with one window and an arched ceiling. The walls were colored gray, the floor was of red tiles, with one or two mats. There was a bed and some simple furniture.

Here the Interpreter, who had been accompanying them all along, after conversing with the Prefect, turned to Rosette and said:

"This is your room, and this woman is your attendant."

"What a sweet little room," said Rosette,

looking around with a smile of delight; "and what a pretty, arched ceiling, and what a cosy little bed, and what a funny little window! Oh, I am so *very* much obliged! and I know I shall be awfully comfortable. Dear papa would be so delighted if he only knew where I was."

The Interpreter told this to the Prefect. The Prefect turned these words over in his mind, looking hard at Rosette. Rosette watched him with a beaming smile, wishing she could tell him personally how kind she thought him. The unhappy Prefect found this another unanswerable conundrum, and gave it up.

In a short time Rosette was alone.

First of all she went to the window and looked down. There was an iron grating outside, but she did not notice this. She could see some houses, then the dome of a great church, and beyond this a broad plain. The view seemed to her very pleasant and extensive.

Then she looked around more closely at her room. There was an iron bedstead with bedding, and a chair. A heavy table stood in one corner. It did not seem to her at all like the cell of a prisoner; it seemed rather like the secure retreat of one who had escaped from an Ogre Castle—like a place of refuge, where she was guarded from all pursuit, and protected from all chance of recapture.

They are certainly very respectful, she thought. How all those soldiers did bow! There was something uncommonly pleasant in it—to a poor little thing like me, that has been so snubbed, and scolded, and contradicted, and put upon. Oh, why did I ever go and try to be a lady's maid?

This recollection of her past misfortunes drew her attention to that part of her attire which was associated with such bitter memories. The cap and apron still remained. With a quick gesture of impatience she took off both.

"There," she said, holding them out, one in each hand. "There! Good-bye, Cap and Apron. You don't suit me, and I don't suit you, and we shall never be able to agree, and so we had much better part. I forgive you, and I promise not to have any hard feelings. If I have to live among strangers, I'd



rather go without you than with you. Good-bye."

She looked at them for a moment, and then rolled them up very tight into a little bundle, around which she wound the apron strings, binding them in a very complicated series of knots. Having done this she looked around, debating what to do with it. At length she decided, and going to the bed she raised the mattress, and tucked the little bundle underneath, and out of sight.

"There!" said little Rosette. "Out of sight—out of mind!"

#### CHAPTER XXIV.

##### BEFORE THE AWFUL BAR.

Thoughtless Rosie, here you be,  
Fixed in dark captivity.

ON the following day the Prefect of the Police visited Rosette, together with the Interpreter, who informed her that her presence was required in the Hall of the Prefecture, where the Judges of the Court were already in session. This information was received by Rosette with unfeigned pleasure, and an unmistakable gratification, which once more proved too much for the Prefect.

"Oh! I am so glad," said she; "and now we can talk it all over, and compare notes, and perhaps we may be able to come to some conclusion about poor papa. What I want most of all is to find out where he is, so as to write him a nice, long letter, and beg him to come here."

No reply was made to this except in the shape of a question, asking if she was ready. To which Rosette, in a lively way (for she was overflowing with good spirits) replied:

"Oh! well you know when one has nothing to put on, one is always ready."

So the Prefect led the way, and Rosette followed, and the Interpreter came next, and then came a half dozen soldiers, armed to the teeth, who had been waiting outside, and who, as the prisoner came forth, followed in her train.

On the way Rosette's thoughts were various. First she noticed more strongly than ever the resemblance of the Prefect to a Noah's ark

man, which was certainly heightened by a rearview of that Functionary; then she felt troubled at the difficulty of keeping step with the soldiers; then she noticed that they were going in a different direction from the one by which she had come; then she thought, what a pity it was she had not a better dress; then she wondered whether they would let Freddie come to see her, and what he would say if he found her in such a place, with so many soldiers keeping guard over her when she was in her room, and saluting her when she left it. With these thoughts and many others she amused herself, until at length they reached the Hall of the Prefecture.

This Hall of the Prefecture had one feature about it, which made it different from other halls. It was not designed for spectators. No seats were set apart for the accommodation of the public. It was intended solely for the reception of the Judges, the secretaries, and the prisoner, or prisoners. The first glance which Rosette threw around showed her this; but the discovery was only gratifying to her, for she preferred not having any spectators.

It was a hall about thirty feet square, with a stone-paved floor, and vaulted ceiling. Four small grated windows admitted a moderate light. At one end, on a raised platform, were seated six men. They were all dressed in official robes, and were all elderly men. Below these, on the floor, was a table, at which two secretaries were seated, with writing materials.

On the right of the Judges was a sort of bench against the wall, and Rosette, on looking around, perceived that this was the only thing in the shape of a seat that was unoccupied, and so, with that cheerful way she had of making the best of everything, she walked toward it.

"May I sit here, please! Oh, thank you," she said, and seated herself on the bench.

The Judges were six in number. They were elderly officials. They had all grown gray in the service of the Police. The secretaries were also elderly officials, who had grown gray in the service of the Police. They had all seen people of all ages, sizes, classes, and characters before them in this Hall, and the Hall itself had witnessed many a singular spectacle, but, it may safely be said, that neither any of the

Judges and Secretaries, nor even the old Hall itself, had ever seen before that Awful Bar a more self-possessed, a more cheerful, a more amiable, and altogether well disposed prisoner than little Rosette. She looked around with a pleasant, confidential smile. She examined, one by one, the faces of the aged Judges, and seemed to see in each a personal friend; and her only regret was that she did not speak Italian so as to be able to communicate more unreservedly with them.

Such a sudden apparition as little Rosette produced an unwonted sensation. Each one of the Judges regarded her with a close scrutiny. At first the scrutiny was stern and searching, as befitted men in their position; yet as each gaze lingered on the face of little Rosette, there seemed to be so much sunlight there that the coldness of judicial scrutiny was insensibly relaxed, and gave to something more human. In some, this more human feeling was curiosity, in others, wonder, in others, pity or sympathy. The venerable Chief, a man who had slowly fossilized in this chamber, seemed to regard this astonishing prisoner with unwonted emotion. There came over his hard, official features a gentler expression; the furrows of his face seemed to fade out. It was as though Rosette had come like spring into the winter of old age, bringing influences which melted, and softened, and mellowed the frosts of age, and the hardness of Judicial severity.

Little Rosette waited modestly for a short time for some one to say something, and as nothing was said, she concluded that it was her duty to speak. So she spoke out in an easy, unembarrassed way, looking toward the Chief.

"I'm so glad you've sent for me, and so grateful. It was so horrid at that place—the Pattersons', you know—and I'm sure you will do all you can to try and bring poor papa back to me. My only regret now is that I did not come here at once."

At this the Interpreter came forward and translated Rosette's words in his usual solemn way. All the Judges listened with deep solemnity. Then they made him repeat it. Then they all sat looking mystified. Then they all talked together in a low voice. Some of them

frowned; some of them shook their heads; some of them sat back and plunged themselves into abysses of speculation. It was quite evident that none of them could quite make out what the words meant. In any one else they might have suspected insanity; in certain cases they might have imagined irony or sarcasm; but these things were clearly not to be thought of in this case.

Then they motioned to the Prefect, who came forward. They questioned him. He gave the result of hours of meditation over little Rosette's words and ways. One view of her was that she was sincere and innocent, and meant what she said; but to an Italian mind, and especially to the mind of a Police official, this was simply incomprehensible. It only remained, therefore, to regard her as exceedingly deep in a certain subtle craft and cunning, as one endowed with an unparalleled genius for deceit—who spoke inexplicable riddles, who put forth sentences of unfathomable meaning, and could evade the closest and most direct questions by means of answers so artfully worded, that the questioner could make nothing out of them.

Upon which, all the Judges shook their aged heads in a bewildered way, and the Chief then addressed himself to the task of interrogating. This consisted of a rigid, severe and minute examination, which was carried on through the medium of the Interpreter. This personage stood. The Judges sat. Rosette kept her seat, though the Interpreter hinted that she should stand. But the hint was not taken.

"What is your name?"

"Well, my real name is Rosette Merivale—not Finch. That was only an assumed name, and very silly."

"How old are you?"

"Going on seventeen."

"What is your place of residence?"

"Well, you know, I'm living in Rome just now, and my residence is in this building. So you know as much as I do—in fact, more—for I'm sure I have no idea what part of the city this building is in."

Rosette spoke these words in a tone of candor, and with an agreeable smile—with all the air of one who felt among friends. It was not lost on the Judges, who themselves were af-

fectured by this perfect confidence shown them, and therefore met Rosette by a sympathetic smile which appeared involuntarily on their own grizzled features.

"It is your place of residence in England that we ask after."

"England? Why, we are not living in England now."

"What was your last place of residence there?"

"Well, papa hasn't lived in England for ever so long. I lived at Cheltenham, with my dear uncle, who is rector there; and Freddie was there, too, studying—only he never studied at all."

Part of this was felt to be irrelevant, and some of the Judges thought that she was trying to raise new issues. However, the Chief went on:

"What is your father's profession?"

"My papa is a gentleman."

"What does he do to occupy his time?"

"Nothing—except sometimes he paints a little."

"What is he doing at Rome?"

"Oh, well, a little of everything. He paints a little, you know, and studies, and collects antiquities. I suppose painting is his chief work. He makes quite a hobby of it."

"Is he much at home during the day?"

"Oh, yes."

"Is he often away?"

"Oh, yes."

"Tell me where he goes to?"

"To the galleries, you know—he copies pictures."

"Does he ever go out of town?"

"Oh, yes."

"Where?"

"To Florence—and sometimes to Naples."

"How do you know?"

"Oh, well, he almost always takes me with him."

"Does he never go away alone?"

"Oh, no—not any long distance. He would not leave me, you know."

"Have you many friends here?"

"A few."

"You did not go to them when your father last left you?"

"No—and very foolish it was—but it was not my fault."

"Does your father have many visitors?"

"Visitors? Oh, yes."

"Who?"

"Well, generally old friends passing through Rome."

"Foreigners?"

"Oh, no—English people, you know."

"Does your father stay out much at night?"

"Oh, no."

"Is he home early?"

"Oh, yes; he is always in by ten o'clock."

"Is he never out all night?"

"Oh, dear, no. He wouldn't leave me that way."

The questions thus far had been answered by Rosette with the utmost quickness, and with the air of one who had nothing to conceal. The Judges were disappointed in the answers, yet, on the whole, pleased with the prisoner, who showed the greatest frankness. They found themselves also gliding insensibly into a state of sympathy. This was owing to Rosette's way. She had a fashion of pre-supposing sympathy on their part, of appropriating their friendliness for granted. It was not very easy to show the customary judicial severity in such cases. What could Rhadamanthus himself do with a little creature like this, who persisted in putting herself on a friendly and confidential footing, and in regarding him as her very particular friend.

"Your father fled from Rome some time ago?"

"Yes, and a very cruel thing it was. He never treated me so before. But then, I suppose, poor papa couldn't help it, you know; for I believe some one told him that he was going to be arrested. But, really, I think some one has been deceiving him. I think he has been frightened about nothing, and ran away when he might just as well have stayed. I'm sure he needn't have been afraid of you!"

This little tribute was taken by all the Judges in a very gracious manner.

"What did you do when you heard that your father had fled?"

"Me? Why, I fainted."

Rosette spoke this with a simple pathos that was very touching.

"I fainted," she said, looking at the Judges



with her large, dreamy eyes, full of melancholy recollections, and speaking in a mournful voice. "It was so very, very sad, and I was all alone in the world."

The Judges all looked as though they felt this to be very sad, and some of them looked guilty, as though they were in some sort to blame for the woes of little Rosette.

"Yes, but what action did you take?"

"After I recovered?"

"Yes."

"Well, a letter was brought me from papa, who told me that he had to fly, and that Mr. Cary would explain it all and tell me what to do."

"Mr. Cary? Who is he?"

"He's a very nice person," said Rosette, simply.

"Yes, but what countryman? Is he an Englishman?"

"Well, no—I think not."

"What is he?"

"Why, I rather think he's an Irishman, judging by his accent."

"Well, what took place then?"

"Well, then, I burst—into—tears—because I felt so sad," said Rosette, in her usual melancholy way; "for it seemed to me just as if I was all alone in the world, without one friend to turn to."

The Judges again looked with sympathetic faces, and all seemed to think that little Rosette had certainly had a hard time of it, and had suffered very many unmerited woes.

"Yes, but what did you do? What did this Mr. Cary do or say?"

"Why, he told me that poor papa was in great danger from the Police, and that I was in danger, too, and that my papa wanted me to hide and keep out of the way of the Police—and I think my papa was very much mistaken, and Mr. Cary was, also."

"Why?"

"Why, because papa was so much afraid of you that he ran away from you, when he ought not to have done so. For you are very good and very kind, and I'm sure I'm awfully obliged to you—and I only wish dear papa was here, too."

These innocent remarks created a very perceptible sensation, which was accompanied by

amiable looks and smiles. The little tribute to their goodness and kindness was very effective, but when Rosette expressed that wish about her papa, it seemed almost too much. The force of kindness could no farther go.

"Why did you hide?"

"Because Mr. Cary advised it."

"Were there any others?"

"Yes; Mr. Smithers. He took me to the place."

"Who is Mr. Smithers?"

"I only saw him once or twice before. He is a friend of Mr. Cary's, and also of the Pattersons. I think he is the one who thought of making me become a lady's maid. He's a nice man, but very, very silly, or else he could never have thought of such a thing—really, it was nothing but utter folly, for you know I am the last person—the very last person in the world—to pretend to be a servant. In fact, when I found what sort of people they were, I could hardly help ordering them all about. No—I might have become anything else, but I could not cease to be a lady."

The force of which remark was felt and conceded by all present.

"These Pattersons—are they friends of your father?"

At this question Rosette's look was perfect—a mixture of surprise at such an idea, together with sweet resignation.

"Oh! really, how very absurd, you know. Why, if you could only see them it would be enough. They really are not at all fit company for a lady. The old people are fearfully vulgar, and I never was treated with such shocking rudeness, or so contradicted in all my life. Not all, for Miss Kinnear is very nice, but the Pattersons are really too coarse, and Miss Patterson is not *quite* a lady. She lacks repose, a little too demonstrative, you know, and somewhat loud, without any real refinement. Miss Patterson was very unkind, and intentionally so—she tried to insult me deliberately—but then, really, you know, when one receives an insult from certain quarters, it ceases to be an insult at all; and Miss Patterson's insults were never sufficiently delicate to be really keen. They were coarse, and therefore blunt."

"Where is your father now?"

At this Rosette stared in unfeigned surprise.

"Why, that's the very thing I want so to know, you know. He didn't date his letter at all, and didn't say where he was going. I do wish you could find out for me. I was in hopes that we might talk it over together, and find out something or other about him; and if you could find out about him, I should be very grateful."

## CHAPTER XXV.

### THE CRITICAL MOMENT.

Ah! Rosette! you can't be merry,  
With this grim judiciary.

ROSETTE'S appearance had certainly conciliated the favor of her judges, and yet her way of talking only served to puzzle them. No one could look at that round face, with its dimpled cheeks, and encounter the full gaze of those large, dreamy eyes, with their wondrous fringe of eye lashes, without having a kindly feeling, at least, toward its owner. No one could listen to the peculiar intonations of her voice without being sensible of a kind of pleasure even in the sound. Besides, she had a way of putting herself and all the company on the most friendly footing, and chatting with them on terms of confidential intercourse, like a thoroughly trustful child. Under ordinary circumstances, and in an ordinary room, and before ordinary men, all this would have been striking and attractive. But this was a different tribunal from common; and the contrast here between Rosette and her surroundings was so tremendous, that it gave new force to her looks and words, and new power to her simple charms. For this Hall had been the scene where many a Carbonaro or other conspirator, and many a criminal had received his trial, and heard his doom. But not for me such tragic themes as these. I have nothing to do with the History of the Roman Police. I leave to writers of sublimer rate to treat of this, and confine my attention to little Rosette, as she sits here upon fires hid under deceitful ashes. The thought of this contrast between herself and her surroundings was not lost upon her judges; and this thought deepened the tender pathos and the sweet grace of her manner. The thought of their own of-

fice, and what they themselves were with reference to her, was also superadded.

Now, in the midst of all this, and at this stage of the proceedings, a Sbirro entered, followed by the woman who was Rosette's attendant. The Sbirro carried with him a small parcel, which he laid upon the table with some long, explanatory remarks to the judges. The judges took possession of the parcel, and then questioned the Sbirro and the attendant at some length, and with much minuteness.

Rosette had scarcely noticed the parcel. Her only thought was, that these new comers might have discovered something about her papa. Of the words which were spoken in Italian, she, of course, understood nothing.

It was evident, however, that this new incident seemed to the judges to possess very much importance, and produced a very great sensation. Some were in favor of opening it; others were in favor of questioning Rosette first, so as to test her, and see whether her simple answers thus far had been, indeed, pure honesty, or the fabrication of deep artfulness.

For beneath all the friendly leanings of these venerable men there had, also, lurked suspicions of her sincerity. These suspicions, it may be added, did not destroy the friendly leanings; and, had she been a convicted deceiver, they would probably have admired her none the less, though in another way. If really sincere she would be admirable as a work of nature; if insincere and hypocritical, she would be equally admirable as a work of art. Rare, indeed, would the art be that could assume such matchless simplicity of look, and tone, and gesture. To these men, all of whom were subtle and crafty, and wily, the problem became one of surpassing interest, and whichever way it was solved, they would not fail to yield their admiration to little Rosette.

Once more, then, the Chief resumed his examination of Rosette, through the Interpreter.

"What did you bring here with you?"

"Nothing."

"Did you bring anything concealed?"

"Oh, no."

"Had you anything about you which you were anxious to conceal?"

"Oh, no—nothing at all."

"Did you conceal anything in your chambers at the Pattersons' before coming here?"

"No," said Rosette, "there was nothing to conceal, you know, and so I couldn't conceal anything. Besides, I was only too glad to get here, and away from those very unpleasant people. It would be very silly in me to conceal anything in a place which I never wished or expected to see again."

"Had you any papers belonging to your father?"

"Oh, no—that is, nothing except his last little note to me, and I've got that in my pocket, you know."

With these words she produced from her pocket a letter, and held it in her hand.

The Judges whispered together.

"There's nothing in it," said Rosette. "Perhaps you'd like to look at it. Only I'd like to get it back again."

With these words she rose, and laid the letter on the Judge's desk, after which she resumed her seat. The Judge placed it on one side for future examination with chemicals and microscope, and for the present went on with his examination.

"Have you ever tried to conceal anything since you came here?"

"Here! Oh, no."

"In your chamber?"

"Certainly not."

"You are sure?"

"Of course. I cannot possibly be mistaken, for, you know, as I said before, I had nothing whatever to conceal, absolutely nothing."

"Nothing?"

"Of course, not," said Rosette, wondering at his persistency.

"Think once more."

"I'm sure I'm thinking as hard as ever I can, and I cannot do more than that."

The Judge looked at her with deeper gravity.

"Beware how you answer this question," he said. "There must be no evasion, or the consequences will be serious."

"I beg pardon," said Rosette; "but I am never in the habit of saying what I do not mean; and you cannot mean, I am sure, that you doubt my word."

It was a tender, respectful, grave rebuke;

but it was a rebuke. Was this her sincerity, or was it her matchless art? All the Judges felt the force of this.

"Very well, then," said the Chief. "We take your word. We are to understand that you concealed nothing in your chamber."

"I'm sure I don't know what more I can say."

Nothing more was said. The Chief raised the parcel and held it in his hand, looking earnestly at Rosette. She did not notice the gesture or the parcel particularly, but looked with her usual calm sweetness and self-possession straight in his face, with all the ease of perfect innocence.

The Chief now proceeded to undo the parcel. It was felt that a critical moment had arrived. The Judges all awaited the result in intense excitement, though without any sign of it, except a certain eager glance now at the parcel, now toward Rosette. Her denial had been so persistent, her rebuke to them so grave; and yet the means of confuting her lay so immediately before her, that they could not understand how it was that she had committed herself so far and so utterly. And so they watched first the parcel and then Rosette.

Rosette, however, had not noticed the parcel very particularly at the entrance of the Sbirro and the attendant; her father had filled all her thoughts, and she confidently expected that they had brought some news of him. She did not understand the drift of the Chief's last questions, but still expected some reference to her father. Nor did she very particularly notice his action now, inasmuch as the table or desk was elevated above her head, and the parcel was partly concealed by it.

The Chief, therefore, under such circumstances, proceeded to undo the parcel.

First, in order to make it all the more impressive, and to confute Rosette in the most thorough way, he rose to his feet.

Then he raised the parcel, with his eyes fixed on Rosette.

Then he proceeded to loosen the fastenings. They were bound very tight, and there was some little difficulty; but at length the Chief succeeded in loosening them, after which he



began to unwind them slowly and impressively.

The excitement grew more intense. All eyes were fixed now on the parcel, now on Rosette, and so forth. Rosette herself gradually became conscious that this parcel was connected with her examination, and the recent questions about concealment. This thought came, and then she looked *at it*. In an instant the whole truth flashed upon her. At that instant the parcel was unrolled, and there from one of the hands of Rhadamanthus dangled Rosette's apron, while from the other hung her cap.

The face of Rhadamanthus became a study. For some time he did not understand it. He looked solemnly first at one and then at the other. The rest of the judges in equal perplexity did the same.

But the solemn silence was suddenly interrupted by a loud peal of merry laughter from Rosette. It was a careless, joyous laugh, to which she gave herself up with the perfect abandon of a delighted child.

"Oh, how funny!" she exclaimed. "Oh, how funny! My cap and apron! Oh, how funny! And I bade an eternal adieu to them! Oh, how funny!"

The Judge was still puzzled. Rosette began to explain and the Interpreter to translate. She told all about it,—her long troubles as maid, her joy at getting away from the House of Bondage, and her farewell to the emblems of her slavery. Her little narrative was told with a mirth and archness which not even the solemn translation of the Interpreter could conceal.

The Judges looked softened. Their brows relaxed. They smiled. They even laughed; and thus there was enacted in the Tremendous Tribunal of the Police an unwonted scene, where all these hoary Magistrates found themselves laughing along with a little girl.

This terminated the examination for the present.

"We shall have to detain you here longer," said the Chief, as he dismissed her.

"Will you really?" said Rosette. "Oh that will be so nice, and I am so very much obliged; and then there won't be any more trouble with

Mr. Smithers. The poor man really did his best, you know, and could never have supposed that those people would behave so ill."

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### THE PAPA'S PERPLEXITIES—HE CONCLUDES TO ABJURE HIS PRINCIPLES.

Shut up in the prison station,  
What an awful situation!

A NUMBER of door-ways opened from the lower hall of the Prefecture, and each of these opened into a chamber which was used as a lock-up. One of them formed the entrance into a large room with massive walls covered with stucco, and stone-paved floor, and iron-grated windows. There was a rude table of ponderous construction, a heavy bench, an iron bedstead, and a hard mattress. Here, the wreck of his former self, plunged into the depths of gloom unspeakable, sat the once rosy and buoyant, but now pallid and despairing papa.

This, then, was the end of a virtuous life—a life of Reform, of Benevolence, of Purity, of Peace, of Patriotism, and of Pill-anthropy! In such a situation, the good papa was the last man in the world to rally. Beyond all that was visible to the eye, there was much more that was manifest to the mind—a world of horror unspeakable—a world of mourning, lamentation, and woe.

He was in the hands of the Police—the Police of a Continental State! the Police—horrible, tremendous thought! At that thought, the imagination of the papa was stimulated to action, and called up before him innumerable terrors.

For the papa had blended with an eager search after wealth a certain truculent and blatant demagoguism, an all-levelling Radicalism, which had led him to go upon the war-path against everything that was out of accord with his own notions, or experience, or interests. He had fought a life-long battle, from behind his own desk or counter, with Tyrants and Despots. He loved to hear the sound of his own voice, as he mouthed out phrases glorifying the doctrines of Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality, or denouncing the Oppressor, the Oligarch, the pampered Menial, the blood-

stained Tyrant, and the bloated Aristocrat. The good papa loved to glorify the People; yet, after all, he did not seem to care particularly about the every-day people with a small "p," who came about him; for he was opposed, "on principle," to the poor and the needy, and always managed to "get his money's worth" out of everybody with whom he came in contact.

The papa's ideas of foreign countries were essentially those of the "average Briton." He regarded all lands outside of his own island as crushed under the heel of Despotism. All but his own countrymen were enslaved,—but as for them—Britons never, never could be slaves! To him all the States on the Continent of Europe were so many Slave States,—all the European Governments Tyrants who ruled by force and torture, by dungeon and rack, by scourge and guillotine. The papa's favorite reading had consisted in hot spiced novels about cruel nobles, bloody barons, feudal castles, Rinaldo Rinaldini, Abellino the Bravo of Venice, and other works of a similar character. From these he had gathered his impressions about continental governments. What he had read about Feudal Castles and their dungeons he referred to the society of the present day. To him every house on the Continent was honey-combed with dungeons and secret passages. Every government ruled by means of spies and executioners. To him every city on the Continent was a facsimile of the Venice of which he had read, and had its "Council of Ten, its Tortures, its Bravoes, its Sbirri, its Mouchards, its Executioners, its Secret Tribunals, and its Awful Dungeons." To him every continental government still ruled as in the past by means of torment, using freely torture of all descriptions, and employing the rack, the boot, the wheel, and the ordeal by fire, as in the middle ages.

Since his entrance here his mind had called up all these things, and his meditations had been directed to his own probable fate. Around him he saw the walls of a dungeon! This was but the beginning of sorrows. Soon he would be plunged into a deeper and a darker one. Soon he would be called upon to undergo all those torments of which he had so often read. There would be the Rack! How could his sensitive frame sustain the first turn of the

wheel. Or perhaps they would apply the Iron Boot!—or a Thumb Screw! Would they swing him up by the thumbs to flay him alive, or tear him in pieces with wild horses, or saw him asunder, or break him on the Wheel, or bury him alive!

Upon which of these to let his imagination rest he could not decide, but beyond all these, other thoughts remained, beyond which extended still others. His fancy portrayed his own doom. It was to be by Fire! He had read all about it. In this way the Continental Governments used to punish convicted criminals. Burning at the stake had been a favorite mode of execution for ages, and, of course, still must be so, as far as the papa knew. This, to him, had always seemed the most terrible of punishments, and it was the one which now most disturbed him.

"I can't stand it," cried the papa, in trembling tones, "it is too much! I'll abjure my principles! I'll give up the doctrines of Liberty! I'll be a Despot and a Tyrant myself!"

Such a resolution as this may seem absurd to those who coolly read about it, but to the papa himself it seemed of great weight, and upon his mind it had a soothing influence. How to be a Despot he did not exactly know, but to be one he was fully resolved. The only difficulty was about communicating his intention to the government. How could he do this? He could not speak Italian. He could not wait for the Interpreter. He was eager to put his resolve into instant execution. But how?

At length he thought it would be a good plan to make use of all the foreign words he knew, in the hope that by means of some of these he might establish a communication with the outside world. These scraps of foreign languages were such as everybody knows, and the good papa could easily recal.

So the papa put himself at the door and surveyed the outside world through the keyhole until some one passed. Then he shouted out:

"Moosoo! Moosoo! Parley voooooo!"

No notice was taken of this. Several people passed, and the papa shouted several times, but, alas! in vain. They seemed to have something of their own to attend to. They moved up and down very quickly and hastily

—soldiers, and gen-darmes talking in hurried tones. The papa was not heard.

"Oh, yes! Oh, yes! Oh, yes!" cried the papa.  
*"E pluribus unum! Anno Domini! Multum in parvo! Ne plus ultra!"*

In vain.

*"Magna Charta!"* cried the papa.

No use.

*"Habeas Corpus!"*

In vain.

*"Victoria Dei Gratia Regina!"* cried the papa, with another effort, yelling at the top of his voice the familiar inscription of English coins.

But his efforts were in vain.

He turned away, yet he was not quite so despairing as before. A hope was before him. The die was cast. He had made up his mind. He would give up the cause of Liberty, and embrace the doctrines of Despotism. He already tried to look upon himself as a Bloated Aristocrat, and was wondering what the *Times* would say editorially when its correspondent would send a startling account of the surrender by Wm. Patterson, Esquire, of the cause of the People.

"Well," said he, with an air of deep conviction, "these European Despots are all fine men. The King of France is a fine man. The Czar of Russia, likewise—and the Emperor of Austria, is all that he should be—and so, also," added the papa, thoughtfully, "so also is the King of Prussia!"

And this increased his hope.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### A NEW EXCITEMENT—AFFRIGHT.

What a riot has arisen,  
 In the courtyard of the Prison!

WHILE the papa was thus undergoing such trials of mind on the ground floor, little Rosette was in the room above. Some people are unhappy when they have nothing to do, but little Rosette was not one of that sort. She enjoyed doing nothing at all, and could sit for hours motionless enjoying her own fancies. It was a fashion of little Rosette to construct a fancy world around her and live in it. Her

papa used to amuse himself with watching her, while he was reading or painting, when she would sit in some easy position smiling to herself.

"What are you smiling at, little Rosette?"

"Oh, I'm having such happy thoughts."

So now Rosette was having such happy thoughts. While the papa was plunged in a gulf of dark despair she was living in an upper and a better world.

How nice this is—she thought to herself—and I wonder what makes them all so very kind to me? I never knew before that the Police were such nice, kind, good people. After this I shall always like them. But I must ask them to let Freddie know where I am, so that he can come here to see me—I really must see him.

Then she began to think that it would be much nicer if she could only have some other dresses. First, because she was so tired of this one; secondly, because it was associated with unpleasant recollections; and thirdly, because she did not appear in her former person.

I've bid good-bye to my cap and apron, said she to herself, but what's the use, pray, when I've got this unpleasant dress? It makes one look like a servant. I do wish I could get them to send for my trunk. Why did I not ask those nice old judges? What a figure I must have been looking like this. O, I positively and really must get rid of this, and look like a lady; and besides, this dress is so worn that it begins to look quite untidy.

Little Rosette's thoughts now centred altogether on the subject of dress. She decided to ask the people here to send to the lodgings of her papa, where all her things were, and have them all brought. At first she thought of only having one trunk, but at length concluded that they might as well bring everything while they were about it. And then, she added, I'll dress myself, and they shall see that I'm not a servant, and then I'll get them to invite Freddie here,—or I'll invite him and they shall take him my note.

She had been seated on the bed all this time, but now there arose certain noises in the courtyard which attracted her attention. She arose and went to the window, where she saw enough to occupy her thoughts for some time.

The courtyard was thronged with people.



There were soldiers and gen-darmes; there were also women and children. The soldiers were all armed, and were drawn up under the walls; the women and children all looked agitated, and seemed to be wandering about in rather an aimless fashion; the gen-darmes were gathering in little groups, looking somewhat nervous and uneasy; officers were moving about, sometimes talking to one another, at other times hurrying up and down, and in and out. Everywhere there was the appearance of excitement and trepidation.

Now, I do wonder what in the world can be the matter, thought Rosette.

The window could be opened—she opened it, and thus was able to see better, as well as hear. No sooner had she swung it back, than she was startled at the sounds that arose. Beneath there were loud calls; hasty words; quick, sharp commands; cries of children; wild exclamations; while from the distance there came a certain indistinct and indefinable sound, like a vast, deep murmur, intermingled with wild yells, songs, shouts, and cheers.

Something was going on. That was very evident. But what could it be? It was not very easy for Rosette to guess. She thought that, perhaps, it was some festival of the church, and that some great procession was going to or from St. Peter's. Yet, if so, why should these women and children, and, above all, these soldiers look so terrified! No, it could not be a procession.

Suddenly the report of a rifle sounded from afar; then others followed in quick succession. Then there rang reports from some place close by, and then followed the thunder of cannon. At this, the excitement below increased. Part of the soldiers were hurriedly marched away through a door on the left of the courtyard, while the others waited, looking somewhat disordered. All around the agitation grew deeper. The reports of rifles and cannon still rang out with undiminished violence, and every report seemed to deepen the agitation of those beneath. The soldiers seemed to lose their steadiness; they were evidently, for some reason or other, becoming demoralized; there was panic on every face.

Now, I do wonder if it can really be only a sham fight, or a review, or something of that

sort, thought Rosette. I'm really beginning to feel quite interested. I hope it is always as nice as this. Now, if one could only see some one to ask about it—but, then, I don't speak Italian, so I'll have to guess at it.

Time passed, and Rosette watched. Then there came from afar the thunderous boom of a deep-tolled bell, which rang in long, solemn reverberations all through the air. The noise of musketry and cannon also still continued, and the mighty murmur that underlay every other sound.

Then the murmur deepened, and grew nearer; nearer drew the shouts, and calls, and songs, and cheers; the noise as of an innumerable multitude advancing irresistibly; nearer came the musketry, and the shrill fife forced its notes on the ear, and the war-drum throbbed furiously, till it seemed as though the mighty multitude, whose approach was thus heralded, had all come up to beat and thunder at the Prefecture gates.

Amid it all the deep tolling of the bell never ceased.

I know that bell, at any rate, thought Rosette. It's the big bell of the Capitol.

But her thoughts were rudely interrupted. In the courtyard below arose wild outcries and wails as if all was lost. The gen-darmes fled. The women and children thronged the few doorways as though seeking for refuge inside. The soldiers in an instant melted away and mingled with the crowd of fugitives. All was terror and lamentation and despair.

Then came the thunder of cannon and the crash as of falling beams and timbers. Then cheers and wild yells. And then, through the chief gate, there poured into the courtyard a wild, excited, frenzied throng—multitudes of men were there in red shirts, who looked like brigands—with them were multitudes more in citizen's dress; women were there, boys were there, and old men and young girls. It was a disordered, excited mob; and thus shouting and singing they burst through the gates, and kept pouring along till they filled the courtyard.

Then some shouted and some leaped for joy, while others embraced and kissed, and altogether the noise and uproar was deafening. The tumult of musketry and cannon was over,

the deep bell of the Capitol tolled no more, and the people gave themselves up to joy.

Then a man stood upon a stone pedestal, and in a loud, masterful voice, harangued the crowd. And the multitude listened respectfully, and when he had ended they applauded vociferously.

Rosette did not know what to make of it all.

At first, when the gates were blown in, and the crowd poured into the courtyard, she had said to herself: "I'm almost afraid that if this sort of thing goes on any longer, I'll begin to be afraid;" but afterwards, as the musketry ceased, and the crowd began to embrace, and kiss, and dance, Rosette's feelings changed.

"How funny—how awfully funny!" she said "That little bald-headed man looks like a monkey." Then she saw something so ridiculous that she had to laugh—and other ridiculous things excited other laughs.

"It's funnier than the Carnival," she said; "and I wonder if it mightn't be a kind of Carnival, perhaps."

*Viva la Republica!*

*Viva la Liberta!*

*Liberta! Equalita! Fraternita!*

*Viva la Costituzione!*

Such were the cries that arose from the crowd below, but Rosette did not understand Italian, and, therefore, was not the wiser. She had come to regard the humorous aspect of the affair, and that alone. The idea of the Carnival was uppermost in her mind. She had heard quite as much noise, and had seen quite as much confusion, and certainly not more fun than appeared here, at an ordinary Carnival season, and with this in her mind, it is not surprising that Rosette came to the conclusion that this, also, was something of the same sort.

"Yes," she said, "it's some kind of a new Carnival without masks."

At length there were noises inside the building which came nearer and nearer. Outside, also, Rosette saw that carriages were coming in, and that people were coming out and getting into them, after which they were driven away. These people certainly, were different from the others. The crowd regarded them all with intense interest and profound silence, broken only by low murmurs from time to time.

"What very funny looking people," said Rosette to herself. "What are they all going into the carriages for? And that funny looking old man in black!"

Thus it was that Rosette felt and thought in her ignorance. Here she had been, and here she was still, in the midst of scenes tremendous—and yet singularly indifferent.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### THE DAUGHTER OF GENERAL GEORGE WASHINGTON!

See Rosette in triumph come,  
Marching through the streets of Rome!

THE opening of the door aroused Rosette, and drew her away from the window. Two men stood there. They wore red shirts and felt hats, but these hats they instantly removed as they saw the prisoner.

It was quite evident that these two men were utterly astounded. Here was a prisoner of a very different kind from those whom they had thus far seen, and for a moment they stood still and looked at her in wonder.

She stood by the window where she had turned round. There was the remnant of her last smile still lingering about her mouth and dimpled cheeks; and in those eyes that rested with such wondrous beauty on them there was indeed something like curiosity in their solemn depths, but nothing like the trace of a tear. A thing of beauty! A joy forever! That was what she seemed. If they had known English they might have quoted Dibdin at her, and called her—a sweet little cherub that lived up aloft. As it was, they had merely some vague and rhapsodical ideas of angels, and grew more reverential every moment.

I have come to the conclusion that the very peculiar fringe of long lashes on Rosette's lower eyelids had something to do with the extraordinary effect of her eyes, for on drawing her face on paper I find that it is visibly deteriorated if the eyelashes are left out; but then, when I come to think, the same thing may be said if the nose were to be left out, or the mouth; and so, perhaps, it was not any one thing, but rather all together—the *tout ensemble*, in short. However this may be, there she

stood, and her two visitors stood also; and while she looked at them they were simply dumbfounded.

The strangers, in spite of their rough costume, showed by their manner and also by their faces, as they stood bareheaded, that they were gentlemen, and this Rosette saw; but then Rosette was not surprised at that—she would have been rather surprised if they had not been gentlemen—and so, being gentlemen, they quickly recovered from the first shock of surprise, and one of them said something to her.

At which Rosette could only shake her head. It was evident then to the gentlemen that she was a foreigner. They tried her then in French, but alas! Rosette's education in Cheltenham had been so lamentably neglected that she did not understand even French. And what her father meant by allowing her to live more than eighteen months in Italy without learning some other language than English is more than I can make out.

Still, she was a prisoner of the Police. She had to be saved, and these men had come to save her. But the role of saviors and deliverers was a rather confused and uncertain one in this instance, and this both of the gentlemen felt.

For instance.

To the other prisoners they had said:

"We have come to save you. You are free. Fly—fly!" and this was very melodramatic and very well received, and very well carried out.

But to Rosette they had said, in their unintelligible Italian:

"If the Signorina would like to leave, a carriage is waiting for her below."

I might moralize on this, but won't. The Signorina didn't understand. Hence gestures, which consisted in both gentlemen bowing, scraping, beating their breasts, moving backward out through the door, standing erect there, smiling, beckoning, waving their arms outward and downward, and, in fact, performing many other gestures, all of which were so eloquent, that Rosette gathered some idea from it.

The idea was this—that these gentlemen had been sent to invite her to quit this apartment

either for some other room, or some other place. Well, she had been happy here; but she had no prejudice in favor of this particular room. Any other would do as well. Besides, change brings variety, and variety is the spice of life. Moreover, Rosette had no luggage to trouble her, and her movements could be made at a moment's warning.

"I'm sure I'm glad of it," thought Rosette. "I'd like to go to another place, just to see what it looks like. Well, it's very good in them, and I can get them to send for my luggage, too, while they're about it—that is, if I can only find some one who can speak English. And perhaps the other room will have larger windows—or a balcony—and that would be perfectly delightful."

Full of this new idea, Rosette smiled very pleasantly, and nodded to show that she understood, and walked out. One of them went ahead to show the way, while the other politely walked behind. Both of them were dying to pay her some compliment, or tell her the news, or ask her all about herself, but could do nothing, so they had to content themselves with escorting her in this fashion down to the courtyard.

Rosette noticed with surprise, as she went along, that all the soldiers and *gendarmes* were gone, that all the doors were open, and that all whom she met had a curious way of staring at her. Besides, they were all in red shirts, and armed. But this she considered as part of the Carnival.

At length they reached the lower door opening into the courtyard. Here there was a carriage drawn up, and a sign was made for her to get into it. She did so at once, and seating herself, threw a glance around.

Her appearance produced an indescribable effect, and the first sweep of her glance awed the crowd with death-like stillness. Rosette found herself the centre of all observation. Every face was turned toward her, every eye was fixed upon her. The reason was unknown to her. She felt abashed beyond measure, and for a moment quite overcome. It was too severe an ordeal for one who had always lived so quietly. But one or two timid looks which she stole served to re-assure her, for they showed that of all those faces turned toward her there



was not one which was not full, either of respectful admiration, a reverential sympathy, or wondering pity,—or rather of all these together. Then there arose murmurs,—in soft Italian syllables,—murmurs of sympathy, of pity, of admiration. The Italian was unknown, but the tone was intelligible, for Nature spoke in that. And Rosette felt that she was among friends—warm friends—loving friends—and in this sweet thought her own gentle heart found peace.

It's those nice, kind Policemen, she thought. All these people seem to know all about me, and feel sorry for me because my papa has gone and left me. But it is *very* trying to have so many eyes suddenly fixed on one,—especially when I am dressed like a servant. If I only had been dressed like a lady, it would not have been so bad.

Very different were the feelings of the crowd around from that amiable resignation which Rosette had gained. Her first appearance had been like a thunderbolt. If some living skeleton, scarred by marks of scourging, with all his bones broken by torture, had been carried out, the sensation would have been far less. For that they were prepared. For that they were waiting (and were just beginning to feel savage at finding that no living skeletons were on hand). But for this they certainly were not prepared. For this—this vision of loveliness, with the grace of a lady, the dress of a maid, the face of a child, the beauty of a siren, the timid shrinking of a nun, and fifteen or twenty other things which ought to suggest themselves to the reader's imagination.

She was re-assured, calm, even happy, yet there was also a natural shyness inevitable to one like her in such a position, which made her keep her eyes fixed on the bottom of the carriage, or the opposite seat, and only at occasional intervals did she venture to steal a glance at the crowd. Now Rosette's eyes were such as are seldom seen in this vale of tears, but even when they were lowered, and only the faint gleam of those glorious orbs could be seen through the long, dark, fringing eyelashes, the effect of her strange beauty was hardly lessened. For mark you, there was the suggestion of infinite possibilities of eye, in the first place; and then there was the actual

reality of the face itself with a new expression conveyed by those drooping eyelids and veiled eyes—an expression of sweet modesty, of tender innocence, of perfect purity, and of dim, mysterious sorrow. Now when such a one appeared as one of the captives of the Police, snatched from its dungeons by the uprising people, what words are adequate to describe the effect produced upon an excited crowd?

The first murmur that arose was—"Who is it? Who is it? Who can she be?"

Then followed innumerable conjectures.

Then every sound was hushed in universal pity and admiration.

Then an aspiring demagogue arose and began a harangue to inflame the minds of the people against the tyrants who had imprisoned this lovely unknown; and to gain notoriety for himself. Rosette looked a little frightened, however, and the great crowd hissed him into silence.

Then came another movement. Rosette was the last prisoner found. All the rest had gone. The driver was about to whip up the horses when a band of young men came forward. They proceeded to unharness the horses. They ordered the driver down. They took the carriage pole, and some found ropes which they fastened to it, and there was a great rush of volunteers eager to pull the carriage of Rosette, or even to do so much as touch the ropes attached to it. Failing in this they formed themselves into a procession, some going in front, others following behind.

At this Rosette was very much troubled indeed. From notoriety or publicity of any sort she instinctively shrunk back, and, for a time her feelings were decidedly painful. Yet, gradually, her buoyant spirits rallied, and she began to think that it could not be so bad, after all, since they all had very kindly feelings towards her. That was most evident.

It really is very unpleasant indeed—thought Rosette—but it must be all meant for the best, and so I must try to put up with it. After all, it's not as bad as being scolded by Mrs. Patterson. It must be those dear old Judges—or else the Police—they mean well, only they don't have a very nice way of showing it. I suppose this is one of those queer

Italian fashions that dear papa used to talk of—only I do wish they had left the horses in. It is really shocking to be pulled by men. The Police must have told them to do so. I'm sure I think it's very silly, and I don't believe that English Police would ever act so. But then, this is Rome, and as papa used to say, when one is in Rome, one must do as Rome does.

With such thoughts as these, little Rosette tried to reconcile herself to her fate, and in this way she succeeded in regaining some degree of calm and self-possession.

It was in this way that Rosette left the prison of the Prefecture. Hundreds of young men pulled her car. The streets were thronged. Thousands and tens of thousands filled them. Every human being in Rome was out. Rosette had never seen such a crowd in all her life.

Over the bridge they passed, on into the street beyond. It was a narrow street, irregular, leading to the Corso, which it entered near the Rotundo. It was packed with human beings. Already other carriages had passed conveying those who had been freed from the Police, and these had excited various emotions; but it was reserved for this crowd, as for that in the courtyard, to experience the most profound sensation at the sight of little Rosette.

They found something so touching in the sight of little Rosette alone in her car, that her approach created instantaneous and universal stillness. It seemed inexpressibly piteous to associate one like her with the popular belief in the severities of the Police. It was an emotional crowd. It was an imaginative crowd. Many were affected to tears. Some sobbed aloud. Most, however, looked at her in deep silence, and with faces of sad, respectful sympathy.

It was a strange procession. Hundreds of young men hauling a carriage in which was one solitary young girl of wonderful beauty, moving along in silence among silent multitudes, such was a sight not often seen. The young girl also—with her beauty—with the flush of excitement on her dimpled cheeks, with her downcast eyes, and her timid, shrinking modesty, was one who could not be easily forgotten, and so, after she had passed, the silence was succeeded by low murmured ques-

tions, each one asking his neighbor—Who is it? Who is it? Who can she be?

To this many conjectural answers were given, to the effect that she was

A Spanish Countess.

An American Princess.

The Daughter of the Lord Mayor of London.

A Gipsy.

A Jewess.

A Representative of Liberta.

A ditto of La Republica.

A ditto of Roma.

A French Actress.

The daughter of the President of the United States of America.

Whatever she might be, however, one thing was manifest to all, which was that she was a victim to the holy cause of constitutional liberty, Italian Unification, Political Reform, Republicanism, Democracy, Vote by Ballot, Common Schools, Graded Schools, Free Thought, Free Speech, Free Press, Elective Judiciary, Universal Suffrage, Professional Politicians, Wire Pulling, Log Rolling, Caucus Nominations, Fat Contracts, and many other things which would naturally come in with the new regime.

A martyr, and such a martyr! So sweet a victim!

O, innocenza!

O, divina simplicita!

O, velezza angelica!

So they went on.

And as they went on, the crowd grew denser and denser at every step, and at every step more fervid, more zealous, more ardent, more enthusiastic. From afar there had been borne to them the news of the general jail delivery; most of the captives had already been sent along, and had been received with loud shouts of welcome. Thus far, however, the captives had not been a success,—not sufficiently harrowing. There was a demand for living skeletons, and the crowd felt disappointed and hurt when it was not supplied.

But the approach of Rosette drove away every feeling of disappointment, and filled every one with wonder and curiosity. It was here as in the courtyard—there were pity and sympathy, and all voices were hushed at once, out of the depth of the reverence and the

commiseration which she inspired. The roughs, who belong to every crowd, and who, on common occasions, might have made themselves unpleasantly conspicuous, here were awed into silence by the silence around them.

But the silence only intensified the excitement. There was a struggle to get near the carriage—to take the pole—to touch the ropes. A generous emulation fired the breast of young Italy, and the emulation brought on a struggle, which was carried on with much spirit. The news of her coming went like wild fire before her. It ran on. The crowd far ahead stood on the tip-toe of expectation. A vast sea of heads arose, as far as the eye could reach. The tumult ceased. Silence fell over all. Myriads awaited her approach in dumb expectancy.

And it was: Hush! 'Tis she! She comes! The daughter of General Washington, kidnapped by the Police, and now delivered from a dungeon by the Roman People! Hush!

And the excitement grew broader and deeper and intenser.

And the young men struggled and contended more ardently for the ropes.

And the crowd opened as the carriage passed, and closed in behind.

And on they led her—on, down past the Rotundo—through the Corso, up to the Campedoglio.

“Through the bellowing Forum,  
And round the suppliants' grove,  
Up to the everlasting gates  
Of Capitolian Jove!”

There—a tremendous scene. All Rome had followed her, gathering around her. An orator mounted Marcus Aurelius, and harangued. He “deified” Rosette. The crowd wept. Fierce excitement. Then the young men wished to crown Rosette as the genius of Italy. But objections were made on the ground of her evident timidity. So pity and consideration conquered enthusiasm, and Rosette was spared.

Little Rosette had been quite calm. She had come to the conclusion that it was Carnival; that these young men were amusing themselves, and did not mean any harm. She had no idea that she was the centre of this scene, and the fact that she was stared at by all

around affected her at best no more than one is affected by receiving the stares of every passer-by in the street of a town.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

### THE SHADOW OF AN IMPENDING DOOM.

Poor papa! in vain you strive!  
Let yourself be burnt alive!

LET us now return to the papa. From the windows of his room nothing could be seen, so that he was dependent for information upon the sense of hearing only. He had desisted for a time from his outcries, when the gradually increasing tumult roused him once more to action.

The tumult was vast, varied, and all-pervading. It sounded much louder on this lower floor than it did to Rosette on her upper perch, and to the old man it was more menacing. All that Rosette had seen he heard; all the panic, all the rushing to and fro, the agitation of soldiers, the cries of women and children, the trepidation of fugitives. He did not know what to think of it. He feared that there might be danger to himself in all this. It might be the preparation for his doom. They might have tried and condemned him in his absence. They might now be preparing for his public execution—by Fire!

The thought filled him with horror. He resolved to fight to the last against his unmerited doom. There was no time to lose. The noise was increasing. He must try again to communicate with the world.

Back, therefore, went the papa to the door. He put his mouth to the keyhole and once more began to shout:

“*Moosoo! moosoo! Anno Domini! Hic Jacet! In Memoriam! Me Abjure—me Abjure—me Abjure! Magna Charta! Habeas Corpus!*”

In vain. His cries were not noticed. The hurrying crowd passed to and fro, and the papa's voice was as nothing in all that din.

The papa began to feel discouraged. What did all this mean? Had he really been tried and condemned in his absence? It might be so. He had heard of such things. But what a fearful thought—to be condemned unheard!



And perhaps the Judges had created all this uproar for the very purpose of drowning his cries!

Then came the roll of musketry, and the boom of cannon, and the shout of an advancing multitude. Then came the last rush of fugitives hurrying away. Then came the report of the last gun and the crash of falling timbers. Then a last shout, louder, deeper, wilder, more exultant, as the multitude poured into the courtyard.

Now for a time there was silence in the passage way outside; but soon hurried footsteps approached, the door was unlocked and thrown open, and two men, armed, and in red shirts, stared wildly in.

The sight of such a costume of such a color—red—filled the papa with terror. It suggested death! "The executioners!" he thought, and he reeled back in such utter horror that he fell. The two men rushed toward him and raised him up. The papa struggled, but in vain. Then he grew numb all over. At length he found some voice.

"*Labor omnia vincit! Anno Domini*!" he murmured. "*Moosoo, parley voo!*"

The men spoke to him in Italian.

"*Pax vobiscum!*" said the unhappy papa. "*Magna Charta! Gloria mundi! Sic transit! Tempus fugit! Ich dien!*"

The men shook their heads.

The papa groaned.

"I'm lost!" he thought. "They can't understand. Those red shirts mean that they are executioners—the fire-men—the men that kindle—the fires! Oh, mercy!" and at this thought his blood froze—his hair bristled—and his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth.

The men now tried to draw him out of the chamber. They pointed to the door. Their meaning was only too plain. They were intent on taking him at once to the stake. The papa's horror was now so visible that the men noticed it. They tried to re-assure him. But it was of no use. The papa thought it was all deception on their part to induce him to go quietly.

"*Vivat Regina!*" he said, in a feeble voice. "*Yah, meinheer!*"

The men shook their heads. Being in a hurry, they couldn't wait any longer, but drew

him out with gentle force, while in the papa's soul the light of life seemed to die out utterly.

They drew him along. They reached a doorway. The papa could see outside—a vast crowd, seething, swaying, shouting. Every eye was turned toward him. Well he knew what that meant. He thought those fierce, foreign faces were all malignant—that those innumerable eyes all gleamed with hate, that every one there was a wild beast thirsting for his blood. He drew back, trembling. But the men pushed him on to others outside, who took him to a carriage, which was drawn up close by, and put him in. Two or three others were there.

A low murmur ran through the crowd. To the papa it seemed like a clamor for his blood. A shudder ran through him. He could not die thus idly. He rose to his feet and stretched out his hands eagerly.

"*Oh tempora! O mores!*" he shouted. "*Vivat Regina—A bas Magna Charta and Habeas Corpus! Sic semper tyrannis!*"

The crowd listened attentively, and then a murmur of respectful sympathy ran through all.

"The poor man! The unfortunate one!" they cried. "He is mad!"

"Is there hany body 'ere," cried the papa in desperation, "that speaks English? Oh 'ear me! Save me! Save me! They're going to burn me alive!"

But now another rescued prisoner was put in the carriage and the papa was driven away. He sat staring eagerly upon the crowd to see if he could find any familiar face. He also gave relief to his soul by crying out at intervals such simple formulas as those already reported.

Before the carriage had gone far two or three men sprang forward and stopped it. Then they embraced with joy two of the papa's companions. The same thing happened more than once. There were three others in the carriage who looked pale and seedy, and the excitement of the present occasion made them agitated and tremulous. In these eager greetings the papa saw only eternal farewells; in the tears of joy he saw only tears of despair. He and they were all involved in one common doom!

And now on through the long street went the papa, his eyes scanning every face despairingly, but of all that he saw not one appeared familiar. The bearded and sallow Italian faces were not only strange, but apparently hostile. To him they were the faces of enemies, eager for his blood, and most horrible of all were the men in red shirts. These were the dread minions of a foreign Tyrant, whose red uniforms were the fitting emblems of those flames which they loved to kindle around helpless victims. He felt that while these men were around him any appeal for help must be useless, since even if any merciful or pitiful soul might be there, he would be afraid of showing his compassion, for fear of being involved in a similar fate. Yet out of his despair he still kept up his cry:

*O tempora! O mores! Moosoo! Moosoo! Parley voo! Habeas Corpus! Vivat Regina!*

But the crowd understood nothing, and all the time the poor papa felt more and more that he was a lost man.

And now let us take our stand here for a moment, my brethren, and compare the mind of the papa with that of Rosette, from the data already given. Mark the peace, the happiness, yea, the joy, of the latter; and then the horror, the dismay, yea, the despair, of the former. And the moral of this is, as we make our beds, so do we lie on them; and again, we are as we think; and again, we all make our own worlds; and yet again, as the poet sayeth—

"The mind is its own place, and in itself  
Can make a Heaven of Hell, a Hell of Heaven."

Together with forty or fifty more, which the reader may search after in the appendix.

### CHAPTER XXX.

#### THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE INSURGENTS—THE MEN IN RED.

Lo! the poor papa hath fled  
From the awful men in Red!

So the papa was borne along in his despair, and not a friendly face appeared. All around there spread a sea of hostile faces, where he was all alone, with none to whom he could make known his terrible position. All his cries, his looks of woe, his supplicatory gestures, had been useless, and worse than useless.

At length the carriage stopped. All got down. The papa descended last of all. Scarce

could his trembling limbs sustain him. With ghastly face, and eyes full of fearful anticipation, he looked all around, to see what new horror might now be presented before him.

It was a stately palace, with a broad piazza in front, filled with human beings. Before him arose a lordly gateway, through which he could see a spacious courtyard, where there was also a vast assemblage.

All around were men in red shirts, who seemed here, as elsewhere, to have a most conspicuous and prominent place. The sight of these red men only confirmed his fears. They seemed busy, too—ah! horribly busy.

It seemed to the papa that they were more busy in the spacious courtyard than anywhere else, and that they were busy about some great preparations.

Preparations!

For what?

A cold shudder passed through him at this question.

For what?

For one thing only—for the Public Execution by Fire!!! Here, no doubt, they were far advanced in their work. Here was to be the scene of that suffering from which he shrank back. Still, with a horrible fascination, he found his gaze enchained there, and he cast his eyes eagerly about, taking in the whole with one swift glance.

That first glance gave him some relief. He saw that there were no stakes as yet planted in the ground; no staging was erected there; nor were there any piles of faggots visible; nor was there anything which looked like the seat of the Prefect of the Police or High Sheriff. There seemed a respite, and the papa drew a breath of relief, though he felt that this respite could not be for long.

They were then ushered into the Palace, and entered the vestibule. This was most magnificent. There was a pavement of polished marbles, walls of marble, and a marble stairway, which led up to a splendid gallery, and thence went on into the upper story.

Up this stairway they all passed, and at length reached the top. Here, on one side, there was a magnificent gallery, while on the other extended a long suite of apartments.

Into these last the prisoners were conducted.

Passing on from one to another they came to a third, where a table was standing, upon which there was spread a sumptuous repast. Here they were invited to eat, and though the papa did not understand the language, he found no difficulty in understanding the gestures.

The other prisoners sat down and began to eat. The papa also sat down, but ate not. To eat was impossible. The thing seemed abhorrent. It seemed indeed not kind, but cruel—even the refinement of cruelty. It was like fattening the ox before slaughter—or like the criminal's last breakfast before execution. He could not bear the sight.

But a man in red was very urgent, and at his pressing solicitation the papa consented to try a glass of wine. This man in red seemed at first to the papa to be very painfully attentive, and every act and word served to set the unhappy man into a fresh panic; but after a time other arrivals took place, until at length the attention of the man in red was diverted; the table was fully occupied and the papa was less molested.

All were now occupied with the repast. Laughter and shouts and gaiety prevailed. There seemed to be nothing but fun and merriment. On the part of the Red Men this seemed to the papa to be nothing else than cold blooded cruelty, while on the part of the wretched prisoners it seemed like a callous indifference to the future which was almost worse. Firmness, fortitude, heroic endurance—all these were demanded on the part of those over whom rested the appalling shadow of a *death by Fire*, but not this ill-timed mirth, this reckless and wretched levity. To the mind of the papa occurred the words of that mad song:

Sae rantingly, sae rantingly,  
Sae dantingly gaed he;  
He sang a lilt, and danced it round  
About the gallows-tree.

And again the words of a rival song in the sister dialect, which was of a kindred spirit, and breathed the same distressing frivolity:

The night afore Larry was stretched,  
The boys they all paid him a visit.

Such mad and reckless merriment was distressing and disgusting to the papa. He could not bear it. He could not rouse himself for

even a moment. He could only watch with despairing eye the company around in the feeble hope that after all, even at the eleventh hour, some one might appear to whom he could make known his woes.

At length they all rose from their seats. Many of the prisoners left the room. The papa could not quite make out whether they went away of their own accord or were taken out by the Red Men. It seemed to him that they were being conveyed away to their separate dungeons. Yet at the same time there seemed to be a decided relaxation of vigilance on the part of the guards, and the thought occurred to him that if he could only get away from the immediate proximity of the chamber he might succeed in effecting his escape.

Thus a new hope arose—the hope of flight, of escape, of liberty. At once new strength came commensurate with the hope and with the needs of the hour. For if he would escape he would have to be strong, aye—and active too, and vigilant, and cunning, and wary.

And now he watched his chance.

Very slowly, and cautiously, and with the most indifferent air that he could assume, he worked himself toward the door which led to the room lying beyond. No one stopped him. No one seemed to regard him. He peered into the room. No one was there. He entered it. No one interfered.

Here he paused and waited. The walls were hung with pictures. Upon these he pretended to look, keeping, however, his eyes intently observant all around, to see if he was watched at all, or in any way. As far as he could see he was not watched.

This suggested another thought. It seemed to him now that the whole house was so closely watched and so securely guarded that the prisoners were allowed to move about with perfect freedom. If this were so, then the hope of final escape was faint indeed. Still, though the hope might be faint, it was certainly better to make an effort than to remain helpless among the men in red.

Slowly and cautiously, therefore, the papa moved into the next room.

It was empty.  
Into the next.  
Empty too.



He now moved onward more quickly, and soon reached the next.

No one followed.

And now he went on and on, into room after room.

No one followed.

He was unobserved.

At length he reached a hall. Here he found a stairway. It led into an upper story. This he ascended. He thought he would have thus a better chance of hiding or of escaping.

No one followed.

At the top he found suites of rooms, which led away on either side. For a moment he hesitated. Then he chose the rooms on the left.

But now he began to feel desirous of making his escape more unobserved. Thus far he had kept up the *role* of a tourist or spectator, and expected every moment to be arrested and sent back. Now he had more hope. The first thing was to be able to move more stealthily.

His boots creaked too much for this. They must be removed.

He flung himself down, and pulled them off.

As he was doing so, he heard a rustle as of some one near, and a light footfall.

He started, and looked up in horror. The horror passed away, and was succeeded by amazement, which was followed by utter stupefaction.

It was little Rosette!

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## CHAPTER XXXI.

### PRINCESS ROSETTE.

Pretty princess in disguise,  
From her prison chamber flies.

At length Rosette was taken from the Campogio, and after going through crowded streets as before, she found herself in front of a magnificent building. Here the young men who had been drawing her stopped, and some went into the building, while others waited about outside. Two of them made signs to her, and beckoned. She at once descended, and followed them into the building; up a flight of marble steps, into the first story; then up another flight, into the second story, and then into another room, where the young men took leave of her with low bows.

In the room were some women. A table was spread. They were eating. There were some ladies moving about, and some waiting maids. All regarded Rosette with deep interest. One of the ladies spoke to her in French, but Rosette only shook her head. She then pointed to the table, and Rosette was only too happy to seat herself there, and satisfy the keen demands of appetite, for she had been without anything to eat since early morning.

After this, Rosette began to look around her, and meditate upon her situation. She had every reason to be gratified at the change in her place of residence, but still she felt embarrassed at not being able to find out in what particular room she was to stay. Besides, there was the old difficulty of the dress. She wished to get rid of her present servile costume, and appear before the world as a lady.

Rosette stood at the window, and looked out. It was a spacious square, with fountains and statues, and filled with a great crowd.

What I particularly want to know, said Rosette to herself, is, what I am to do, and where I am to stay. And I do wonder what has become of all those dear, good, nice Judges, and those kind Policemen. How funny for them to send me to this splendid place without a word! Why, it's one of the very splendidest palaces in all Rome. Perhaps the Prefect lives here, and they're all so kind, that they may have asked him to let me have a room here—just a tiny, tiny room. But then I really must get my luggage, for I must dress properly, or what will the Prefect think of me? Perhaps they have found out all about dear papa. I must send for Freddie to-morrow, or to-night, or some time soon.

Rosette stood looking out, wondering where the Judges and Policemen had gone; and why so many people were dressed in red shirts; and why they carried guns; and who she could find to speak to; and how she could get her luggage, and a hundred other things, all of which were very much mixed up in that busy little brain of hers; but, at last, she grew tired of this, and began to think that it would be very pleasant to go about the building—and, perhaps, she'd meet one of her friends, the Judges, or a Policeman, or, perhaps, even the Interpreter. She could see that the suite ran

on for a long distance, room after room, and all the doors were open. They were very magnificent rooms, the walls were hung with pictures; the floors of curious woods, polished and waxed, and the ceilings were all frescoed.

So she wandered away into the next room, and found it quite empty; then into the next, which also was empty, and then into the next, and then the next. Great was her wonder at this.

It's just exactly like a fairy story, said Rosette to herself; here I am, going from palace to palace, just as though some fairy was drawing me about. First I went as maid in disguise—then a wicked enchanter tormented me, then the good fairy sent her servants, or perhaps she turned a melon into that coach, and perhaps those Judges and Policemen were all rats. What fun. At any rate, they've certainly vanished in the most extraordinary manner. And then last of all has been most wonderful. It was just as if my fairy sent all her people to take me out of my last room, and bring me here to her own palace in triumph. And they all pulled me—and one would think I was a real princess. And Miss Princess Rosette, will you please look at yourself now? Where are you? Is this palace yours? Are you awake or asleep? I do believe I am asleep—and yet I don't want to wake myself up. If I'm in Dreamland, it's good Dreamland. Only my dinner wasn't much like dreaming.

So she walked on, sometimes stopping to look out of a window, at other times to look at a picture, and once or twice she sat down on some particularly easy chair that she met with.

I really would give, oh! *ever* so much, she thought, if I only knew how it will all turn out, and what it all means. Those Pattersons treated me like a scullion, when I wasn't one, and these Judges treat me like a Princess, which I'm not. What wouldn't I give if it all was the work of a Fairy—but of course that's nonsense. But I know what I'd like—I'd like them to bring Freddie here, and then we'd go together, hand in hand, all through this splendid Palace, like Prince and Princess. What fun!

Little Rosette wandered along, with her

mind full of these happy thoughts, and giving herself quite up to them in a way which was thoroughly characteristic of the little maid; and in this way she strolled into a room at last, at the end of a suite, into which she had taken several steps before she became aware that there was some one in it.

It was a man!

He was dressed in black!

He was seated on a chair, taking off his boots. His head was bent. She could not see his face. Suddenly the man started and looked up.

Astonishment filled Rosette, and made her for a moment utterly motionless.

It was Patterson!

The next instant she recovered, and without knowing what she did, conscious only of the desire to avoid this man, she hurriedly returned to the room from which she had started.

The feelings of Rosette at this unexpected meeting were of such a kind that it is not easy to characterize them. It was certainly not fear. It was rather extreme dislike and repugnance, together with a vague idea that he might claim her as his servant.

The effect which this meeting had upon her was, however, more far-reaching than this. She felt somewhat troubled. It was like a shadow amid sunshine, a drop of gall in some sweet draught.

What does he want here? How did he come here? What is he doing here? These were the questions which she put to herself. He was the last person whom she would have expected to find. What could her friends want of him? And what did he mean by taking his boots off in that familiar fashion.

In fact, this little incident of his drawing off his boots troubled Rosette more than even his appearance here. It looked so very much like taking possession. It made him seem so completely at home, and what sort of a place could that be for Rosette, in which one like Patterson could be at home? It could be no place for one like her.

All of a sudden she felt dissatisfied with her position. The splendors of the palace could no longer soothe her. Damocles sat at the banquet, but the sword was suspended over him. To make it worse, it began to look very

much as though he was here in despite of her good friends, the Judges and Policemen. His appearance concurred with their disappearance. It looked very much as though she had lost her friends, who were so kind, and once more come into contact with those people whom she disliked. She began to think that Mrs. Patterson might make her appearance next, with all her vulgar abuse and rudeness.

I've a very great mind to go away, she said to herself, and try and find Freddie. If these Pattersons are here, I may as well give up. One's patience can't stand everything. Besides, this odious dress makes me quite awful to be seen. If I could only find Freddie, he could advise me about what I ought to do. If I could only find a Policeman, he might take charge of me.

Thus there were three very powerful reasons uniting together to lead Rosette away—one, her anxiety to get some proper dress; another, her eagerness to see "Freddie;" and a third, her dislike of the Pattersons.

She did not take long to make up her mind. She seemed friendless here. Her habit of day-dreaming, and of comparing all the events of real life with those of fairy lore, made her now compare Patterson with some evil magician who once had her in his power, and had succeeded, by his wiles, in getting her back again from the good fairies who had rescued her. In which case the only thing left her was to run away.

She descended the stairs. No one noticed her. All were excited about something. She went out. No one stopped her. The men in red had nearly all gone. The guardians of the place that remained were gathered in knots, earnestly discussing something of all-absorbing interest.

She went outside. The great square was quite empty and deserted.

She knew the place well enough, for she was sufficiently familiar with Rome, and at once started off at a rapid walk, "to try and find Freddie." Now, Freddie's lodgings were in the same building as the Pattersons', and it would be necessary for her to go there; although she felt dislike toward the Pattersons,

and repugnance, she was not one whit afraid of them, nor would she refuse to meet them, if necessary.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

### ANXIOUS INQUIRIES — DESOLATIONS AND DESPAIRS.

See our friends by sorrow tossed,  
Mourning for the loved and lost.

AFTER her father was thus borne away, 'Arriet was crushed by the blow, and sat almost paralyzed with horror. The mamma showed equal feeling, though in another way. She raged like a lioness deprived of her mate, and spent all the rest of that day, and all the following night, in promenading her apartment, brandishing an umbrella, and meditating, to herself, *viva voce*, on the best plan of freeing her unhappy spouse.

It happened that McGinty dropped in for the purpose of bidding an eternal farewell, a second time, to Kitty; but the face with which she met him was so pale, and so frightened, and her manner was so agitated, that he stared at her in equal emotion, wondering what new thing might have happened.

Kitty, in a few hurried words, told him all. Upon McGinty the effect was tremendous.

"What, Rosette!" he cried, in a tone of horror. "Rosette! The Police! Rosette—in the hands of the Police! Oh, Heavens!" He stood and stared at Kitty, as though he had taken leave of his senses. She said nothing, but regarded him with the same pale face and frightened look.

"It was my fault! Oh, Heavens!—if anything happens to her I shall never be able to forgive myself!"

"Your fault!"

"I brought her here—I brought her here—where she has had enemies, who have found out her secret and betrayed her. It was my fault. She asked me to take her away!"

"I don't see how any one could have betrayed her."

"It was my fault," repeated McGinty. And then he went on blaming himself, and cursing himself, while Kitty stood looking on in amazement and perplexity.

At length their *tete-a-tete* was interrupted







"The Interpreter asked Rosette to follow. At their approach the soldiers rose and gave the military salute." Page 99.



by the entrance of Fred. He bowed courteously to Kitty, and coolly to McGinty, who in his distress did not take any notice of him whatever.

"I hope, Miss Kinnear," said Fred, "that you do not have any hard thoughts against me for that unpleasant scene yesterday. I assure you the cause was sufficient to justify any violence on my part, and I have been making arrangements to take poor little Rosie from this place, where she has been living in an infernally false position. If you only knew her real rank and character, you would be horrified, as I am, at the baseness of the man that could have drawn her into such disgrace."

This was levelled at McGinty, who, however, in the anguish of his self-reproach, did not seem to have heard it.

"Mr. Fotherby," said Kitty, in a tremulous voice, "you have not heard the awful news."

"Awful news!" said Fred, in a startled way; "what!—not about little Rosie?"

Kitty then told him.

Fred listened as one struck dumb. He seemed to gasp for breath.

"Who did it?" he cried. "Who sent for them? If that old devil, Patterson——"

Kitty interrupted him with the information that Patterson also was arrested.

"It's some infernal plot," said Fred. "Some one has done it, and I'll hold him responsible. There's only one man that I know of that's been at the bottom of all of Rosie's troubles, and you, Smithers, are that man. By Heaven, I'll not rest till I have your heart's blood."

McGinty's face flushed up at this, and his eyes blazed.

"No man shall threaten me with impunity," he cried. "This is the second time that you've taken advantage of a lady's presence to insult me. I'll not stand it. Come along—now. I'll give you satisfaction to your heart's content—aye, and have it too, you hot-headed humbug, you."

"Oh, gentlemen!" cried Kitty, wildly. "Oh, gentlemen! stop, stop! Oh, listen to reason! You both feel anxious about Rosette. Don't quarrel now. Defer your quarrel till she is saved. Moments are precious. While you quarrel she is in danger. The Police must have been on her track. They've found her by

their spies. They've arrested Mr. Patterson for harboring her. Her father is suspected by them. She is implicated with him."

"I don't believe it," cried Fred. "Her father is an English gentleman."

"He has got into trouble here at any rate," said Kitty, "and that's the reason why Rosette came here in disguise."

"By Jove," cried Fred, "that's what she must have meant then, when she spoke about her father's secret."

"Of course it was," said Kitty. "Mr. Smithers found her this hiding place at her father's request."

"Mr. Smithers," said Fred, with boyish frankness, "I dare say I've misunderstood you, and if I have I'll give you all the satisfaction you wish."

"Thank you," said McGinty, dryly; "and now Mr. Fotherby, since you assume a more civil tone, I don't mind explaining about Rosette's coming here." And thereupon McGinty proceeded to give a full account of the whole affair up to the present time.

"Mr. Smithers," said Fred, "I owe you an apology, and I make it frankly, but at the same time you must see that it was confoundedly hard for me to see Rosie in such a position—knowing her people so well—and feeling toward her as I do. What made it worse, was that she wouldn't confide in me at all, but kept perpetually referring to you, until I imagined no end of mischief. At the same time I can't imagine what made Merivale such a fool as to bother about politics. But as it is, we musn't waste any more time—so I'm off."

At this moment the Countess appeared. She asked in her usual tone after the family, and it was with a start of horror that she learned from Fred the painful intelligence.

"Dio Mio!" she cried, "de Polizie——! Eet is a difficolta politicale. De Low in Roma ees severa. In Roma de forestieri moos nevere mix demself wit politik."

Fred eagerly asked her if anything could be done.

The Countess shook her head and sighed—she did not understand anything about "de Low."

"Ah, de Signor Pattasino," said she, regretfully; "it grief me for him. E was a vero cavaliere de donne—nobile, gentele, and polito—an de Rosettina, it grief me more for her."



I sow dat she was a donna—I adamarra er to destrazione, an' I come to-day to take er to me till her fader come back—de Milor Merivale. Ah,” continued the Countess, “I adamarra er speritualita, simplicita, vivacita, gentilezza, vellezza; she was so charmant in de role of Mignon—an ow de signori ollofe er to distrazione. Dey all inflammati, infuriati, arrabiati to er—an she ees in difficolta politicale—dat is charmant for er—for an agente of de Republican to beso vezzosa—so subtile wit so much delicatezza. She is de mos admirabile artista dat I ever sow. Dio mio!”

The Countess did not seem capable of understanding that the simplicity of Rosette might be real and natural. She seemed not able to think of nature, except as rough, while to her no refinement was possible, except it was the work of art. To her Rosette's very artlessness seemed to be the most perfect art; and if the art was invisible, it was all the higher, on the principle of *ars est celare artem* (true art is to conceal art).

Kitty understood Rosette differently. She believed in her. Now, so true was the Countess to her own theory, that she thought this statement of Kitty's to be merely Kitty's art, as though she might wish to emulate Rosette in innocence and *naïveté*.

“Dio Mio! you one drole, an very charmant. Dio mio, eet is miravole to me. De Ingelees haf not de reputazione to haf de high art in manner, but, Dio mio, I haf met wit two donne Inglese dat sorpassa de Italiane, far-far—farroway. One ees de Rosettina, an de oder ees de Kittina.”

And at this the Countess playfully tapped “de Kittina's” shoulder with her parasol.

At this, Fred put in his oar, and warmly vindicated Rosette from the charge which the Countess seemed to convey, as to her being an artist. He told all about the past of Rosette—their life together. He grew eloquent about that past, and was overcome by his own eloquence.

“Aha, 'ow you moos lofe 'er,” said the Countess.

“Love her!” said Fred. “Course I do. Lay down my life for her a dozen times over.”

“Why, I think she must be the dearest little thing I ever saw in all my life,” said Kitty,

brightening up for a moment into a little of her former hyperbole.

“Ah!” said the Countess; “but you moos not ope to ave all de ladies. Dees ees Roma, de capital of Christianesimo. Eet is not Islam. You afe been Daphnis and Chloe, but now you moos bid addio to your Chloe.”

“Never,” said Fred, starting up. “I must go now—to see if I can't find her. Every moment's precious, and I've been losing too much time.”

He bade a hurried adieu to the ladies, and went off. McGinty remained a little longer, hoping to be able to bid an eternal farewell to Kitty; but the Countess was too much for him, and so he soon followed Fred.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

### THE MAMMA AND THE HENGLISH HAMBASSADOR.

Listen to mamma's oration,  
At 'Er Majesty's legation.

THE umbrella which the mamma used in promenading the room seemed to act as a stimulus to her energies, enabling her to emphasize with additional force any of the numerous conclusions which she reached; and so it was that, at length, when morning came, instead of being in a state of exhaustion, the mamma was more fresh, more energetic, and more resolute than ever.

She had come to a great conclusion.

She would go to see the British Ambassador, and invoke the vengeance of England on the kidnappers of her husband.

Accordingly, she had her carriage at the door as soon as she could rouse the coachman; and then fortifying herself with some cordial, and nerving herself up to the exigencies of the hour, she stalked forth with her umbrella, and ascending her carriage, she ordered the coachman to drive to the British Embassy.

Haughty footmen lounged about the entrance, yet the mamma cared nothing for the glittering splendors of the bepowdered and beplushed flunkies, but with the native dignity of a British matron, she asked the first

one she saw to take her at once to "'Is Grace, the Hambassador."

The flunkey eyed her superciliously from head to foot, and marched off without a word.

The mamma thought he had gone to tell the Hambassador, and so waited for a few moments, while the other flunkeys stared and giggled. At length, becoming conscious of this, and feeling a very natural impatience at the delay, she turned to the flunkeys, and said:

"'Ere, young man—any one of you painted cockatoos—stop your gigglink for a time, an' take me to 'Is Grace, the Hambassador, as I can't wait."

At this, the flunkeys all burst out into a wild haw, haw.

"Is this the way," cried the mamma, "that the Hambassador of Hengland 'as 'is dooties done, an' 'im paid a salary big enough to feed the Royal Fambly? 'E shall 'ear of this—a lot of lazy, padded, painted ruffinks, that ain't got hanythink better to do than to hinsult ladies. Come, now, one of you'd best be hoff, an' do as I bid."

"This 'ere's what I call rich, ain't it, Chawles?" said one of the lackeys, leaning back with an air of graceful abandon.

"Witch and wawe," said another, who was cultivating a difficulty with his 'r's; "stwange hold pawty—little hout in the 'ed, I fancy."

"Well, if 'Is Grace don't make you smart for this, I'm mistaken," said the mamma, in a rage. "I'll 'ave to 'unt 'im up myself. Which is the State Hapartments? will you tell me that?"

This only elicited a fresh roar of laughter, which made the mamma only the more excited. But she controlled herself, for she remembered her dignity, and turning her back upon the pampered menials, took a glance around.

A stately flight of stairs was in front. She walked toward these, and ascended them.

"She's mad—stop her, Chawles," said one of the lackeys.

"Stop 'er yourself," said the other. "I does my dooty helsewhere."

"Well, I got nothink to do about it," said a third.

The mamma marche'd up, and on, brandishing her umbrella. She met a chambermaid, who stared at her in silence, but said nothing.

"Which might be the hoffice of 'Is Grace the Hambassador?" asked the mamma, very politely.

The girl stared, and then pointed to a door down the passage way. The mamma thanked her, and walked toward the door, while the chambermaid stood staring after her with a perplexed face.

The mamma entered the room.

It was a large apartment, with a large table at one end, at which sat a little man, writing. So intent was he on his occupation, that he did not hear her as she entered. Anxious not to be disturbed, the mamma closed the door carefully, and then advancing toward the table, came close up to it without being noticed.

The little man was gray-headed, with a florid face and small hands. The mamma waited for a little while, and as he did not notice her, she cleared her throat to attract his attention.

At this the little man looked up with a start.

"Are you 'Is Grace the British Hambassador?" asked the mamma, in her blandest manner.

The little man stared, then looked all around, then stared again, and then leaned back in his chair, with a face of fury.

"Who the — are you?" he cried. "I don't know you. What the — are you doing in this room?"

The mamma at this raised her umbrella, with the mild and warning gesture with which a good and patient mother hushes a hot tempered child.

"I, Your Grace," said she, with dignity, "am a lady and a British subjick. My 'usband has been hayrested by the bloody Police horficers, and is now in a dungeon, which his ony hoffice is that he is a free-borned Briton, an' never did nor said a single word agin anybody, an' one of the kindest an' lovingest 'art-ed men that ever lived, which the Himps of this Brimstone Babylon 'ave seized an' kidnapped 'im under my very nose, an' me left alone in the world with my 'Arriet, as isn't fit to take care of 'erself, an' is frikened to death for fear they'll come an' nab me, too, an' take me to the place of Tormink."

The little man sat staring in amazement at

all this, his only thought being that the woman was mad. With this thought he rose from his chair, and was about to go to the bell-pull, so as to summon the servants. But the mamma saw this, and calmly but firmly put herself in his way. Her attitude, her umbrella, and, above all, her eye, all seemed so formidable to the little man, that he retreated and put his chair between himself and his dreadful visitor.

"You seem frikened," said the mamma, mildly. "I'll be as meek as a babe unborn'd. But my 'usband is in a dungeon, an' is being tormented by the Himps of the Police, and I come to you for 'elp."

"What do you wart with me?" said the other, looking nervously around, and not feeling much re-assured.

"My 'usband's be'n hayrested. I want you to get 'im out of 'is dungeon. I want you to come along with me to the Guv'mint an' demand my 'usband at the canning's mouth."

"The Government," faltered the other.

"Yes," said the mamma; "the Bloated Tyrant and Despot. You're the Hambassador, I s'pose?"

"Yes."

"Then come along at once. Hurry up, your grace. My man's in a dreadful bad place."

"Do you really mean that your husband has been arrested?"

"Yes."

"What's his name?"

"William Patterson, Exquire."

"What for?"

"Nothink."

"What was the charge?"

"Nothink."

"Very well—very well. I'll see about it at once," said the Hambassador. "And now, don't detain me."

"See about it at onst? Come along then," said the mamma.

"All right—all right. I'll attend to it as soon as possible. You needn't wait."

"Wait? No—indeed I won't wait. I want you to come along at onst," said the mamma.

"Nonsense," said the Hambassador. "I can't go at once—I must communicate, first, with His Eminence, the Secretary of State."

"Oh! you must, must you?" said the mamma, in her most sarcastic tone.

"Yes," said the Hambassador; "and I'll write to-day."

"Oh! you'll *write*, will you?" said she, in the same tone.

"Yes—and now, my good woman—go —"

The Hambassador waved his hand impulsively.

The mamma stood with umbrella uplifted.

"Go, is it? and so, mister Hambassador, that's all you've got to say to a poor woman when 'er unfortunit 'usband's been seized by the Police, an' clapt in chains! Go—and wait—and you'll write! And you call yourself the Hambassador, and of free Hengland. Let me tell you this, Mister Hambassador, I'm a British subjick. My man pays 'is taxes in 'ard cash to keep you 'ere, an' all you do is to keep a lot of cockatoo flunkeys to hinsult women in distress, which comes to you and gets no satisfaction—nothing but *go*, and *wait*, and *write*. But this ere case of mine ain't to be trifled about. I demand and call on you to come along this hinstant; take me to the Police and make them give up my 'usband."

"The woman's mad!" said the Hambassador, at his wit's end, and not knowing how to end this without some undignified scene.

"Mad!" cried the mamma, stung to the quick by this imputation. "Mad! I'll soon show you! I'll write to the *Times*. I'll tell them 'ow you an' your flunkeys hinsult Britons in distress—'ow you're a 'umbug an' traitor—'ow you're a disgrace to your sex! Look out. I make my request for the last time. I call on you to come with me to the Police and demand my 'usband at the canning's mouth, in the name of the Queen of Hengland; an' then, if he don't give him up at once, I call on you to send for the British Fleet an' horder them to bombard Rome till my 'usband is sot free from 'is dungeon. I call——"

But at this instant hurried footsteps were heard, and two gentlemen entered.

"Heavens, Merivale, you're just in time!" cried the Hambassador. "Ring the bell, like a good fellow, will you—and pack this mad woman out."

The mamma began once more to rave, but



the bell was rung, and the flunkeys came, and she found herself in a few moments deposited on the street in front of the Embassy.

#### CHAPTER XXXIV.

##### THE WANDERINGS OF THE MAMMA.

Poor mamma, your carriage horses  
Are frightened at the Roman forces!

THUS the mamma was ignominiously dismissed by the haughty Ambassador and his pampered menials. Her rage and astonishment were inexpressible. For some time she could not speak or even think. She stood staring back at the doorway while the flunkeys giggled, and John Thomas made a witty remark to Chawles; and Jeames indulged in some delicate chaff; and William slyly said, "Walker!" and all laughed joyously and hilariously.

At length the mamma came to herself, and the thought of her errand returned in time to prevent her suffocating with fury. 'Er 'us-band! 'E! 'Im! Enough. Let her defer her vengeance on the Ambassador till 'E was saved. But 'ow? 'Oo? She could think of nothing in particular, but it occurred to her that the best course would be to drive about the city everywhere, and perhaps she might see something of him—or meet with some one who might be able to assist her. This she decided on, and entering once more into her carriage, she drove away.

The streets were more crowded than usual, and the people were gathering in knots, conversing in low tones. Bands of soldiers were occasionally encountered. Of all these things, however, the mamma took but little note. Her attention was directed to circumstances which might lead to the liberation of her husband; and knots of Italians or bands of soldiers did not seem to belong to this category.

For some hours she drove about without being nearer a decision than when she started, until at length something struck her eye, which suggested a thought, which flashed into her mind, which instantly begun to play about it, and to construct out of it the fabric of a highly original plan. The object which the

mamma saw was a robe—the robe of a monk. It was hanging in the doorway of a shop, and seemed to be exposed for sale, together with other objects of a miscellaneous character. No sooner, therefore, had the mamma come to a decision about this than she ordered the carriage back, and soon reached the shop. Quitting the carriage she entered and looked around.

The shop seemed like the establishment of a costumiere, who might supply attire for masquerade purposes, or for the theatre, or opera, or pantomime. Dresses of every conceivable sort hung all around, or lay folded on shelves. There were many ecclesiastical dresses, and these were the ones in which the mamma was interested. These she proceeded to examine, and the proprietor stepped up with a profusion of bows.

At length she found one which suited her purpose. How much? she asked of the shopkeeper. The man understood from her face and tone what she said, and held up five fingers saying:

"Cinque scudi."

The mamma saw the five fingers and knew it was five something; so she drew forth her purse. There happened to be nothing smaller in it than some Bank of England five-pound notes, except some small Italian silver coin. The mamma showed him one of these notes.

The man bowed, took it, bowed again, went back to his money box, turned over his money, came back again to mamma, bowed and said something to her in Italian, with gestures, and smiles, and bows.

From which the mamma guessed that he was telling her that he had no change, but would go out and get it for her. This was a thing which the mamma would have felt no hesitation about in London, but in Rome she did not feel the same degree of confidence. Still she was excessively eager to have the costume—her plan depended on this, and so she hesitated. It is said that "The woman who hesitates is lost." It was true in this instance, for the dealer taking silence for consent, made a few more bows, and hurried out with the amiable intention of not returning in person, at least until the lady had retired.

The mamma took the robe in her arm, and

waited. Time passed. The trader came not. She stood looking first up and then down.

As she did so she was aware of a sudden agitation in the street. People came walking quickly and looking around anxiously. The coachman was looking all around, in a very uneasy fashion. He spoke to some passers by. Passers by answered vaguely. Coachman hinted to Mamma that she had better come. Mamma couldn't come till Dealer returned. Dealer still delayed.

At last a rattling sound was heard from afar,—horse hoofs on stone pavement. A shout, a rush, a wild outcry of people running, leaping, dodging. A dozen or so rushed into the shop, over-turning the mamma and severely bruising her. Then there came the gallop of many horses.

When at length, the mamma picked herself up, and managed to extricate herself from the crowd, and gain the door of the shop, and look out into the street, she saw to her amazement that the street was empty.

Empty!

For its whole length, as far as her eye could reach—empty; not a soul, except those whose heads were visible peeping from doors and windows. Empty, and her carriage gone, and her coachman. For the dragoon charge which had just taken place had cleared the streets effectually, and the carriage and the horses and the driver had fled before it in wild, tumultuous flight.

Of this the mamma knew nothing. She expected that the driver would come for her; and therefore waited. The others who had taken refuge there waited also. At length they dropped off one by one, venturing out into the cold world. The mamma waited. The driver came not. The shop-keeper came not.

In short the mamma waited there until nearly evening and neither driver nor shop-keeper returned.

The mamma could not stay any longer. She had lost a day. She sought to go to her home. But alas! she had not the address of her house, and knew no more about Rome than of Pekin. Still she hoped that she might happen upon it, and in this hope she wandered on. The street was crooked, and terminated in another crooked street, which led her into a square,

from which she passed into another crooked street; and so on and on, from street to street, walked that poor mamma, for two mortal hours, until at last she found herself in front of a great big building that she thought might be an Hotel. And she saw in front of the great big building a man with red whiskers, that she thought might be an Englishman. Whereupon she went up to him, and dropped a very low courtesy, and said to him, by way of introduction:

"Good evening, sir; I hope you're quite well."

Whereat the man with the red whiskers stared at her very coldly and strangely.

Upon which the mamma said:

"Can you tell me, good, kind sir, if this 'ere 'ouse is a Hinn?"

And the Englishman (if he was an Englishman, as is very probable,) looked at her leisurely from head to foot, with a stony stare, then turned his back, and then abruptly walked away.

And the mamma walked away very sadly, and she thought that this man was very rude—and she was quite right; and I may add that there's more snubbing going on among Englishmen than among any other race of articulate speaking men.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

### THE MAMMA FINDS REST.

After perils without number  
Poor mamma finds rest in slumber.

So the poor mamma wandered on, very weary, very sad, very anxious, through the strange streets of a strange city, now mourning over her lost money, now groaning over her weary feet, now melting in pity over her poor husband, now wildly gazing round upon the pitiless house fronts, or the unsympathetic foreign faces. At last she came to a street which was better looking than those among which she had been wandering, and there she saw a large house, and over the door was a small sign, with the words "*Hotel Inglese*," and under it another sign, with the words, "*English Spoken*." And the sad heart of the poor, weary mamma swelled with hope and joy.

She walked in, and spoke to the first man she met. He looked like a waiter.

"Is this a Hinn?"

The man shook his head.

"Hotel—Hotel," said the mamma.

"Hotel—si si," said the man.

"Do you speak Henglish?"

"Inglese, si si; aspetti un poc,'" and hurrying away, he soon returned with another waiter, who was the English Spoker.

Which English Spoker wished to say to the mamma in English—what do you want?—and he said:

"What ees youair name?"

"Name?" said the mamma, in surprise.

"Why, Patterson."

"Ah! Pater—dat ees padre; son, figlio—you want padre e figlio?" And then he explained to the other that the lady wanted her father and her son. Upon this, he proceeded to ask the name, and he said:

"What ees de wish of dem?"

"Wish?" said the mamma. "I wish to get a lodging for the night."

"Night—ah—Signor Night. Dey not 'ere."

And he shook his head solemnly.

"I want a bed—a room," said the mamma, wearily, "sleep—sleepy—beddy," and putting her head on one side, she half-closed her eyes, watching the waiter through the lids, opened her mouth, and snored several times.

The waiters both burst into shrieks of laughter.

Upon this, another man came up, and with a low bow, asked the mamma, in fair English, what she was after.

"Oh, thank you, kind sir," said the mamma. "I did want a lodging, but I think I'd like to get a kerridge or a keb."

The man shook his head.

"You can't get one," he said. "Dey all gone."

"Or, if I could only get 'ome, and find some one to show me where it is."

"Ees it faraway?"

"I don't know where it is. I'm lost."

The man looked at her with pity and surprise.

The mamma at last succeeded in explaining, and the end of it was, that she got a room, and made a substantial dinner, and went to

bed, and slept like a top, and awaked the next morning prepared to undertake the duties of another day.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

### THE MAMMA DISGUISES HERSELF, AND PLUNGES INTO THE THROG.

Brave mamma, to our surprise,  
Is going round in queer disguise.

Now, when the good mamma awoke on the following morning, there arose within her mind a very serious and solemn debate as to the best course to be adopted by her, and as to what she ought to do next. Two or more plans lay before her. One of these was to go back home, join her daughter, and try to procure the assistance of the law, if such a thing could be had in Rome. The other was to forget the things which were behind, and cleave to those which were before—in other words, to leave her daughter and everything, and press onward to the rescue of her husband. Love for her daughter drew her backward; love for her spouse beckoned her forward—the parental feeling swaying her in one way, the conjugal another, until she became more distracted than ever.

But her daughter was safe, and among friends, while her spouse was in danger, and among enemies. The weaker party demanded her instant attention, and, therefore, it happened that in this struggle of soul, the claims of the weaker party carried the day. So, in conclusion, the mamma decided not to waste time just yet in searching for her house, but to go onward and try to achieve something for her spouse.

And now comes the revelation of the mamma's plan.

Why had she bought that robe?

Let the mamma herself show.

First she took a breakfast—*caffè latte*—and a bite of *pane*.

Then she went down and paid her bill.

Then she went back to her room.

She then proceeded to endue her ample person in the robe that she had purchased. It was a monk's robe, with a cowl. It was of coarse brown cloth. It was long, roomy, and voluminous.

Now it came to pass, that when the mamma



had put this on, and had drawn the cowl over her head; when, after this, she had planted herself in front of the glass, and surveyed the reflection therein, she saw that her transformation was perfect and complete; that the papa of her heart, if he were to see her, would never suspect that she was his wife—his “Loo-wheezer”—and that the Prefect of Police, if she were to be presented to him, would never take her for anything else than a rosy, easy-going, well-fed, well-kept monk.

The plan of the mamma was a highly original one, and did great credit alike to her ingenuity and her imagination. To disguise herself as a monk was certainly a great conception; but this was only the preliminary part of the scheme. For the imaginative mamma had concocted a plan which went far beyond this, and which for its daring and its complication was astounding.

It was nothing less than this: In this monk's dress she proposed to work her way somehow to the Prison of the Police; effect an entrance by marching calmly in; visit the prisoner Patterson in the most matter-of-fact way in the world as his private friend; envelope him in her monk's dress; pack him off to return to 'Arriet; while she herself—she—the mamma, the Unterrified, the Indomitable, she would stay to face the Officers of the Police, the Judges of the Court, the Rack, the Fagot, the Boot, the Thumb-screw, the Boiling Oil, the Burning Stake, the Molten Lead, and death itself! All! Yes, all! Every one of them. Face them! Aye! and as a British matron,—a free borned Henglishwoman, and a daughter of the People! Now I should like any one to recul the mental attitude of the papa and compare it with that of the mamma. Which is the nobler, the braver, the loftier, the pluckier?

The mamma took her umbrella.

She took her bonnet.

The bonnet she threw under the bed.

The umbrella she used as a walking stick.

She took a final survey of herself in the glass. She saw there the reflected form of a portly monk—with full chest, broad shoulders, erect attitude and determined mien.

Fully satisfied with this final inspection she turned and left the room. No one saw her.

She then descended the stairway, after which

she calmly walked out of the Hotel without being recognized by any one.

Arriving outside, she saw a great crowd all moving in one direction. To stem it and go against it was impossible; so she allowed herself to drift with it. It was her intention to do as she had done on the previous day, namely, to wait for something to turn up. And so it was that the mamma plunged into the crowd and walked on with it in its course.

All around her there was great excitement and deep agitation. Songs and shouts rose into the air, together with cries of all sorts, and yells and vociferations, while from the distance there came the rattle of volleys of musketry and the thunder of guns. And, oh! if our good mamma had only understood Italian! Oh! if she had but been able to catch the meaning of the rapid words that flashed from mouth to mouth. How her heart would have bounded! How her soul would have rejoiced! She would have heard nothing but:

*“La Prefecture! The castle is besieged! The prisons are surrounded! The prisoners are free!”*

But, unfortunately, the mamma did not understand Italian, and knew nothing of what was going on. Like the other actors in this tremendous drama she moved about, gathering her own impressions from surrounding scenes, acting in accordance with them, and never so much as dreaming a distant dream of the actual truth.

The mamma's progress was slow. The crowd was great. There were also frequent interruptions. Sometimes they would be stopped by a concourse of people listening to some fiery demagogue haranguing in sonorous Italian; at other times a line of Red Shirts would block some street; again, a denser crowd would make all further progress impossible, and those who wished to keep moving would have to pass along its outskirts.

At last, after some hours, the mamma found herself in a square filled with human beings. It was impossible to go any further forward, and equally impossible to go back. Many Red Shirts were here. These men were exerting themselves toward keeping a passage-way open through the crowd. Here an occasional horseman would pass, or a carriage.

As the mamma came up, a carriage was passing at this very place.

In the carriage there were four men

Stop! What! Can it be! Is it possible! Do her eyes deceive her? Who! oh, who is that aged party in respectable black—without a hat on his venerable head? That form—that head—that face—those eyes! It is—it is—'tis he! her own one—her lost one—her spouse! the loved yet lost papa!

With a wild cry that rang out long and shrill above the tumult of the crowd, the mamma leaped up, and with a forward rush, tried to clear a passage-way through the crowd.

Did the papa see her? He did not. There was no glance of recognition in that venerable eye. Oh, had he but seen her! Had he but known of the neighborhood of that devoted being who was seeking to approach him, what suffering might have been avoided! But he knew it not—he knew it not!

Others, however, were aware of it—the crowd around, and the Red Shirts.

What did they see?

A monk, endeavoring, as they believed, to rouse the multitude to an attack upon the Reds; aiming, no doubt, in his fanatic zeal, to bring about a reaction—perhaps to make an attack upon the prisoners just rescued. And at this thought every Red Man turned purple with Red Republican indignation.

"Papa! PAPA!! PAPA!!!" cried the mamma, in a loud, shrill, piercing shriek, waving her umbrella on high.

The crowd heard it.

They surged back, then forward, encompassing the mamma in a mighty multitude, and sending far on high a thunderous clamor, which drowned all other sounds.

"Down with him! Down with him! Seize him! Seize him!"

Such were the cries that arose.

And the mamma, enveloped in a cloud of dust and Red Shirts, disappeared from the scene.

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

### TWO FORLORN DAMSELS.

Luckless 'Arriet and Kitty!

Murderers prow! about the city!

Of all the Babes in this Wood of Sorrow and Trouble, no one at this moment was in deeper

affliction and dismay than the unhappy 'Arriet. Her father in prison, her mother lost, her friends gone, she was indeed an orphan child, and knew not where to turn for help or succor. Anxiety about her papa had surely been bad enough, but now to this there had been superadded a new anxiety about her mamma. It was terrible. The hours of that day on which the mamma had left were over. Time rolled on. Hour succeeded to hour. The shades of night were falling fast. Still the mamma did not return. Expectation deepened into impatience; impatience into anxiety; anxiety into alarm; alarm into despair. Still there were no signs of the mamma.

And she—what could she do?

'Arriet had done all that she could. She had tried to dissuade the mamma from her project. From the first, she had felt no confidence whatever in the success of her plan, and was only waiting for her to return unsuccessful, so as to be able to find her in a sufficiently quiet state of mind to be talked to and reasoned with. But as the time passed away, and the mamma came not back, she began to feel a new anxiety, and to become very much terrified. She began to fear that the mamma, in her hot indignation and her dense ignorance, might have been led on to the commission of acts which had brought on, perhaps, her own arrest, or had involved her in some difficulty of equal gravity.

Kitty, like a true friend, shared all the distress of 'Arriet, with whom she deeply sympathized. She tried as well as she could to soothe the fears of her friend, and to re-assure her; but her efforts were only partially successful. Kitty indeed felt quite convinced herself that Mrs. Patterson would utterly fail in her plans, and that if she escaped getting into trouble herself, it would be the utmost that could be hoped. With this conviction, it is not surprising that Kitty was unable to administer much consolation to her stricken friend.

At length, when it had grown quite late in the day, they were startled by the arrival of the coachman. Coming thus alone, his appearance was something like that of the hunter's steed returning without his rider. It showed plainly that some accident had happened, and so great was the terror of

'Arriet that she was afraid to ask what it was.

The coachman told the whole story, beginning from the first. He told about the visit of the mamma to the British Ambassador, her long stay there, her failure, her departure, her prolonged drive about town, and her final purchase in a shop. Up to this point the coachman had only to relate what is already very well known to the reader, but here there occurred his own version of that extraordinary event which had torn him from the mamma, and left her alone among strangers and foreigners.

According to the coachman, while the mamma was in the shop there occurred a charge of the cavalry, by which every one was driven out of the street in an instant. The confusion had roused him. It was impossible for him to communicate with the mamma. He had been forced to fly instantaneously. Accordingly, whipping up his horses, he had fled away before the dragoons for the whole length of the street. Then, while trying to turn into another, he had come to grief by smashing his carriage against a stone wall. The dragoons, on reaching the spot, had nearly ridden him down, and some gen-darmes had taken possession of the horses.

Such was the coachman's tragic story.

Upon hearing this it became the one idea of 'Arriet to find her mamma, and rescue her from her danger. The coachman said he remembered the place perfectly well, and would have gone back himself at once, but the street was guarded by the military, who allowed no one to pass. He had therefore concluded to return to the hotel without delay, and give information to the ladies.

'Arriet saw that the most important thing was for her to find her way as soon as possible to that shop, where her mamma might still be waiting. Kitty tried to dissuade her, and then offered to accompany her. But 'Arriet would not listen to either proposal. She wanted to go at once with the coachman, and was anxious for Kitty to remain behind, so that some one should be in the house to receive her mamma, in the event of her return. And so bidding Kitty good-bye, the affectionate 'Arriet went off with the coachman in search of the good mamma.

Kitty was left alone.

It grew later.

She began to feel nervous. To be all alone in this large house in this strange city was very unpleasant to a timid young girl. The events that had been occurring all around had by no means tended to lessen her natural timidity. Besides, there were other reasons why she was restless. She did not like to be inactive while all her friends were overwhelmed with anxiety and misfortune. But what could she do? Where could she go? A thought came. The Countess.

Yes, the Countess was undoubtedly the very one. She could suggest the best possible course to be taken in this emergency. She had been expecting the Countess all day, but had hitherto been disappointed. So she now concluded to go and see her. The lodgings of the Countess were in a house which was not far away, and she could get back when she chose. The Countess could tell her all about everything—whether there was really any danger or not; how great the danger might be; and what had best be done under the circumstances. By the time she could get back again, Smithers would undoubtedly be in and could give her the latest intelligence.

Accordingly, with these plans and thoughts and hopes, Kitty left her own Hotel, and set forth to find the Countess. She left behind her for the information of her friends a hastily pencilled note, addressed to 'Arriet, stating that she had gone to see the Countess and would be back in less than an hour.

In about two hours 'Arriett returned. She was deeply dejected. She had not been able to find the mamma, or to hear anything whatever about her. She had gone to the shop where the coachman had left her, having been allowed to pass the cordon of soldiers. The shop was shut. The coachman inquired at the adjoining house. He could obtain no information.

'Arriet thus returned. During her absence she had seen enough to feel convinced that the whole city was full of the wildest confusion and disturbance, and this suggested the possibility of endless misfortunes and calamities to her parents. Only one hope remained as she returned—the faint one that her mother might



have arrived home. The first glance was sufficient. All was dark. No one was there. Her soul sank within her.

A man approached, and accosted her in tremulous tones.

"Kik—kik—Miss Kinnear," said the man.

"It's Miss Patterson," said 'Arriet. "Isn't Kitty inside, Mr. Smithers?"

"No. Isn't she with you?"

"No. I left her here; she must be here," said 'Arriet, wonderingly.

"Lights were now brought; 'Arriet in her anxiety, poured forth her whole soul to McGinty, who tried to console her as well as he was able. But the gravity of the case had now grown to be such, that all commonplace condolences were felt to be useless.

In the midst of this, 'Arriet saw Kitty's note to herself, and read it. She showed it to McGinty. As he glanced over it, an uneasy expression passed over his face.

"The Countess!" said he; "she ought to be back. There's some disturbance up that street. It's bad—very bad. I think I'll take a turn up that way, and see if I can find her. I hope to find your mamma here when I come back."

And with these words McGinty went off in search of Kitty.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

### THE VERY VOLATILE FRED.

Here is Fred continuing yet,  
Vowing vows to 'Arriet.

McGINTY went off in search of Kitty, and 'Arriet was once more left alone. Her position seemed now more forlorn than ever, and she felt quite crushed beneath the load of her anxieties. Her friends seemed all lost. She seemed alone in the world. She felt terrified at the loneliness around her.

Her papa was gone.

Her mamma was gone.

Kitty was gone.

McGinty was gone.

No one came near her. And she—whither should she go?

In the midst of gloomy thoughts like these, she was startled by a rap at the door. She

rushed to open it, half in hope, half in fear. It was Fred Fotherby.

A cry of eager joy escaped her, showing how welcome his appearance was.

In fact, the appearance of Fred, turning up just then, came to this forlorn one like sunshine in the midst of blackest clouds. All her joy disclosed itself in her face. Her first impulse was to throw herself in his arms, out of utter delight. The impulse was checked, but it showed itself, and Fred was deeply affected. Behind the smile on her lips he could see the remains of sighs; behind the sparkle of joy in her eyes he could see the traces of tears. He saw all this, and felt quite overcome by pity for her, and sympathy for her. Beauty in distress had appeared before him on other occasions. He had encountered that most moving of spectacles, when he met the Countess on the Apennines, and Rosette at the Pattersons'. Yet never before had beauty in distress possessed a more pathetic charm.

Now Fred, mind you, was not the man to do things by halves where a pretty woman was concerned. His sympathy with 'Arriet on the present occasion was most profound, and also most genuine. Her face had a beauty now which was decidedly heightened by the sorrows which it bore. True, a cloud had arisen between them during the last few days, but at the present moment the cloud seemed all dispersed. Fred's heart, therefore, melted with sympathy. His soul yearned over the forlorn maiden. He could not resist his own kindly and tender impulses. He opened his arms wide. He caught her to his heart. He kissed her fondly, over and over again, while poor 'Arriet, all overcome, burst into tears.

After this, Fred spent some ten or fifteen minutes in soothing her, comforting her, consoling her, quieting her, and all that sort of thing—no use going into particulars, you know—and all this seemed to do 'Arriet a world of good (some natures require a great deal of petting and caressing, and *will* have it, you know), while Fred himself, the young dog, enjoyed it no end, and forgot all about everything else under the sun.

Some time elapsed before 'Arriet had regained her composure, or had acquired sufficient control of herself to make Fred ac-

quainted with her troubles. Her first attempt to do so resulted in incoherencies. It was:

"Pup—pup—pup—mum—mum—mum—kik—kik—kik"—and then poor 'Arriet burst into tears.

From this, however, Fred succeeded in gathering some idea. He at once hastened to reassure her; and in order to do so, adopted a tone of lofty confidence, which was quite natural to him, together with a manner which seemed to say, that all fear should now be dismissed, since she had so powerful a protector.

"Your papa," said Fred—"oh, all right; it's all right. Don't bother about him. He'll be all right. You see, I dropped in to talk it over with the Ambassador, and he says he'll look it up, and see about it. So, you see, you needn't think anything more about that."

"But mamma?" said the mournful 'Arriet.

"Oh, she's all right," continued Fred, in the same confident tone, and with the same air of protection. "You see, I heard about her—"

"Heard about her—where?" asked 'Arriet, eagerly.

"Oh—at the Ambassador's."

"The Ambassador's?"

"Yes. Found out that she'd been in there before me—deuced quick, too, in the old lady—and what do you think she'd done?"

"What?" asked 'Arriet, anxiously.

"Done? why, she'd forced her way in—positively forced her way—and into his private room, and there she stood, and bullied him no end, and threatened him, and went so far as to try to brain him with her umbrella."

At this, 'Arriet looked utterly aghast, and did not know what to say.

"Oh, don't be frightened. He didn't mind," continued Fred. "It's all right now. I explained all about it—smoothed it all over, you know. So it's all right."

"But mamma's lost, and I can't find her; and I don't know where she is," said 'Arriet, as all her troubles began once more to roll in upon her.

"Lost?" said Fred. "Lost? What is that?"

'Arriet went on to tell him all her woes,

Fred listened quietly, and then replied, with unflinching confidence and unabated cheerfulness:

"Oh! never mind. It's all right. It's that

cavalry charge. That's all. That's the whole trouble, you know. Your coachman should have gone back at once. Your mamma waited for him, of course, as long as she could, and then tried to go home alone. She didn't know the way, however, and as she couldn't speak Italian, why, you see, she's had to give it up. So, you see, she's probably turned in at some Hotel. No doubt she'll be back early to-morrow morning. Not likely she'll be back to-night."

"Oh! do you really think so?" asked 'Arriet, with a feeling of immense relief.

"Think so?" said Fred. "I'm sure of it."

"And then there's poor Kitty," said 'Arriet.

"Kitty? What of her?"

'Arriet told him.

"Pooh!" said Fred; "she's all right. It's some arrangement between her and Smithers. That's all. The fact is," continued Fred, "Smithers is a confounded humbug. I shouldn't mind his paying attention to different women," (and Fred here thought with jealousy of his dealings with Rosette); "but I don't think it's altogether fair for a fellow to try to win the affections of a lady who's just about to be married to another fellow, you know. Oh! don't you bother your head about Miss Kinnear. Smithers 'll take good care of her—too good care—I believe."

"But do you really think that there's no danger?"

"Danger? not a bit," said Fred, positively; "don't you give it another thought;" and Fred went on at great length to reiterate all that he had been saying, until 'Arriet began to believe that all her fears were baseless, and that everything was as pleasant as possible.

"And now, my dearest Harry," said Fred, speaking with affectionate familiarity, "you musn't bother any more about it. Don't, fret. Keep cool and quiet for my sake. I'll come to-morrow and see how things are going on. I'll watch over you, and see that everything goes on all right till your father and mother turn up."

"But will you really not forget poor me?" asked 'Arriet, piteously.

"Forget you!" exclaimed Fred, reproachfully.

"Ah! you only forget me too easily," said 'Arriet.

"I," said Fred. "Never! I'd lay down my life for you!"

Now 'Arriet was such a goose that she allowed herself to believe this precious assertion.

"Would you really?" she sighed, looking at him with pathetic inquiry.

"Would I!" cried Fred. "I only wish I had the chance! Lay down my life? Aye, would I—a thousand lives!"

"Ah, no!" said 'Arriet, "you're fonder of another——"

"Another!" said Fred. "There isn't another in the world."

"Rosette," said 'Arriet, with jealous apprehension, watching his face closely.

"Rosette!" said Fred, in a peculiar voice. "What! little Rosie! Oh—ah—pooh! why you know all that sort of thing's all nonsense, you know—that's a different sort of thing altogether, you know—altogether a different sort of thing."

"But you do—you do—you do!" persisted 'Arriet. "You love her far, far, far better than any one else in the whole world."

"What! little Rosie! Oh, nonsense!" said Fred. "You don't understand. Why, you know, we've always been together, and she's different from other people—something like a sister, you know—only different—that is not exactly a sister, but a sort of friend—and all that sort of thing, you know; however, I'll be in to-morrow, my dear Harriet, and see how you are; and don't you fret, my dear girl, but trust in me."

Saying these words, this precious youth took the too confiding 'Arriet in his arms, kissed her tenderly, bade her a fond good-bye, and then retired.

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

### THE FAITHFUL GRASSATO.

Hither comes, in time of need,  
One who is a friend, indeed.

'ARRIET had seen many instances of Fred's fickleness, yet still she chose to indulge in the desperate hope that, after all, he might prove true. His recent exhibition of tenderness, his affectionate words, and his parting advice, remained deeply imprinted on her memory. Her jealous allusion to Rosette had not been

answered by him as she expected; still she decided to hope, and, on the whole, she thought that there was more room for hope than for fear. Perhaps his feelings toward Rosette were, after all, merely fraternal. Perhaps it was the old habit of familiar associations that now bound him to her—and nothing more tender or more fervid than this. Fred had said so, and it might, after all, be true. In this way did this infatuated person allow herself to be deceived by honeyed words.

'Arriet went to sleep, and Fred's presence followed her into the land of dreams, bringing pleasant visions, sweet thoughts, and happy hopes. From these, however, she was torn away by the advent of morning, and as she opened her eyes, she was once more brought face to face with her own desolation—a solemn and dreadful truth which could not be alleviated by any remembrances of Fred's confident words. Her father and mother had not returned; Kitty, too, was still absent; she was alone. This was the bitter fact which she had to recognize.

The servants all looked frightened. Their terror re-acted upon 'Arriet, who felt all her firmness giving way utterly, and hope dying out within her. But to add to it all, there were other things which would have been enough to inspire fear, even if she had been far braver by nature than she really was. There were sounds in the air—the sounds of universal tumult. In the street without, she could hear the noise of footsteps hurrying backward and forward; the hasty rushings of great crowds; the mighty murmur of passing multitudes; while from the distance there arose the rapid volley of musketry, and the thunder of cannon.

Hours passed away.

The papa came not back.

The mamma returned not.

Kitty neither came, nor did she send any message.

And Smithers! Where was he? He had gone in search of Kitty, full of anxiety, promising to bring her back. He had neither brought her, nor had he come himself. It seemed as though there was some present danger menacing all, into which every one of her friends had fallen.



Hours passed away. The terror of 'Arriet grew stonger every moment. The servants slipped away as though in search after some hiding place. None were left. She, too, would have fled, but dared not.

At length there came a knock. She thought of Fred. She sprang to the door.

It was not Fred.

It was Grassato.

The light of joy that had shown in her face at the hope of seeing Fred died out into deep disappointment. Grassato could not help noticing this.

He bowed low, with his usual elaborate courtesy.

"I have come, mees," he said, "to safe you."

"To save me?" 'Arriet repeated. "Is there danger? What is all this? What is it that is going on?"

"De Revoluzione," said Grassato — "de popolo—de people—dey rise. Dey haf all. De governments fly. Dey ole haf fly."

"Papa," cried 'Arriet; "oh! tell me—tell me. Have you heard anything of him!"

Grassato shook his head.

"No," said he. "It is revoluzione. De people haf proclama to de Republica. Dey go to de prison of de Préfettura. Dey haf take it. Dey haf free de captif from de Polizie."

"What!" cried 'Arriet, in intense excitement. "Have they taken the prison of the Police? Have they freed the prisoners? Then papa must be free. He must be safe. Oh! where is he? Where can I find him? Oh! can you not help me to get to him?"

"Oh! yes—yes—yes—certanamente," said Grassato. "Allaright; you papa come 'ome soon, safe, an' well, an' allaright. De popolo tak alladi prisionieri to de Palazzo Quirinale, an' festadem."

"Festadem!" inquired 'Arriet.

"Yes, dey gif a festa—a dejeuner—a dinner—ha! You ond'stan—ah! An' now I haf come to saf you. You moos come out of dees. You not saf ere. You moos come wit me to some place where you sall be saf from de popolo an' de Revoluzionieri."

"But can you not find where poor papa is?"

"Oh, allaright. Yes. I find. Mebbe 'E ees at ze Quirinale."

"Quirinale?"

"Yes—de Palazzo—where dey gif de dinner."

"But mamma?" said 'Arriet, "she is gone!"

"Ah—de Signora?"

"Yes—she went away yesterday, to try and liberate poor papa; she went to the Ambassador's, and was separated from her coachman in a crowd, by a cavalry charge. And she has not returned, nor has she sent me any message, and I am dreadfully anxious about her."

Grassato shrugged his shoulders and waved his hand.

"Pouf," said he, "allaright. She safe."

"Safe! Oh, how can I know?"

"Know—why because I say so!" said Grassato, with a positiveness which would have done credit to Fred himself. "I know. I will tell. You see eet ees Revoluzione—de streets not passabele. So she cannot come 'ere 'ome. She haf found refugio in a 'Otel—till de Revoluzione passaby. Den she come 'ome, an' de papa come 'ome, an' you come 'ome, an' all come 'ome to be 'appy—all reunitati."

"But I think I had better be here to receive mamma when she comes."

Grassato shook his head most vehemently.

"No, no, no!" said he. "Eet is not safe—not for anoder hour. You moos fly—escape—get a refugio. Leabe a note for de Signora tellen 'er where you af gone."

There was but one more objection to going in 'Arriet's mind, but this, it must be confessed, was a strong one. Fred had solemnly promised to come for her. He had not come. Should she wait, or should she give him up. It was not easy to decide.

"Mr.—Mr. Fotherby—ah, promised," she stammered, "to—to come here—and—and——"

Grassato drew himself up haughtily. 'Arriet hesitated.

"What of 'im—what of Signor Fodairby?" asked he.

"He asked me to wait, and promised to—to—to—be here and—save me!"

Grassato smiled scornfully, and looked fixedly at 'Arriet.

"E!" said Grassato. "'E come, nevare! Dere is danger now allaroun. Why not 'E come to safe you? Do you not know? 'E forget you! 'E know noting more about you. 'E only know one—'imself—an' one oder—la Rosettina. 'Imself an' la Rosettina—dat all.

“Ef you wait 'ere for 'im, you moos wait till de fuimondo.”

The allusion to Rosette was well made. In an instant all the jealousy of 'Arriet was roused. She thought herself once more forgotten and forsaken on account of Rosette; and her late anxiety about her parents now gave way to a new feeling, that of deep resentment against the volatile, the capricious, the fickle, the treacherous, the too susceptible Fred Fotherby. He had deserted and forgotten her in this time of danger. That was most evident. Her own care for her personal safety as well as her wounded pride, both alike urged her to accept the offer of the generous and faithful Grassato.

A few moments were occupied in making her preparations, among which was a note for either of her parents, in case of their arrival home; and then she retired with the Count.

## CHAPTER XL.

### IS IT A MOCK CARNIVAL?

Both our friends are in confusion  
At this mighty Revolution.

ROSETTE reached the house and entered. The *conciergerie* was deserted. She went up stairs. No one was visible. It was already late, and the rapid twilight of Italy would soon vanish into the darkness of night. It was a rather uncomfortable position for a homeless little girl, and she felt very forlorn and very desolate. Until now, she had not noticed the flight of time, nor had she thought that it was so late. Where should she pass the night? It seemed as though she would have to beg a night's lodging, even at the risk of being insulted and refused. Her chief hope was in Kitty Kinnear, who had never been rude or unladylike.

She hesitated for a time, and then went to the Pattersons' door. To her surprise, it was open. She peeped in. No one was visible, and no sound was audible. She stood here hesitating, and feeling very forlorn indeed.

It's all very well to think about fairy stories, said poor little Rosette to herself, but my fairy story is beginning to be unpleasant. As long as I was taken care of, and carried back-

ward and forward, it was all very well, but now it is all very bad. It looks just as though the wicked magician is getting me back again into his power. Yet what can I do? I'm sure I think it's a great shame.

In the midst of these thoughts, there came the sound of footsteps up the stairway. Rosette entered the room, and closed the door so that she could peep out without being seen. A man soon made his appearance. She could not see his face very well. He came to the door, and stood for a moment. Then he knocked. Rosette slowly opened it, and stood there.

The man stared at her for a moment, and then gave a cry of surprise and joy.

“Rosie,” he cried, “Rosie—my darling little Rosie! Oh, you sweet little pet! Where did you come from? How did you get here?”

And with these words, which were spoken in a torrent of eager excitement, Fred caught Rosette in his arms, and kissed her most passionately again and again.

“I thought you were lost; I've been distracted about you; I've been going on like a madman.”

“Why, you dear old Freddie, what a silly old boy you must be!” said Rosette; “and do you really care so much for me? and did you really miss me so much? I'm sure I think that is very good in you; and, do you know, I came all the way here on purpose to find you. I want to ask your advice, oh, ever so much!”

“Why, what in the world do you mean?” cried Fred. “Weren't you arrested by the Police, and thrown into the dungeons of the Prefecture?”

“Arrested! dungeons! My dear, preposterous old boy, you must be raving. They're the nicest, kindest people; they let me have a nice little room; and to-day they took me to a splendid place—quite a palace; only, you know, I wanted to get my luggage, and to see you. And then, too, that dreadful old man came along, and began to take off his boots.”

“Dreadful old man! take off his boots!” repeated Fred. “Oh, Rosie, you are not mad, are you? Do you mean old Patterson?”

“Why, of course I do.”

“But he's been taken off by the Police, too, and flung into a dungeon.”

“It's quite plain, Freddie, dear,” said Ro-

sette, placidly, "that you have had some nightmare."

"Nightmare? Why, there's no end of a row. Mrs. Patterson has gone mad about her husband. Harriet has disappeared. Miss Kinnear has vanished. The whole city is in an uproar. But come inside. The house is completely deserted. Every one has gone. Even the *concierge* has fled."

With these words, Fred drew Rosette inside, closed the door, and locked it, after which he proceeded to kiss Rosette again.

"Oh, Rosie! Oh, Rosie!" he cried, again and again, holding her fast in his arms. "I never knew before how dear you were! Oh, Rosie, I love you so!"

Rosette gave a low sigh.

"I'm sure, Freddie," she said, "I'm sure I don't know what's the matter with me. You almost make me cry when you talk so. I didn't know you were so fond of me—and you know I'm so awfully fond of you—and I always have been, now, haven't I, Freddie?"

Fred said nothing, but held her in his arms, and put his head on her shoulder, and wept.

"Now you will really make me cry, Freddie," said Rosette, very piteously. "I think I'm beginning to cry now."

"But you don't know how I've ached to see you, and how crazy I've been with despair."

"I think, Freddie," said Rosette, "that you must be just a little bit crazy still."

"Of course I am—and I'm crazy with joy to get you again."

"Freddie, dear," said Rosette, after a pause, "do you know it seems awfully nice to have you go on so, and be so crazy about poor little me? I was almost beginning to wonder whether you'd ever speak to me after you married Miss Patterson."

"Oh, bother Miss Patterson."

"Or the Countess."

"Confound the Countess! I wouldn't give you for five hundred thousand Countesses and one million Harriets, all rolled into one."

"Wouldn't you, really?" asked Rosette, in most innocent delight.

"No, I wouldn't."

"I'm so glad, and I think you're my own dear Freddie back again, just as you used to be in Cheltenham, when you never wanted to

play with anybody or go with anybody but me. And you know, Freddie, I did feel a little bit—just a little bit—cut up when you went on so about the Countess; but then you know I remembered that you were ever so much older, and wanted to be settled in life, and all that, and so I tried not to mind it. But now, Freddie, we can be just as we used to be in the dear old days, can't we, Freddie?"

"But, Rosie, you don't seem at all glad at your escape!"

"Escape! I didn't escape at all."

"Why yes, you must have, or else how did you get here?"

"Here? Why I walked here of course, and partly to see you too, though partly to see if I couldn't get my luggage."

"Your luggage!" cried Fred, astonished. "What for?"

"Why, to take it back with me."

"Take it back?"

"Yes—unless you can suggest something better!"

At this—Fred stared at Rosette in a perfect puzzle.

"Why I thought you had been arrested by the Police?"

"I wasn't arrested at all—I was invited to go with them."

"Of course—but I was also told that you were taken to the Prisons of the Prefecture!"

"Well, so I was, but I found nothing like a Prison there. I had the dearest little attic room, with the sweetest little bed—"

"What! didn't they haul you up before the Tribunal of the Police Office, and didn't the Police Magistrate himself examine you?"

"Well they did seem a little too inquisitive, Freddie, on one or two points, but then they were as kind as kind could be, and I never was treated with more consideration. Soldiers all presenting arms, Police bowing respectfully, Judges kind, and mild and pleasant, and I only wish they hadn't taken me away."

"Taken you away?"

"Yes; they moved me."

"Moved you?"

"Yes—during the Carnival."

"Carnival! what Carnival?"

"Why there's a Carnival or something going on."



"Carnival!" cried Fred. "Why don't you know that there's a Revolution, goosie?"

"A Revolution!" cried Rosette.

"Yes."

"What nonsense!"

"It isn't nonsense at all."

"A Revolution! Why I've been all through and through the city. They drew me from the Police-house to the Campedoglio—and——"

"They drew you! Who?"

"Why a lot of men dressed in red shirts, you know."

"You! you! drew you! You! not you!"

"Yes; me! me!—and why not, pray?"

Fred gave a loud laugh.

"Why, I heard some Englishmen talking about it, about a beautiful American Princess, the daughter of General George Washington, who had been delivered from the Prefecture and taken to the Capitol. There was a great debate as to whether the United States had Princesses or not. But one of them brought forward the case of Pocahontas, and of course that settled it. So you're Pocahontas——"

"Its nothing of the kind," said Rosette, decidedly. "A Revolution! what nonsense. Why the people were all very well behaved, indeed. A Revolution! why, where were all the guillotines and things? Its some Carnival—of some new sort, without masks. I've lived long enough in Rome to know Roman ways. Who told you that it was a Revolution?"

"An Englishman," said Fred.

"Freddie," said Rosette, "the Englishmen who come here are fearfully ignorant. Their heads are so stuffed with prejudices that it's simply impossible for them to have one correct idea. Think of all that nonsense that they told you about me. Now, I'll tell you what it really was. They celebrated some kind of a Carnival, and fired guns, and cannons, and rockets, and things. They had great processions, with songs and flags. The Judges and Police sent some of the people from the Prefecture, and sent me to a new residence in a splendid Palace on the Quirinal. Now, tell me, don't you think I ought to know, when I've been in the midst of it all day? Revolution, indeed!"

"I tell you there must be—I tell you I've seen dead bodies, and all the English are in a

panic. The Pattersons have fled. I've been crazy about you. I've had a carriage ready and waiting all day long, so that if you did turn up I might get you out of the city. Why, they say that to-night there'll be a universal rising of the lower orders, and a general massacre of foreigners. Everybody's running off."

"I believe, then," said Rosette, "that every body's mad. But with you every body means Englishmen. Freddie, why will you believe them? Whenever they talk about affairs out of England, they talk like lunatics."

"Oh! my poor, little Rosie, you're the lunatic here; you have not the slightest idea of what is going on. But we're losing time. The danger is pressing. It's getting late. We must fly before dark, if possible. I'm afraid it's already too late. I'll hurry off and get the carriage, and then we must fly. You wait here—keep dark—don't show yourself, and I'll be back in less than an hour."

With these words Fred hurried away, leaving Rosette alone.

## CHAPTER XLI.

### THE PAPA TAKES TO A DISGUISE—A DESPERATE VENTURE.

In these costly priestly garments  
You'll escape the Red Shirt varmint.

SEATED on a chair in that upper room, engaged in the simple task of pulling off his boots, the papa had been startled by a noise. He had looked up; there, full before him, to his utter amazement, he saw Rosette.

He was so confounded that he could neither speak nor move. He was stupefied. He could only sit and stare.

Rosette, however, was less affected. She, at least, retained the use of her limbs, for she turned and hurried back by the way in which she had come.

The papa sat for some time motionless.

What did this mean? What was Rosette doing here in this place—in the very Palace of the Lord High Chancellor!!! Was she, also, one of the hapless victims reserved for the horrors of the *death by Fire*? Had she been brought here on some charge against herself, or had she been implicated in his fate? Had

the fury of these merciless Foreigners gone indeed so far as to seize the harmless members of his family. Had they all been arrested? Perhaps so. It seemed only too probable now. Such was the way in which these Continental despots act. That was the style of Foreign Tyrants, whose principle of action was universal terrorism.

Such thoughts as these ran swiftly through the mind of the papa, leaving him but little power for planning any further about his own escape.

The papa rose slowly to his feet, holding his boots in his hand. A first impulse to follow Rosette was succeeded by a more cautious hesitation. Follow her? Why? Where? To do so might lead him among enemies again. And would not Rosette herself be one of his worst enemies? She had never liked him. Would she not act against him now, and denounce him afresh as a fugitive prisoner. Besides, even if she should prove friendly she could not now be of any use to him whatever. If it had only been the Countess, he would certainly have flown after her at all hazards. She could have saved him from danger, either by assisting him to escape, or by acting as his interpreter.

Instead, therefore, of following Rosette, the papa made up his mind rather to take the opposite direction, and keep as far as possible out of her way. Acting upon this determination, he retreated from this room, and crossing the hall outside, entered the suite of apartments on the opposite side, along which he proceeded.

Apartment after apartment was traversed. To his surprise, he encountered no one. The place seemed deserted. In any of them, there was no furniture except some tables and sofas—State furniture, which did not seem associated with any use or comfort, but rather designed for show. The walls were covered with pictures or mirrors, and the ceilings overhead, were painted with fresco.

At length, he reached a room which had some signs of life. There was a table here, a desk, a book-shelf with books, a couch, and some writing apparatus. Beyond this was a bedroom, with a bed and other furniture. The papa looked all around. At the opposite side was a door. It seemed to afford exit. Perhaps

it would show a way out. He opened it. It was a large closet, or rather a small apartment, and all around there were robes hanging. The robes were of various colors, and had an evidently ceremonial character. They evidently belonged to some exalted personage who inhabited these rooms—perhaps the Lord High Chancellor. The papa was disappointed at not finding any way out, yet what he did see gave him a feeling of relief. He breathed more freely. He at once fancied, that he knew pretty certainly to whom the rooms and the robes belonged. Beyond a doubt, he thought, they belonged to no other than the Chancellor himself. Outside was that awful being's office; next to this was his sleeping room, and here was his own dressing room. This was the Judicial palace, in the courtyard of which he was wont to have his *Executions*, and regale himself from the windows of these apartments with the spectacle. Here were the robes of state, the trappings of office with which the High Chancellor was wont to array his person. Here was the room from which issued his awful mandates, the bed on which slumbered his awful form.

Strange, indeed, did it seem to the papa that here, in such close proximity to his terrible Persecutor, the trembling fugitive should feel most secure. Yet so it is—under the very muzzles of the guns, the soldier is sometimes safest—and so in the wardrobe of the Chancellor, the papa felt most confident.

He felt happier for two reasons; first, there was the immediate chance of hiding; and secondly, he thought that if the Lord High Chancellor himself should arrive, he could manage to explain matters to him, and come to some understanding. For he still felt convinced that the shortest road out of his political difficulty was by means of an instant and unconditional abjuration of all his former principles. Here, then, he waited, shrouding himself among the long official robes, so as to be unseen.

At length a happy thought occurred.

Why stand here idle? Why not disguise himself in some of these robes? He could then move about much more freely. He might even be able to glide out of the building; perhaps to escape the notice even of the senti-

nels themselves. It would soon be dark. He could not be discovered; and clothed in these robes—the robes of the Lord High Chancellor—he would be virtually master of the situation.

Such was the thought that suggested itself. No sooner had it occurred, than the papa at once saw its full value, and proceeded to carry it into execution. He took the one that hung nearest. It was an ample robe, with loose sleeves. This he flung over his head, thrusting his arms through the sleeves, and buttoning it at the throat. Another looser robe, that looked like a cloak with sleeves, was flung over this. It was open, and edged with fur. The papa was a portly man, but the robes were large enough. In fact, they fitted him quite as well, as if they had been made for him by his own tailor. He then saw a cap lying near. This he put upon his head, and then surveyed himself in a mirror.

He was amazed at the change in his appearance. He looked like a portly, majestic, venerable Judge—not quite a Judge of the English stamp, but rather of the Continental order—much like those whom he had seen in the theatre; his robes, his cap, his whole mien, reminded him of the Judges in the “Merchant of Venice.” He found, however, that his face was still showing a little too prominently, and looked around for some additional concealment. A large cloak with a hood was hanging there. This he flung over his shoulders. The transformation was now complete. The hood attached to the cloak could be pulled over his head so as to cover his face and conceal it. Hiding his face in this way, he stood for a while, deliberating as to his next course.

Some time elapsed. It grew dark. The papa was glad of this, for it gave a better chance of concealment, and served to make the prospect of escape still better.

## CHAPTER XLII.

### THE PAPA AS LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR.

Some one enters—follow me!  
’Tis the road to Liberty!

THERE, in the dark, in the innermost chamber of the Lord High Chancellor, clothed in the official robes of that great functionary himself, the papa awaited his fate.

Suddenly he heard a faint tap at the door. The papa did not move. He stood and watched.

The door opened.

A man came in very stealthily. He was dressed like one of his chief tormentors—that is to say, a Red Shirt. He came in very noiselessly and cautiously, walking on tip toe, and then shut the door. Then he opened the slide of a dark lantern. A gleam of light shot forth, and fell upon the portly figure of the disguised papa.

The man seemed satisfied. He said, in a low whisper:

“Ps—s—s—s—t!”

The papa’s heart quaked.

He was discovered. Further concealment was impossible. Should he carry out his present plan, or give it up? But what could he do? He could not speak Italian. True, he might disrobe and show himself, but that would only hasten his doom. Better try concealment and disguise a little longer. So his mind gradually rested upon this, and falling back upon his old plan, he sought for foreign words to address to this stranger. So he said, in a low voice:

“*Multum in Parvo! Exeunt omnes!*”

Red Shirt made a low obeisance. The papa saw at once, that his disguise was a complete success. In the mind of the Red Shirt, there was evidently no suspicion that the figure before him in the gloom, was other than the august judicial functionary whom he represented.

Red Shirt now hurriedly whispered something in Italian, and made signs to the papa. Then he shut the lantern, and went out in the same stealthy way in which he had come in.

The papa followed.

Red Shirt then went to a door in the outer room, which the papa had not noticed. He opened it. Here there was disclosed a small hall, with what seemed a private stairway. Down this Red Shirt led the way. The papa followed. At the bottom there was a door. It opened outside. Here there was a carriage and horses.

Red Shirt looked cautiously all about.

Then he beckoned to the papa to enter. The papa did so. In fact, he could hardly do other-



wise. Upon this, Red Shirt banged to the door, mounted the coachman's box, and drove off fast and furiously.

### CHAPTER XLIII.

THE PAPA ON HIS WAY TO THE JUDGMENT HALL  
— HE DECIDES TO TRY AND SENTENCE POLITICAL OFFENDERS.

Poor papa is in a fix,  
He must deal with politics.

THE papa was inside the coach, and Red Shirt, on the box, drove him off like wild fire.

For the present the papa was safe. But what sort of safety was it? With the papa at that time there were great qualms at heart. With the papa at that time, there were great searchings of mind.

You must remember, dear reader, that the papa still clung to the idea of some great public execution of political offenders, which was to be effected in no other way than through the agency of FIRE! True, instead of being a condemned victim, he was now suddenly transformed to the altitude and office of Judge and Lord High Chancellor; instead of being a miserable political offender, he was the Chief Justice, dressed in the high judicial robes and riding in the Chief Justice's own carriage to the Supreme Tribunal. No one was so conscious of this fact, and all that it involved, as the papa himself. From this point of view he started forth upon his meditations, considering the end of his present drive, and all its possible consequences.

To the papa, it seemed evident that the Red Shirt who had taken him from his concealment, was the private attendant of the Lord High Chancellor,—his own private Executioner,—like those of whom he had read. He thought that he was summoned to preside over some Midnight Tribunal. There would be brought before him political offenders of every kind, native and foreign—Italian Republicans, and English travelers. He fancied that he might have to pass the night engaged in a torture or two, with the Rack, the Thumb-screw, the Iron Boot, or perhaps a few cases of Breaking on the Wheel.

The papa brought this idea home before his

mind very vividly, and was compelled to ask himself how he, as Lord High Chancellor, ought to act.

Well, the papa, after very solemn consideration, decided that he would not only have to *seem* the Lord High Chancellor, but to *be* the Lord High Chancellor. Hold a trial? Why not? Was he not Chief Justice? Could he, or rather, dared he falter from the performance of his high office. If the accused should turn out to be dangerous Radicals, or Conspirators, or plotting Carbonari, why not condemn. If they should be condemned, why not burn? Burn? aye, burn, torture, torment, rack, anything—anything—so long as the good papa might be able to keep his own precious skin out of harm's way.

Then, the dreadful thought came to him that the accused might all be English—in fact, it seemed only too likely. Englishmen and Americans were perpetually interfering with foreign governments, and talking ill-timed Radicalism, under the very ears of the Police. Perhaps there might even be acquaintances of his own, or even of his own household, who could tell. Rosette had been arrested. Was it possible that Rosette herself, could be the prisoner to whose trial he was now going. It was an awful thing, and a very terrible probability.

But the horror of this thought, was quite eclipsed by the greater horror of another.

Could he hope to remain undiscovered? Would it not be better for him now, at the outset, to explain all—to tell who he really was. He must do it. Could he hope to travel much longer on this road—to go through the tremendous ordeal that lay before him to sustain the *role* of Lord High Chancellor, on the sole strength of his miserable fragments of foreign words.

But then, how could he explain. His brother judges would not know English. Or if they did, would they believe his story? Would they not regard him rather as a daring spy in the interest of the Radicals. Agonizing thought! Was there not an alternative—a hope?

There was a faint one.

It was this.

His brother Judges, he thought, would probably all be cowed and masked, or wear black

hoods with eyelet holes, such as he remembered having seen in pictures. Now, of course, one of these hoods would be furnished him, and if he were to wear it why his face would be effectually concealed; and then as to speech, the folds of the hood would make the tones of his voice indistinct, and he might possibly make a shift with wise nods and mumbled words.

Thus you see how it had got to be with the papa.

Within the space of a few short hours, he had changed from a fiery, bigoted, and uncompromising Radical of the most advanced sort, to a most zealous Absolutist. He had shouted out, at the top of his voice, what he meant as a recantation and renunciation of all his former opinions. He had recanted with all the energies of his nature. Finally, he had come to be Chief Justice. He had accepted the part, with all that it involved. He had thoroughly identified himself with that office. He had brought himself to regard Radicalism as a crime, to be punished with torture and burning.

He was prepared now to preside over a relentless tribunal, where his own countrymen, or perhaps even his own friends, might be brought before him—to try such culprits—to condemn them to the rack, the thumb-screw, the boot, melted lead, boiling oil, flogging, starvation, burying alive, breaking on the wheel, burning at the stake, and every other torment which the perverted ingenuity of man has ever been able to contrive.

A week ago—aye, two days ago, had it been foretold to the papa that he would come to this, he would have answered in the words of Azazel: "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?" Yet now look at him as he rides in his coach, arrayed in his robes, on his way, as he thinks, to the Midnight Tribunal of masked fellow Judges, to sentence his fellow beings to torments unutterable and an agonizing death!

And the moral of this is—that persecution does not arise from creeds but from human nature; and that cowards are the most cruel of men; and skin for skin, yea, all that a man hath, will he give for his life, which includes, of course, a man's creed, conscience, moral

sense, and all other spiritual as well as material possessions; and also—put yourself in his place—together with fifty or sixty more which I have not time to write out—for—

Suddenly the career of the coach and the meditations of the papa, were rudely interrupted.

Torch lights, a row of Red Shirts, a loud word of command, horses on their haunches, the coach nearly upset, the Red Shirt on the box down among his fellow Red Shirts, with loud words and quick gesticulations, and then—

And then the coach door was opened, and a new Red Shirt politely addressed himself to the papa.

The papa did not understand him, but said: "*E pluribus Unum!*"

The Red Shirt bowed, and then reiterated his remarks.

The papa thought that he was invited to get out. So he got out, looked around gravely, and, in a bland voice, said once more:

"*Erin go bragh!*"

The Red Shirt bowed. The rest all stood at a distance, in solemn silence.

Chief Red Shirt then made some remarks in a very respectful manner, and pointed to the coach as though he wished the papa to get in again.

He got in, saying:

"*Pax vobiscum.*"

Another Red Shirt now mounted the box, and drove the papa away.

## CHAPTER XLIV.

### THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

Ha! the Countess and Rosette,  
Mischief's brooding now, you bet!

ROSETTE was left alone.

At first, she remained seated inside, but at length, as it grew darker, she moved over to the door and stood there looking out and listening.

In the immediate vicinity of the house, there was no sound, but from the distance there arose noises of all kinds—songs, shouts and revelry.

"I really do think," said little Rosette to herself, "that Freddie might have taken me

with him. Its so awfully lonely here. It seems just as if there was nobody in the house at all."

She stood there a little longer, and then a sound caught her ears—a shuffling sound, and then the tread of light footsteps. It was evident that some one was approaching.

It can't be Freddie coming back, she thought.

She watched.

No; it was not Freddie.

It was a female figure. This figure hurried along, and at length reached the very door where Rosette was standing. There she stood and stared hard at Rosette.

"The Countess!" cried Rosette, in surprise.

"Dio Mio!" exclaimed the Countess, in equal astonishment, if not greater, accompanying her exclamation with a start. She had not expected to find any one. She stared harder yet at Rosette.

"It's me. Oh, I'm so glad to see you," said Rosette. "Oh, do come in. I'm so awfully glad to see you."

"Ees eet de Kitty?" said the Countess.

"No—it's Rosette."

At this the Countess shrank away, and clasped her hands, while something like a groan burst from her.

"De Rosettina!" she gasped. "Dio Mio!"

"What's the matter?" asked Rosette, innocently. "I hope you haven't got the toothache or anything of that sort," for the Countess was staring at her like a mad woman, and holding her cheek in her hand with a very peculiar gesture.

"Aha," said the Countess, at length. "Aha—so—you af escape—so dey oll af escape. Aha, you sall do."

Rosette could not make this out, so she took refuge in a polite invitation to walk in and sit down.

"So," said the Countess, "you one miladi—now—you not a servant. Aha, but Dio Mio, I moos hasten; dere is danger. Dey chase me. Can I hide?"

"Danger? chase? hide?" repeated Rosette, in tones full of pity and sympathy. "Oh, what a shame! What for? Oh, do come in and hide, and I'll fasten the door."

At this the Countess hurriedly entered, while

Rosette tried to fasten the door as she said. This, however, she was not able to do, as it was rather a complicated affair, so she had to desist. The Countess stood frowning, and in deep thought.

"Leestin," said she at last, in a fierce, excited whisper. "I am in grand danger. Dere is Revoluzione. De popolo af rise. Dey haf kill de nobles. I fly. I am lost if I do not hide. If dey take me dey tear me to pieces. You moos helpami."

"Me help you?" said Rosette. "Why, of course. But what do you mean about danger. I've been everywhere to-day, and I'm sure I haven't seen anything of any Revolution. I've only seen a kind of Carnival."

"Carnival!"

"Yes; only without any masks, you know."

The Countess stared, but the darkness did not allow her to see Rosette's face very plainly. Then she wrung her hands.

"She is mad—mad," she said, "her ignorance is madness. Oh," she continued, and fell upon her knees before Rosette, with clasped hands. "Oh, safe me; dey chase me; dey clamor for my heart's blood. De Republicans haf de vittoria, dey chase, dey soon be ere. Safami from de terrore of de Republican!"

With these words and others like them the Countess knelt at Rosette's feet. It was like an Operatic scena. The Countess on her knees, tearful, terrified, imploring; Rosette bewildered, hesitating, not from unwillingness but perplexity, while the Countess kept pouring forth in sonorous music, her appeal.

It was:

Mira, O Norma!

Ai tuoi ginocchi.

And so well done was it that if it had been performed before any audience in any Opera-house, it would infallibly have brought down the house. And if this wonderful story of Little Rosette should be dramatized, this would form a capital and most effective situation.

Poor Rosette was overwhelmed with pity. It needed but little to touch that tender heart of hers. By such a scene as this she was quite overcome. Tears rose to her eyes, and her bosom rose and fell with emotion.

"I'm sure," said she, "I should be very happy, indeed, if I could do anything for you;



but how can I do anything when I don't know what to do?"

The Countess looked all around with hasty scrutiny. Then she turned to Rosette.

"You are a lady," she said, in a quick, feverish voice—"you are not a servant."

"Indeed, I am not a servant," said Rosette, proudly. "I was only in disguise."

"Well," said the Countess, "you sall gif up your disguise—you sall lend it to me. You not want it. You change your dress."

"What!" cried Rosette, as the Countess paused and looked at her anxiously. "What! change my dress—lend it to you?"

The Countess thought she was hesitating.

"Dare is no danger," she said, eagerly—"none for you; de danger is for me—safe me; oh! safe me. Lend me your dress; you take mine. Den you be a lady again; and I be safe in dat disguise. Oh! change wit me. Oh! do," she continued, earnestly. "Dere is no danger for you. Oh! let me haf your dress. Oh! hasten; oh! be queeck."

As the Countess spoke, Rosette's face underwent rapid changes, indicative of the highest excitement. There was evidently nothing like unwillingness on her part. Her only feeling was joy and delight.

"What! change dresses," cried Rosette, at last clapping her hands in utter delight. "No! Will you really, though? Why, how perfectly lovely that will be. Why, that is the very thing I should like above all things—to get rid of this horrid servant's dress. Oh! how good, how kind, how really generous it is of you!"

A flush swept over the face of the Countess.

"Oh! haste, haste!" she cried breathlessly.

"Quick, then," cried Rosette.

The Countess sprang to her feet, and hurrying to the door, fastened it. Rosette began to take off her dress. The Countess, with trembling hands and feverish haste tore off hers. It was soon done. Then the change was made, and in a few moments each lady stood arrayed in the dress of the other. Rosette appeared in the costume of the Countess, with all her jewelry—all her brooches, necklaces, ear-rings, finger-rings, and bracelets; while the Countess wore the simple, picturesque, and slightly shabby attire that Rosette had taken off.

The Countess then hastily arranged her own hair and that of Rosette, so as to make each in keeping with the alteration in costume. The transformation was now complete.

Little Rosette laughed with childish delight.

"Oh! I do so wish I could see myself," she said.

"You look like a principessa," said the Countess, giving her hair an additional twist. "But haf you de cap an' de apron?"

"No," said Rosette. "I threw them away."

"Ah! dat is bad; but perhaps I sall find some—but now I moos fly; and so addio, principessa Rosettina."

With this the Countess turned, and opening the door, fled lightly and swiftly in another direction.

Rosette was thus once more left alone.

## CHAPTER XLV.

### THE REDS—AN OPERATIC SCENA.

Now's the time of fear and dread!  
Hither come the men in Red!

"E QUA!"

"E la!"

"Ecco la!"

"Dove!"

"Qua! qua! qua!"

"La! la! la!"

"Qua! QUA!! QUA!!!"

Such were the sounds that burst suddenly upon the ears of Rosette, as she sat lost in the contemplation of her new attire, and wondering what Freddie would think. But out of this dream, she was rudely and abruptly summoned by these shouts. Together with these shouts there was a rush of heavy footsteps, and these advanced swiftly.

Rosette started and looked.

The next moment a dozen men were in the room. They were in Red Shirts, and all were armed, while some carried torches.

Rosette was so terrified that she stood there without being able to say one word. There was something about her which quelled the violence of the Red Shirts, and when their leader waved his hand and motioned them back, they obeyed in silence.

The leader was a long-haired youth, who

might have been a poet or an artist. He had a dragoon's sword and a brace of cavalry pistols in his belt. He stood forward, and pointed at the shrinking figure of Rosette, as it was illuminated by the baleful glare of the torches.

"Ecco la moglie!" he cried, in a full, sonorous voice. "La Contessa de Carrarrarrarra! Perdula, abban donata, infernale, miserabile, pestilenzeale, scelerata, atroce spia, traditore, e mercenaria, chisara damnata ad infarnia eternale!!!!!!!!!"

It was another operatic scena.

Rosette stood staring and trying to make it out.

The captain of the Red Shirts said his *recitativo* as above, in the longest and most sonorous words in the Italian language, with all that roll of eye, sweep of hand, and mouthing of syllable which we love on the stage. It seemed like a bit from Verdi.

Then came the chorus:

*Strophe*:—E Agente! Di Governamente! Sara damnata! Suspendata! Crucificata! Squarciata! Sara perduta! In eternita!

*Antistrophe*:—E Birbone! E Burlone! E smorfiata! Debilitata! Alla rimbomba! Della piomba! E sol de pianto! Se pasce il cuor!

To say that all this was surprising to little Rosette would be very weak. She began to think that Fred and the Countess were right, after all, and that there was a Revolution; and besides that, the Countess, by cunningly changing dresses, and leaving her here in her dress, and running away in hers (a somewhat mixed sentence) had acted very shabbily.

It really is *very* provoking, indeed, thought Rosette; and not at all fair—in fact, it's really *quite* unladylike. But how can I tell these people? I do wish they wouldn't make such a noise. It's quite impossible for one to make one's self heard in this din.

Now, if Rosette herself had been a fugitive, caught by her pursuers, she would have been very much frightened indeed; but as it was all a mistake, and as she knew that they were after the Countess, she was not at all frightened, but only desirous of explaining to them, as soon as they would let her, who she really was. She caught the name of the Countess di Carrarra in the *recitativo*, and this showed her the whole truth.

At length there was a pause.

"If any of you speak English," said Rosette, quietly, "I should like to say that I consider all this *very* rude, *very* uncalled for, and *very* *ungentlemanly*, indeed."

She looked at them so calmly, and with such grave rebuke in her solemn eyes, that the Red Shirts all felt somewhat perplexed. This was not the way in which they had expected to be received. There was a little emphatic movement of her head as she spoke, which also deepened the impression.

The Captain of the Red Shirts now made a very low bow, taking off his hat with one hand, and pressing the other to his heart, making at the same time, a speech, in which were some original but very polite remarks about *umilissimo e divotissimo servo di Lei*. The rest, while the Captain was speaking, stood with amiable smiles breaking through their beards, like sunshine behind dark clouds; and out of that feeling of sympathy and habit of mimicry, which is so strong in the Italian nature, all these armed Signori also bowed, and accompanied their leader with similar movements of their hands to their hearts. So that the whole scena now changed its character, and reminded little Rosette of the Pantomime.

This suggestion of the Pantomime now very naturally brought back Rosette's old idea about the Carnival. Her visitors no longer seemed tragic; they had rather the comic character of those Red Shirts whom she had seen all along during the day. So now she thought she must have been right all along.

Of course I was, she thought; and what a very ridiculous mistake for Freddie to make! He must have been stuffed with some insane stories by some frantic and absurd Englishmen, who always mistake everything, and never can understand anything outside of their own country, unless they've lived away a very long time indeed. As for the Countess, it cost Rosette no difficulty whatever to understand her conduct. It was all some joke of hers—she too was a performer in this unmasked Carnival.

But now the Red Shirts made indications to her that she was to accompany them. The Captain made a long speech, accompanied with many bows, and uttered in an apologetic

tone, and finally offered his arm. Rosette understood that he was trying to get her to go away, and did not know what to do. The fact of her speaking in English, did not seem to produce any impression upon the Red Shirts. Indeed they were convinced that she was the Countess, and thought that this pretended ignorance of Italian was only a little ruse. So the Captain talked Italian to Rosette, just as though she understood every word, and was penetrated with inexpressible admiration at the matchless skill, with which she assumed the air of innocence and ignorance.

At length he concluded that she had carried it on too far, so he thought he would extort some expression from her by stratagem.

"Everything has been found out," said he to Rosette, "the government is overthrown. The ministry have fled in disguise. The Prefectura has been seized. All the archives are in the hands of our leaders. You are very heavily implicated, and all the populace execrate you. Don't expect any assistance from the British Ambassador. He will cast you off as outlawed. I have received instructions to take you from this place to the Artiglieria, where a Court Martial is already in session. You will be condemned to death without mercy, and will be shot on the spot. But still, if you will allow me a few minutes' conversation," he added, in a whisper, "I can save you."

Rosette's answer to this was very unsatisfactory.

"I don't know why people *will* go talking Italian to me, when they must *know* and ought to *see* that I can't understand one single word. I think they are *very* unpleasant."

"This is madness!" said the Captain, impatiently; "but wait."

Turning to his men, he ordered them to go outside, as he had to ask the Countess some secret questions furnished him by the Committee.

The Red Shirts all marched out.

"Countess," said the Captain, in a low, earnest voice, "since I have seen your face I have taken a deep interest in you—I can save you yet! Will you trust in me? Will you answer me one question? Are you guilty in that *Merivale* business?"

All this was in Italian, and of course unintelligible to Rosette; who, however, in spite of his accent, detected her own name.

"*Merivale*," said she, nodding eagerly, and with a bright smile of intelligence. "Yes, yes, that's my name, *Merivale*; *si, si!*" she added, using one of the very few Italian words that she knew.

An awful cloud came over the Captain's brow.

"What!" he cried, in a voice full of horror. "Is it indeed true? Are you really the one that denounced *Merivale*?"

Again Rosette's face flushed up with a bright smile of intelligence and pleasure.

"*Si, si!*" she replied, nodding her head quickly. "*Merivale, si, si!*"

"The woman's mad!" cried the Captain. "Her brain has given way through terror. That's it—she's mad!—*pazza! matta! arrrrrrrabiata!*"

He must have found out something about poor papa, thought Rosette; that's why he asked after my name. He's come to take me to papa. Oh, how awfully nice to have it all turn out so! What *will* dear Freddie say when he hears it?"

The Captain turned to her once more. There was more softness in his face. He was full of pity for this unfortunate woman.

"Come," said he, in a gentle tone, "come!"

And Rosette, full of the hope of soon seeing her papa, followed him out with a light heart and a joyous face.

## CHAPTER XLVI.

### ANOTHER OPERATIC SCENA—ROSETTE LED OUT TO BE SHOT.

Ah, what horrors now await her!  
Rosie 's taken for a traitor!

A COACH was in waiting below, and into this our little Rosette was shown by the Captain of the Reds, who felt so indignant at her treatment of his overtures, that he decided to leave her to her fate, and was sulking so fearfully that he wouldn't even give her the satisfaction of getting in with her. So little Rosette got in, and the door was closed, and the coach drove off, while all the Reds marched before,



behind, and on either side in battle array. At the sight of which, Rosette was very much interested and amused.

Its getting funnier and funnier, said she to herself. How queerly things go on. Everything comes and goes so, that one cannot make anything out of it all. And here I am going backward and forward, more like a pendulum than a little girl,—but how awfully fortunate it is that I am dressed like a lady, and how good it was in the Countess to change dresses with me, and how surprised the Judges will be when they see me again! I'm sure I don't believe they'll hardly know me.

Rosette was in high glee, for she expected before very long to see her dear papa. She made up her mind to give him a scolding for leaving her so abruptly, and make him promise never to do so again, and then she would tell him all about her adventures, and how he would laugh.

What fun!

Then her mind reverted to its usual habit of day dreaming, and of weaving up no end of dreamy fabrics out of the fairy lore with which her little head was stuffed.

Its going on yet, she thought to herself, the Princess is riding in her coach with her fairy men, but they're all really not men, you know, for they're only rats really, and that's the reason why they can't speak. What they say is only the Rat language, and that's the reason I don't understand them. How funny it would be if, after all, this should turn out to be a dream, and I should wake in papa's big chair. And I do wonder how many more palaces I'm going to visit.

It is a little inconvenient, too, she thought, not to speak Italian, but it is certainly stupid of these people not to know English. I think I shall begin to learn Italian to-morrow, for it certainly is very awkward not to know anything of a language but *Si* and *No*, and *Signor*.

With such thoughts as these, little Rosette amused herself as she went along; and the coach went on slowly, until at length it reached a square where there was a tall pillar, and crossing this it came to a large edifice, and here it hauled up, and Rosette was asked to get down. So she got down at once, and found a crowd of people, all of whom stared very hard

at her, and she thought they were all very rude.

Rosette was taken up stairs, and here she entered a large room in which were a number of people. Two or three were seated at a table, and these she thought to be very pleasant looking men; only then came to her the comical fancy that they were only rats, and what fun it would be if a cat should spring into the room. Of course, its all nonsense about rats and fairies, she thought, by way of satisfying the claims of good sense, and I was only making believe—but what fun it would be!

Some whispering was going on, and all eyes were directed toward the prisoner. There was a murmur of surprise. Of all this, however, Rosette took no notice, but looked all over the room from one to another to see if her papa might be here. But they were all strangers. Two of those at the table were looking at her, so she quietly took a seat which was near, and said:

"I don't know whether you speak English or not, but I should like to see my papa as soon as possible, and I should be glad if you could let him know that I am here, that is, if it would not be *very* troublesome."

At this all present were puzzled. What's the meaning of this? was the question all round. At which the Captain of the Red Shirts explained the deep game which the Countess was playing, in pretending to be another person,—an English lady,—and pretending not to know a word of Italian. "She sustains the pretence to a marvel," he said.

The Red Judges nodded; all present nodded. They could all understand that little game, and were prepared to deal in a proper manner.

"Are you sure she is the Countess?" asked the Red Chief.

"Certain," said the Red Captain.

Whereupon the Red Chief turned to Rosette.

"Countess," said he, "you are before the chiefs of the Roman Republic; our cause has conquered, yours is overthrown. You have nothing to gain by deceit. Confess all. You will understand that you are without hope, when I inform you that we have captured the Chief Justice."

"Well," said Rosette, "I'm sure I don't understand a word of that, but I want very much to see my papa."

"What does she say about il papa?" asked the Red Chief.

All shook their heads.

"Procediamo coll In uisizione," said the Red Chief.

"I beg pardon," said Rosette. "Do you think papa is safe?"

"Be not a fool," said the Chief, severely. "You cannot blind us. Keep your follies and disguises for the next Carnival."

"Carnival!" said Rosette, catching the last word. "Oh dear; there, it is as I thought—and I am right, and Freddie was wrong. He would have it that it was a Revolution. Well, how very ridiculous. Won't I chaff him about it all. What fun!"

And Rosette gave a happy smile.

At this all present felt that the prisoner was mocking them. Her plan appeared to trust to the possibility of not being recognized, and carry out the *role* of English lady with unfaltering intrepidity. But they knew better. All long-headed, clear-sighted men. Conspirators too! Deep, every one of them. Men who knew how to see to the very bottom of everything. Men of subtlety unparalleled!

The audacity of the prisoner excited their hot blood to fierce indignation, and they all began to hound one another against her, by hurling about the most tremendous epithets, which beat like a hailstorm about the heads of every body, but didn't harm little Rosette at all.

Then opened another scena in this tragic Opera.

All were stagy—a fault rather in their acting—melodramatic, given to mouthing, and rather florid in their gestures, and all talked together.

It was:

Peste del mondo! Agenti segreta emissario del tiranno distruttore de'amici—sia nulla misericordia monstrata—ladra e Traditore infimissima, formidabilissima, orribilissima, odiosissima, crudelissima, detestabilissima—via a perdizione.

Suprimo Judice Rosso—(recitativo)—(maestoso e con solennita)

Sia maledetta in perdizione e perduta in Inferno

*Chorus.—Tutti.—E la Carrirara! Sanguinara!*

E La Sbirrina! La piu Crudilina! Sia dannata! Crucificata! Sia schiattata! Searnificata! Ed immolata! Sia mandata! Forte guardata! Alla Rotondo! La Peste del Mondo! Sia damnata! In Eternita!

In the midst of which grand maledictions and thunderous curses, which came hurtling about her, Rosette sat unmoved, looking upon the scene, with a pleasant and interested face. The idea of the Carnival had taken possession of her completely, for it appeared to her that they had informed her of this themselves.

It's like a mock Opera, she said to herself—exactly. How funny they all look, with their wild gestures. I suppose they must be practising here for a Pantomime, or something of that sort. I think they really are the very funniest people I ever saw; and why they should make such a point of amusing me is more than I can imagine. They took me away from the nice little room at the Inquisition to the Palace, and now they've brought me here to make me listen to the rehearsal.

At last every one present had shouted himself out of breath; and seeing little Rosette sitting placid, serene, and with a pretty little smile on her dimpled cheeks, and with her wondrous eyes resting first on one and then on another, they began to grow astonished, then ashamed of themselves, and then silent. And this change came over them so simultaneously, that it seemed as though they stopped all of a sudden.

Then little Rosette thought that it might be as well for her to meet her funny entertainers half way, and show that she appreciated them; as she tapped her little hands together by way of applause, smiled archly, and said the very few Italian words she knew, "Bravo! Bravisimo!" and then, "Grazie Signori."

At which the Signori were more astonished than ever; in fact, quite thunderstruck; and, as they had already exhausted all their vocabulary, they were compelled now to stare at her in silence.

It was the Red Chief who first broke it. He spoke in tones of deep conviction, not unmingled with emotion.

"E un eroessetta maravigliasa!"

Which means, as the reader knows—She's a

marvellous little hero—but which to Rosette seemed simply the foreign pronunciation of her name.

"Yes, yes," she nodded briskly. "Sì, sì—Rosetta Merivale—only, you know, I don't like Rosetta, and, if you please, I'd prefer being called Rosette—Rosette Merivale."

Upon which there resulted a variety of exclamations expressive of wonder, perplexity, and indignation at the audacity of this little Countess, and her vanity in thus accepting as a compliment, what the Red Chief had said in mere astonishment.

These exclamations were at length finished, and Rosette said:

"And now, if you please, and if it isn't too much trouble, I should like some one to take me to my papa—de dapa—il papa, you know," she repeated, trying to make them understand her meaning.

The Red Chief drew himself up. He felt that his dignity was concerned.

"She is incorrigible," he said. "It is time to put an end to this. Take her away. Let a file of soldiers be in readiness. Keep her till we decide her fate. She will undoubtedly be condemned to be shot. Captain Guazzabricco, on the receipt of our sentence, you will have her executed without delay. Above all, see that she holds no communication with any one!"

These words, or rather the gestures of the speaker, made Rosette think that she was to be taken to her papa. And her little heart was full of joy.

"Oh, I wish I *could* speak Italian, so that I could tell you how kind I think you!" she said, and then added:

"Grazie, Signori, grazie!"

The Judges stared and frowned. The bold Capitano Guglio Guazzabricco frowned and shrugged his shoulders. After which he advanced to Rosette, and said

"Veniti con mi, bisogna d'audare via. Sara tosto al verde."

Which means—"Come, we must go; it will soon be over." But Rosette, as usual, caught the last familiar word—verde. It sounded like Freddie.

"What!" she cried, with a tone of delight, "and Freddie, too! What fun!"

And rising lightly, Rosette threw a parting smile over the company, and tripped out of the room.

## CHAPTER XLVII.

### THE WRONG PARTY.

Freddie looks, and with a start, he finds he's got another party.

SHORTLY after Rosette was led away, a figure stealthily emerged from a secure hiding place in a remote part of the building, and very noiselessly advanced along the gallery as far as the door that led into the Pattersons' suite. The door was still open, and inside there still lingered the strong reek from the torches.

It was the Countess, who had seen part of what had been going on, and heard nearly all. For her the immediate danger was passed. It would take some time for them to discover their mistake, if they ever did discover it; and at the least, she calculated that she was safe from pursuit for that night. So she decided that it would be better for her to remain here, than to seek any other hiding place.

Meanwhile, Fred had gone off after the carriage, and was now returning fast and furiously, full of anxiety about Rosette, and noting also, from time to time, little circumstances which proved to him conclusively that it must be a Revolution, and not any kind of a Carnival. In this frame of mind, half anxious, half joyous, he returned to the house, and hurried up to where he had left Rosette.

It was pretty dark, and so he could only see the outlines of the trim figure in the dress of a maid that hurried out of the door, as he approached. He caught her in his arms, overjoyed in finding little Rosette safe.

"I couldn't be any quicker," said he. "I hope you haven't been frightened; but oh, how you are trembling! Oh, Rosie! darling Rosie! what makes you tremble so? What's the matter? Oh, wait and get some wine!"

But the Countess held him fast, and would not let him go back. She was trembling excessively. The long restrained agitation now burst forth, and for some time could not be controlled. Fred did not know what to do. At last he pulled out his brandy flask, and put it to her lips. The Countess gulped down a



swallow or two, and the warmth of the liquor soon penetrated to her nerves, and revived her sinking energies. She stood up and drew a long breath.

"Now, Rosie, darling—come, hurry, for there's no time to lose. It's getting wilder in the streets every moment."

He bent down and kissed her tenderly, and spoke some soothing words. Then he raised her in his arms, and carried her. The Countess said nothing, but allowed him to do what he chose. And thus it happened that Fred carried her all the way down, and pretty well blown was that same Mr. Fred when he deposited his lovely burden in the carriage. Then he jumped in, and shouted to the driver, who seemed to know a little English:

"To the English Ambassador. Quick!"

The route taken was a circuitous one, so as to avoid streets where there was anything like a riot. Once or twice they were stopped, but the driver shouted out: "Friends of the English Ambassador," and they were allowed to pass.

During the drive, Fred had to sustain the Countess, and soothe her, and encourage her in all manner of ways. She sat with her head bowed down in silence. Her agitation seemed to have passed away. Fred thought that she was frightened.

But the charming Countess was not what may fairly be called frightened. She did not feel any sense of danger. She was sitting in that attitude, so as to conceal her face from Fred in the event of any lamp light shining on her, and she was silent, because she was engaged in thinking over the best plan of explaining to him the circumstances that had occurred. For they would soon be there, and then he would recognize his mistake.

At length they reached the door of the British Embassy. Servants stood here, and lights shone out. Fred leaped out, and held up his arms to assist his little Rosie. But as he stood in that attitude, with uplifted arms all ready, it was another face altogether—it was not Rosie at all—and before he could think or speak, the Countess flung herself into those extended arms. Fred was nearly overthrown in body, but was altogether overthrown and *bouleversé* in mind.

He put her down, and stood and stared at her with a dazed eye.

Then he said:

"What the——!" and stopped.

"What! you tink me la Rosettina?" said the Countess, in tones of reproach, which had a world of suggested meaning.

"Rosette!" cried Fred. "Where is she?"

The Countess sighed.

"She change de vestimenti wit' me."

"Oh, ho!" said Fred, absently; "and you have her clothes?"

"An' see haf mine."

"But where is she?"

"She haf mine. She tire of de dress of a maid. She want to look as a signora."

"But I didn't see her anywhere. Is she there yet? I must go back at once and get her."

He turned as if to get into the carriage again. But the Countess laid her little hand on his arm.

"Stop," said she; "too late!"

"Too late! What do you mean?"

"She haf gone."

"Gone! Where?"

"De Republican!—dey come."

"The Republicans?" cried Fred, in a voice of horror.

"I terrify; I almost faint; I tell de Rosettina to fly. But de Rosettina, she not 'fraid. She belief only de Carnivale. She laugh at me for my fear. She not belief dat eet is a *Revoluzione*."

At this, Fred groaned in spirit. He remembered how obstinate Rosette had been in her belief in the unmasked Carnival—and how he had come back, thinking to bring reports to her that would prove her wrong.

"So I fly—an she stay."

"And she had your clothes on?"

The Countess bowed.

"But why should they arrest her or you—or any lady?"

"Ah Signor, in de *Revoluzione* dere is no regard for rank—and de low ees not obey."

"But where have they taken her?"

The Countess shook her head.

"Dio mio, Signor, you moos not be terrify; dey fin' out she a forestiere an' make her go liberata."

"Liberate her?" said Fred. "Oh no—they'll find she's not Italian—and then——"

"Why den she be safe."

"Oh no! I've heard that they are already crying out for death to the foreigners."

The Countess shook her head.

"Oh, no!—you moos not belief dat."

"Pardon me, sir," said an Englishman who was standing near, and had just come up and heard these last words, "but if you have any friends in the hands of the insurgents, I deem it my duty to inform you that there is the greatest possible danger. I heard the crowd just now, as I came up, yelling '*Morte ai forestieri!*'"

At this the Countess shrank in closer to Fred, and held his arm, turning her face away so that the stranger could not recognize her. She had seen his face, and decided to keep her's hidden from him. But Fred did not notice the manoeuvre. His thoughts were fully the last intelligence which excited new fears.

The disappointment which Fred had shown at finding out his mistake, the all absorbing interest which he manifested for Rosette, and the comparative neglect with which he treated the Countess, were certainly painful to that graceful and gracious lady; yet she made no complaint, and uttered no reproach. She stood clinging to Fred. She possessed her soul in patience, and held herself in sweet reasonableness, thinking that if she allowed his wandering inclinations full-winged flight, they would return to her before long. And so in his anxiety about Rosette, and terror for the danger to which she was exposed, the Countess said but little. She contented herself with silence, and with clinging to his arm.

The Englishman again spoke, keeping his eyes on the Countess, who as before studiously kept her face averted.

"They say that a high official has just been captured. I've also heard that they have just captured the famous Countess de Carrara——"

"What!" cried Fred, in utter horror. In an instant, the whole meaning of those words burst upon his mind. Rosette had changed clothes with the Countess. She had been arrested. That he already feared,—but he did not know that the Countess was famous, and that her arrest would be food for public rumor.

Terrible indeed must be the fate of Rosette if this were so.

"What!" he cried. "Oh Rosie, Rosie, you're lost!"

With these words he tore himself away from the Countess and dashed off wildly.

The Countess flew after him.

"Stop!" she cried. "Take me! Safe me! I'm lost! Oh, stop!"

And thus both vanished into the dark.

The Englishman started after them in perplexity.

"Now I'd give something to know what's the meaning of all this; for instance:" said he to himself, "what's the Countess to this fine-looking young fellow? And what could he have meant by Rosie? I wonder if there are many of that name in Rome! Bedad there's one of that name that may be in danger just now. And who in the name of mischief was that vivandiere-looking little thing! Something in the cut of her jib and set of her head seems familiar. Her voice, too,—I'm certain I've heard that voice before, as sure as my name's Cary. Bedad, I only wish I could find McGinty and learn something about little Rosette."

And Cary, with these reflections, walked into the house.

## CHAPTER XLVIII.

### A SOLEMN PROMISE.

Will she such a danger dare?

'Tis the rashness of despair!

THE loud and piteous cries of the Countess, reached Fred as he hurried away, and awakened a response. He could not leave her in the crowd, or forsake her at the time when she was in danger, and relying upon him alone for help. So he turned and allowed her to catch up with him, and cling to his arm. As she came up he noticed that she was excessively agitated. A look of distress was on her face; her breast rose and fell with convulsive sobbings, or pantings; and her left hand was pressed tight against her side.

"Poor little thing!" said Fred, as his heart melted within him. "Poor little dear!" he added, as he put his hand tenderly and soothingly on her shoulder. "Poor little pet!" he

continued, stooping and touching her cold forehead with his lips.

"No," said the Countess, wearily and sadly, "I am notin—to you. You fly—you quittami—you leaf me to de canaglia."

"Oh come, now," said Fred. "That's not fair. It wasn't that. It was because I'm so anxious about poor little Rosie, you know. Leave you! I'd like to see myself."

"Oh, la Rosettina—you gif up all de world for 'er, an' see me immolata at 'er feet."

"Oh nonsense," said Fred. "You don't understand. You see little Rosie is very different, always known one another and all that; she's a kind of semi-sister, you know; only not quite that either. Sister isn't the sort of thing quite, but it shows in a general sort of way what I mean."

"Ah, yes," sighed the Countess, "it show de delicatezza, an' de tenerezza of de love you haf to 'er—de love of de life—dat af rose, you know not when, and haf grow when you not know about it, till now all you soul ees bound up in de Rosette. An' you play wit' me, an' you play wit la Pattasina; but deep adown you haf de invincibile an' indistruttivole forza d' amore—an' lofe de Rosettina alone."

"Pooh, nonsense!" said Fred. "You don't understand anything at all about it."

The Countess stood off a little and looked at him in a melancholy way, her deep eyes full of unfathomable meaning.

"Ragazzaccio!" she sighed. "Weel you affa be a man? Ma, come now, der ees no danger to de Rosettina. She safe. Dey fin' out who she ees an' dey let 'er go."

"Let her go!" said Fred. "How am I to know that? Catch me trusting to that. No, the beggarly ragamuffins. I'll go to them myself and try and get little Rosie out of their clutches. And, if they won't let her go, I'll kill a half dozen of them, and then blow my brains out."

How much of this was earnest and how much was boyish bluster, the Countess did not consider. She was intent on enlisting Fred on her own behalf, and in securing her own safety.

"Oh, Signor—you air generoso; safe me. I am in danger. I am pursue. I am a fugitivo. Oh, safe me!"

"Save you—why of course I will," cried

Fred. "I'd like to see the fellow that would lay hands on you, while I'm around. No, my dear little pet, don't you be a bit alarmed as long as you've got me with you."

"But you could do notin' eef dey attack wit a gran multitud."

"Oh, never mind. It's all right. Don't you be a bit afraid."

"But, oh—I am afraid—weel you notta fly—wit' me?"

"Oh, well, you know, how can I," said Fred; "you forget that I can't leave Rosie?"

The Countess bit her lips. "Come," she said, "I tell you. Come back to de Embassy. You see de Ambassador. You tell 'im about 'er. I safe 'er."

"Oh that's all very well," said Fred; "but as it happens, I went there the very first thing, and found him an infernal old unmitigated humbug. Won't move an inch himself for fear of compromising his confounded dignity. Won't do anything but write letters. Who cares for letters? If I went to him now, I know what he'd say. He'd refuse to do anything for fear of recognizing the Republic. The man's an unmitigated old ass, besides being a confounded doddering old woman. That's what he is."

The Countess looked more distressed than ever.

"Ah," said she in a low, anxious voice, "you af no pity forrami. You af no memori. You forget oll dat you affa say to me."

"Forget!" said Fred. "Oh come, now—that's not fair, you know—I don't forget—not a bit—I—I—admire you, no end—I—I—think you're the finest woman I ever saw. I—I——"

Fred spoke this with hesitation, and without the deep feeling that he once had shown. He felt too anxious about Rosette to give himself up to other feelings with his usual swing, and he thought to himself that if Rosie were only safe, he could be far more agreeable to the Countess.

"Ah," said the Countess—"dat is what you say wit de outside of your voice—but inside de 'art is farroway. Eet is your civilita—your pulitezza ma manco l'amor."

"Well, I'm sure I don't see what you want a fellow to do, you know," said Fred in a tone of mild despair.



"Oh—eef I could but see de sensibilita—de feeling."

"I've got as much feeling as any fellow—come now," said Fred, who felt slightly huffy at this last insinuation.

"But you are not de ole self—you change—you invincibile. Can notin' move you?"

"Well—the fact is," said Fred, "I feel so awfully anxious about poor little Rosie, you know, that I don't know what to do."

"An would you be de ole self," said the Countess, in a tremulous voice, "eef de Rosettina was safe?"

"If Rosie was safe!" said Fred. "Course I would. That's all I ask."

"Dat's alla you ask!" repeated the Countess, "dat she be safe."

"Yes, of course," said Fred. "You see I don't know what they may do to the poor little thing; and I'm anxious, of course—half crazy, in fact. Why you seem to think that a fellow's made of iron."

"Well," said the Countess, after a pause, "an eef de Rosettina safe, den you come back to your ole self—an—an' be—your ole self wit me?"

"Of course, of course; oh yes," said Fred. "All that—you know; be as jolly as a lord, all the time, and have lots of fun, you know."

The Countess sighed. She was silent, and was turning over in her mind some important question.

"An eef I safe de Rosettina," she asked, at length, "what you say to me den?"

"You! You save her! Oh, if you only could!"

"I could," said the Countess. "But eef I do, what you say to me?"

"Say," cried Fred. "Why, I'd say that you were a—a—a—why a perfect brick!"

The Countess sighed.

"An' notin' more?" she asked, tenderly.

"Oh yes, lots," said Fred. "I'd say you were the paragon and trump of women, an angel, a divinity, a goddess in human form, and—and—well, first-rate, tip-top, and all that sort of thing."

"Dat is not mooch," said the Countess.

"You haf said as mooch as dat alloway."

"But what can I say?" cried Fred. "Oh, if you can do so, save her, and I'll be grateful to my

dying day. I'll bless you with my last breath. I'll lay down my life for you."

"But I not want your dyin' breat, and your dyin' words; and I not want you to lay down your life at all for anybody. Dees ees estrava-ganza."

"Oh, well you know what I mean. Oh, save her, save her, and I'll honor you and be grateful to you, and revere you, and love you, and——"

"Stop," said the Countess, timidly, "dat enough. You say you weel lofe me."

"Love you? of course I will."

The Countess sighed.

"Ah well, but how weel you lofe me?"

"Why, like the very Old Harry," said Fred, simply.

"But weel you really lofe me, wit real lofe?"

"I'll love you as the kindest, best, brightest, dearest of women. I'll love you as my savior and benefactor; and Rosie, too, will love you."

"An willa you be alla mine?" asked the Countess, in a low voice, with drooping eyes.

"All yours? why—why, oh yes, of course—of course—that is, oh yes," said Fred, confusedly.

"Alla mine?" said the Countess, stealing a glance at his face. "An' you weel lofe me—lofe me as yours, your own, an' haf me as alla your own?"

Fred threw a hasty glance at her, and then after a pause—

"Oh yes—certainly—of course—of course. Oh yes."

"I see you not und'stand," said the Countess.

"An' you not spik from de 'art; so I tell you what I af to do, and den you lofe me better. Leesten: I go to safe de Rosettina, and I gif myself up, an' free 'er."

"What!" cried Fred. "Give up yourself!"

"Yes," said the Countess. "Gif up myself."

"But won't it be dangerous to you?" asked Fred. "Oh, come now, I don't want you to incur any risk, you know."

"But," said the Countess, sadly and reproachfully, "eef I can safe de Rosettina, you weel be content to see me go to danger an' to deat."

"Oh, come now," said Fred. "Oh, nonsense, you know, now."

"Dey tink de Rosettina to be me. I go,

gif up myself. Dey den let 'er go, an' I die."

Fred was silent.

"But de Rosettina, free, an' no 'arm to 'er."

"But—but—isn't there some other way of doing it?" asked Fred, very much perplexed.

"Dere ees no oder way dat ees possibile. An' now, I go to lay down my life for de Rosettina an' for you. An' I weel meet deat, and die, for 'er an' for you."

The Countess spoke so sadly, and looked so pathetic, that Fred's eyes filled with tears. He did not know what to say or to do. So he stooped down and kissed the beautiful being who showed such devotion—kissed her, twined his arms about her—yet did not ask her to stay; a curious dog!

"An you weel be mine?" said she, smiling through her tears.

"I will," said Fred. "If you save Rosette."

"Alla my own," murmured the Countess.

"All, all!" said Fred. "All your own."

"An' for affa?"

"Yes," said Fred. "Forever."

"Il mio caro sposo; and you weel make me your wife?" said the Countess, with Italian frankness.

"Oh, yes," said Fred. "But I say, if you are going to lay down your life, how can you be my wife? That sounds like an Irish bull."

The Countess drew back, and looked hastily at Fred.

"What you mean by de Iris Bull?" she said.

"Dere is John Bull, an' de Papal Bull."

"Oh, nothing," said Fred. "Only I don't see how —"

"I gif my life," said the Countess, sadly, "for lofe of—you!"

She laid both her hands in his, and looked up at him with a glance of affection that was inexpressible and most piteous. Fred felt himself deeply moved.

He folded her in his arms.

"Oh, see here now," he began.

"No, no," she said, sadly. "I know all dat you weel say. Say no more; dere is no time. Say only one ting."

"What?"

"Dat ef I safe de Rosettina, you will marry me."

"If you save little Rosie, I will marry you."

"You swear?"

"I swear I will—by—by jingo!"

"An' now, adio—caro—carissimo."

"Good-by," said Fred, and he kissed her tenderly.

"Ef I safe Rosettina, I sall send 'er to de Embassy, and you sall see 'er, and den you mus' come to see me; ef I do not safe 'er, you weel neffa see me."

With these words, the Countess walked off, and soon was lost to view in the darkness.

## CHAPTER XLIX.

### GRASSATO AND FRED.

Here's Grassato hoping yet  
That he'll win Miss 'Arriet.

For some time, Fred stood motionless upon the spot where the Countess had left him, quite mystified by the late scene, and wondering what it might all mean. He did not understand her words and actions at all. He had a vague idea, that the Countess was about to encounter some danger for the purpose of saving little Rosette; but what that danger might be, he did not know. He certainly did not suppose that it would be serious. Her assertion, that she was risking her life, he interpreted with a very liberal construction. Such assertions as those had, indeed, become rather stale and hackneyed to his mind, for he himself had been lavish in the use of them. As he himself had offered to lay down his life for several ladies, he might be excused for taking the offer of the Countess, as meaning no more than his own.

In spite of all this, however, he felt affected in spite of himself, and could not get rid of a vague feeling of apprehension. There had been about the Countess a tenderness, and an earnestness, and a certain solemn pathos, such as he had never seen in her before, and this made him suspect that, in her present proceedings, something far more serious than usual was involved.

Then, there was the promise that he had given her. She had extorted it from him. He had given it in her own words.

A sense of uneasiness arose within him at the recollection of this promise. But this was alleviated at the thought of the conditions. Those conditions were the safety of Rosette.

The possibility of her rescue was something so delightful, that it quite eclipsed the promise which he had made. Her present position was too terrible to be thought of. He felt that the Countess could do more toward saving her than any one, and in the hope of seeing her, he forgot everything else.

For Fred, as he said, was "awfully fond of little Rosette." In fact, he loved her better than any other human being; and better even than his own precious self, although he was not aware of it as yet; nor did he understand the nature of his feelings toward her. Only let "little Rosie" be saved, and he felt willing to marry every woman that might ask him.

With feelings of this sort, Fred walked back to the British Embassy armory. Here he was accosted by a man who had just arrived.

It was Grassato.

"Af you found Mees Merivale?" he asked eagerly.

Fred shook his head sadly, and said nothing.

Grassato stood for a moment in silence. In fact, he was deliberating as to the best mode of approaching Fred on a very delicate subject.

That very delicate subject was 'Arriet.

The Italian had already suggested suspicions to 'Arriet, and had awakened jealousy of Rosette in her mind. He now hoped to influence Fred also by means of Rosette. By this means, he would deepen the estrangement which had already been produced between Fred and 'Arriet, and have the field clear to himself. He had already performed the role of Savior, Champion, and Benefactor to 'Arriet. He had won her gratitude. He desired more. Her love. Her hand.

Now the one difficulty was 'Arriet's infatuation for Fred, and Fred's ascendancy over her. The way to destroy that ascendancy, was by making Fred commit himself altogether and hopelessly to Rosette. Already his offence against 'Arriet had been unpardonable, yet Grassato did not feel sure that 'Arriet would not forgive him at the first request, and be reconciled on the spot.

"Eef—you—af—not—eard," said Grassato, cautiously, and in a hesitating way—"about Miss Merivale—I can gif you de—informazione."

"What!" cried Fred, grasping Grassato's

arms with his hands, and looking at him with breathless eagerness.

"I say I can tell you about 'er" continued Grassato; "I af 'eard——"

"What! what! For Heaven's sake, man, speak out!" cried Fred in intense excitement. "What have you heard?"

"I af eard from de Republicanì," continued Grassato.

"The Republicans! What! Where is she?"

"She was arrest——"

"Confound it—of course—I knew that——"

"Aha!—so—you know dat!"—repeated Grassato, in surprise. "How you know? Who tole you? An' do you know where she was taken?"

"No, no—tell me where, so that I can go and save her," cried Fred in a fever of impatience. "Tell me quick, for Heaven's sake!"

"She was taken," said Grassato, "by de Republicanì to deir 'ead quartaire—and essaminata—an damnata."

Grassato looked at Fred with close scrutiny, as he said this, anxious to learn the effect of such intelligence as this.

Fred turned deadly pale.

"Examined!" he exclaimed. "Examined and condemned! Good Lord! Do you really mean it? Oh! my dear fellow. Look here! Can't you take me to her, or at any rate let me know where she is, so that I can hunt her up? And can't you come along, too, so as to explain to these fellows who she is? Come. They've made an infernal mistake. I'll give myself up as security for her, if they'll let her go. Come!"

And seizing Grassato's arm again, Fred would have dragged him away on the instant.

Grassato held back.

"Wait," said he. "Let me explain. I can take you to de place where she ees. But mark, you may find 'er shot."

"Shot!" cried Fred in horror. "Shot! What do you mean by that?"

"Dey af arrest 'er for a spy."

"A spy! What, Rosette! Little Rosie a spy! What infernal tomfoolery is all this? She a spy! They're mad!"

Grassato shrugged his shoulders.

"Va bene," said he. "Dey are Republicanì. Eet ees de Rivoluzione; dey not stop to tink. Dey af no reason. Dey are mad. Mais, you



see, de Mees ees in danger, an' she may be shot."

"A spy!" groaned Fred. "Oh, Heavens! can't the asses see by her face what she is? But why do I wait? What are you stopping here for? Can't you come with me now? You say she's in danger. Come, don't lose any more time. Do you know where she is now?"

"She is in the Rotonda," said Grassato.

"The Rotonda?"

"Yes."

"I don't know it; and I don't care where she is. Only take me to her. Come, show me the way. I'll be under infinite obligations to you. I'll do any thing for you. Only you do this for me now. Come and help save poor little Rosie."

With these words Fred, pulled Grassato by main force from the spot. Grassato allowed himself to go.

"Well," said he, "I go wit' you."

"But can you get inside the place?" asked Fred, as they hurried along.

"Oh! yes."

"How?"

"Oh dey not stop me. I af de confidenza—of de Republican. I ben a friend in de secrets—an agente."

"But—the Countess—how is that? Are not you and she on the same side? The Countess said the Republicans hated her, and were seeking her life; and she said that this was the reason why poor little Rosie got into this infernal scrape, you know."

"The Countess?" said Grassato

"Yes."

"When she say dat?"

"A little while ago."

"Ah! a leetl' while; an' so you af seen 'er?"

"Yes."

Grassato was silent for a few moments.

"H'm," said he at last, "de Contessa, she af took de wrong side; but I—I af de friend on bote side."

At this a feeling of profound disgust came over Fred. By this confession, it seemed, that Grassato had been the very good friend of both sides, which might mean, also, a traitor to both. And so Fred despised him in his heart. But it never for one moment occurred to him that at that very time 'Arriet might be

thinking of him with the same contempt, as the same sort of double, or even triple traitor.

## CHAPTER L.

### MCGINTY AND CARY IN PERPLEXITY.

Startling rumors, told by Cary,  
Of the captive secretary.

EVER since McGinty had left 'Arriet, he had been searching after Kitty—but searching in vain. He had gone straight to the lodgings of the Countess. The street was in an uproar. On forcing his way through the crowd, he reached the house, only to find that it was the centre of observation. Red Shirts were on guard outside, and others were entering and leaving. He tried to get in, but was rudely pushed back. He waited on the street all night, but without result. He had the satisfaction, however, of seeing that no woman was brought out, but this was more than counterbalanced by the thought that she had got into difficulties before he came. Back again he went to 'Arriet, and found her in grief still, and no Kitty. Then once more back to the lodgings of the Countess. Then off on a general search, which resulted in nothing. He was in the depths of despair, when suddenly he came upon Cary, into whose faithful ear he poured forth all the tale of his woes.

Cary was full of sympathy.

"Well," said he, "there's no end of confusion, and there ye have it; but, I dare say she'll turrup all right in the end."

"But haven't you heard anything about her—about a lady being arrested?"

"Well, let me see," said Cary. "Ye see, I'm a great man among the Insurgents. I've been an active agent, and held me life in me hand all along, which was the reason why I couldn't help Rosette; and poor Merivale was mixed up only the smallest bit in life. They tuk the wrong man, so they did. Howand-iver, let me see. There's the Prime Minister. They've got him."

"The Prime Minister!"

"Aye, and a mighty neat job it was. Did ye hear about it!"

"No."

"Well then it was Grassato, ye know him. He was sent as a spy over ye's all—the Patter-

son party—by the Roman Police; but all the time, he was one of us.”

“The infernal devil!” growled McGinty.

“Well, ye’ve got to work with dirty tools, so ye have. But that same man is a Roman noble. Well, that same man got hold of the Premier, pretended to be taking him away out of the city, and drove him in his own coach, in among the Republicans. Only, I’m thinking, after all, that the dirty rascal, did really mean to save the Minister, and was surprised by our men, when, what did he do but hand over the prisoner with the best grace in the worruld. Well, an’ thin they’ve captured also the Secretary of State. He was disguised as a monk, with a big umbrella, and was trying to get up a rising of the people—a reaction against the Republic.”

To this, McGinty paid but little attention.

“Well, then,” said he, “they’ve arrested the Countess de Carrara.”

“The Countess arrested! what for?”

“Oh, she was a notorious spy—went a good deal among the English, I’m told. Full of invention; full of pluck; the best agent they had; I’ve never seen her; she only moved in the best circles. Well, well, I’m not going to blame her, for one must live. But I’m going to tell ye how she tried to come it over them. She was hauled up for examination, an’ what d’ye think? Why, she pretended that she wasn’t the Countess at all, but an English lady.”

“An English lady!” groaned McGinty, aghast, as a frightful suspicion came over him.

“Yes,” continued Cary; “and, I’m told, her play was perfect. They talked to her; they uttered the most tremenjous threats ever heard, and finally condemned her to be shot. Any man (let alone a woman) would have given some sign of intelligence, some indication of fright at all this, but not she—for, mind you, she was not supposed to understand one word of it, for it was all in Italian. Oh, by the powers, but it bates the worruld! and I could go down on me binded knees before that woman, in clear admiration of such sublime pluck, and such nerve. I’d not like to put myself in that same position, and go through that same ordeal, so I wouldn’t. She never flinched, not once, not she—more power to her elbow, I say. Well, they’re in a nice state of mind

altogether. Some think she’s the divvel; others think that she’s an English lady, and not the Countess at all.”

“Not the Countess!” cried McGinty

“No—but, then, all that’s knocked in the head, for they found her card case in the pocket of her dress, an’ it had the Countess’s name on the cards.”

McGinty was very white. He regarded Cary with a face of horror.

“What’s the matter with ye?” asked Cary.

“Kitty went there!”

“Went there—went where?”

“To the Countess’s lodgings.”

“Well, and what of it?”

“Perhaps they’ve taken her by mistake.”

“But how could they? Wouldn’t they know her?”

“They don’t seem to have been sure, since you mentioned a division of opinion among them.”

“True enough,” said Cary; “but, then, didn’t they find her card case?”

“Oh, that may be,” said McGinty, dolefully.

“It may have got into her pocket somehow.”

“Not likely.”

“Quite as likely, as it is for a woman to play such a part as that. I don’t believe it’s possible.”

“At any rate, the Countess did it.”

“I don’t believe she was the Countess at all,” said McGinty.

“Don’t believe she was the Countess! Why, who else could she have been?”

“By Heavens, Cary! I’m half afraid it was no other than my poor Kitty.”

“What!” cried Cary, with a stare of amazement. “What! By the Lord! but if ye’re not the greatest specimen of a self-tormentor I ever saw, then I’ll eat my hat, so I will.”

“Well, look here now,” said McGinty, in great agitation, “she went to the lodgings of the Countess. There was a crowd there soon after. As far as I can make out, she could but just have got there when the Republicans were down on her. She, poor little thing, couldn’t explain anything to them. They would jaw, and row, and storm, and she wouldn’t understand a word. Then they’d take her off and try her—what would she know about it? Then they’d condemn her; and she’d

never know anything about what was going on till they shot her, if she didn't die of fright before. And this is what I've brought her to! Oh, fool! villain! idiot that I am!"

"By Heavens, McGinty!" said Cary, "ye've got a way of putting things that I don't know how to answer, as I don't know enough of the circumstances. Only I'll tell you what I'll do——"

"What?" asked McGinty, in great excitement.

"I'll take you to see her with your own eyes—and at once."

"Do you know where she is?"

"Of course; she's in with the Prime Minister, and with the Secretary of State, and the other imminent State prisoners—in the Rotonda—the Pantheon, you know,—they've took it for the purpose, as being most convenient and imminently shuitable."

"But can you get in?"

"Oh, I've the entree—I've a command among the Republicans, and can get you in there if you wish to see a friend,—and so come along, I say—an we'll settle this question without delay."

The two thereupon walked away.

"Have you heard anything of Rosette?" asked McGinty.

"No," said Cary, "not a word. Why—what's the matter with her?"

This question led McGinty to explain about her arrest, and the efforts which they had made to find her. Cary listened in deep anxiety.

"They couldn't have taken her to the Prefecture," said he, "or else she would have been free, and made her appearance somewhere. I believe her father is back again. He'll be coming to me about her. Good Lord, McGinty! what am I to do? He'll hold me responsible, some how. By Heavens! McGinty, this is the worst news I've heard yet. She may have been locked up somewhere and forgotten. If they have, let them look out! We've got enough to hold as hostages till they bring her back—especially two such imminent ones as the Prime Minister and the Secretary of State."

This new and startling information served to give to Cary as much anxiety as McGinty felt, and but little more was said. Each had

now his own care. McGinty was full of undiminished horror at the prospect drawn by his imagination, in which he saw Kitty environed by foes, and about to fall beneath a fusillade; while Cary had no less horror at the possible fate of Rosette, which possible fate presented itself to his mind in all manner of forms.

Cary could only hope to find some information about her from the Prime Minister or the Secretary of State, who were confined in the Rotonda; and, therefore, while McGinty was hurrying there in order to seek and perhaps save Kitty, Cary hurried with equal haste and equal anxiety in order to learn, from some of the illustrious prisoners, news of Rosette.

## CHAPTER LI.

### THE ROTONDA.—SCENA!

Dramatis Personæ, all,  
Gather in this lofty hall.

IN the confusion of the times, and the general overturn of law and order, the Revolutionists had found it necessary to appropriate to their use various edifices, upon which they could more conveniently seize. The most conveniently seizable were of course churches, and of these, the most important which had been thus appropriated, was the famous edifice known in Rome as "Il Rotonda."

Every one knows the Rotonda—a stately portico, rising grandly amid the meannesses of later and more paltry architecture, a noble form with marks of hoar antiquity in every stone—it rises before the eye—

Simple, erect, severe, austere, sublime;  
Shrine of all saints, and temple of all gods—  
Pantheon, pride of Rome!

The truest testimony to the majesty of this ancient temple, is found in the language of Michael Angelo, who, in designing the dome of St. Peter's, declared that he wished to "raise the Pantheon in the air." The interior has the same sublimity as the exterior, without the traces of Time's defacing fingers—a simple dome, with its apex disclosing a circular opening, through which may be seen the blue vault



of Heaven. Of this, too, as of St. Peter's, may be said :

Enter; it's grandeur overwhelms thee not.  
For why? thou art not lessened; but thy mind,  
Expanded by the genius of the spot,  
Has grown colossal. \* \* \*

Let us enter now, and see, dear reader, if any of our friends are here.

It is night, and the blue sky just mentioned, is no longer visible through the opening of the dome. Inside there is a great crowd of people. Some of these are in groups; others are scattered about; others stand apart.

By one altar, stands a silent, lonely figure, arrayed in the sombre garb of a monk. In his hands, he holds an umbrella, to which he clings as though there is in it some protective power, while his bent head shows that he is engaged in meditation or prayer.

Seated in a chair near by, is another figure. He is robed in the costly apparel of one of the highest dignitaries of the State. A long inner robe, of the nature of a tunic, buttoned to the throat, and fastened at the waist with a girdle, form his chief attire. Over this is a loose robe, with sleeves trimmed with ermine, and over this again a cloak, with a hood, which conceals his face. This personage is of so exalted a character, that he is regarded by the Revolutionists as their chief prize. He is waited upon with deference, and regarded with respect. His fate is the subject of deep discussion among all present, and among the leaders who are absent. His presence here is regarded by some in the light of a triumph, but by others as the greatest misfortune. Some hope to win him over to the cause of the Republic; and think that if he should embrace their cause, he would do honor both to himself and them. Others, again, of the wild, blood-thirsty Red Republican order, are rather anxious to sacrifice him, thinking that their cause will be more secure, if it is stained with the blood of the fallen Prime Minister.

All around, are the now-triumphant Red Shirts. They are all armed to the teeth. Their wild faces, and their wilder costume, together with their fierce gesticulations, make up a scene fit for Salvator Rosa. Every one carries a torch-light, which throws a lurid gleam all around. The strong alternation of light and

shade, the red glow of torches against the black darkness, would make a scene worthy of Rembrandt. Other artists might be mentioned in the same cursory manner as capable of dealing with other parts of this unequalled spectacle, but I respect my readers' patience.

The most eminent Red Shirts are here, such as :

Augositto and his friends.	Stritarabo and his friends.
Aioltaimo do.	Scairochetto do.
Audiedujo do.	Sodavatero do.
Bladerscaito do.	Tattadamaglione do.
Brandeanvatero do.	Giacchanepse do.
Clacchoajo do.	Monnachisciaine do.
Dustacchito do.	Spreddighile do.
Feaschoischi do.	Lasdici do.
Ghemmiapenni do.	Biacchierbuzzo do.
Goitsalli do.	Ubbiblo do.
Ghifferasciaino do.	Gessupseandi do.
Gengebero do.	Pelle do.
Janchidudello do.	Grinbaccho do.
Letterippo do.	Scienpiastero do.
Miglipatata do.	Anderganno do.
Molasseschandi do.	Olenpoehetto do.
Nopoperino do.	Ogninai do.
Onabendero do.	Birbone do.
Peppermint do.	Guffone do.
Picciutoemo do.	Trombone do.
Punciseddo do.	Schrandanchoffino do.
Rapscaillione do.	Schullanbone do.
Raggamuffino do.	Revolveiro do.
Squampangelo do.	Buoinaifo do.
Scalawaggo do.	Tricolore do.
Scerlaslivo do.	Cioppiseddoffo do.
Scarramuccio do.	Bloisbrensauto do.

All of whom were very closely watching their illustrious prisoner, and speculating as to his fate.

## CHAPTER LII.

### THE ILLUSTRIOUS PRISONERS—ANGUISH OF THE PAPA.

Trembling prisoners of State,  
Bow before your awful fate.

SUCH, then, was the position in which the papa had been placed by a most extraordinary concatenation of events, and through the power of a baleful Fate. Arrested, as he had been in the dark, while clothed in these robes, in the very act, too, of flight, his high dignity had been taken for granted, and had, hitherto, been respected. For his own purposes, and from a very natural desire to escape too speedy a detection, the good papa had sought to conceal his face. So he had pulled the skull-cap down as far as it would go, and then he had drawn the hood of his cloak well over his head

and face. Still his captors did not need to see his face. The dress was of itself sufficient to convince them, that their illustrious prisoner was all their fancy had painted him; while his reserve, his profound silence, his fashion of holding himself aloof from every one, only strengthened this conviction.

As for the papa, his present situation gave him no surprise whatever. It was exactly what he had anticipated all along. Was he not the Lord High Chancellor? Was he not about to hold a Court, and preside at the awful Tribunal as Chief Justice? He had been brought here to this place—the Rotonda. Of the Rotonda he knew nothing. But this stately hall, with its vaulted dome, was exactly such a place as he had often imagined—that is, the Grand Council Chamber, which also might be used for purposes of public examination by torture. Here, too, many of the preliminary touches might be given by the more Artistic Tormentors—namely, the more showy applications of the thumb screw, the boiling oil, the melted lead, etc.; here was the vaulted roof which might echo the cries of the victims; here was a fountain to resuscitate those who fainted on the rack or the wheel; here, too, was a wide opening in the roof, out of which might escape the smoke of the burning; here, finally, were the Men in Red, the Ministers of Flame, carrying those torches with which they were to kindle the fires, whenever the fitting time might come.

The papa sat near one of the altars, his face concealed by his hood. He was like a star, and dwelt apart, beaming upon all around out of his venerable eyes, with such thoughts as these to enlighten his mind and diffuse cheerfulness through his being.

Now in the midst of such thoughts as these, there occurred an interruption.

Through the grand portal, the papa beheld some men advancing, who approached, bringing along with them a female. The dress of this female was quite familiar. It was, in fact, the dress of Rosette. The sight of this dress awakened associations in his mind which were of the most painful character. This female, he noticed, was not allowed to come near to him, but was detained some distance off, and as the papa supposed, purposely.

The papa did not find it difficult to account

for her presence here. It was Rosette. She had been arrested like himself. She had been taken to a new prison, like himself. He had seen her in the last prison. Thence, they had both been brought to this place. Yet how different was their respective fates. He had come as Judge—she as prisoner. Other prisoners would follow! other victims!

Other victims!

Who!

Thrilling, tremendous question!

Who! Had the other members of his family been arrested? Appalling thought! At that thought his blood froze within his veins.

And what if this should be the trial over which he was to preside? This the trial? away dread thought! What! this the trial—this—where his wife, his child, would be brought before him—as the Judge? It was too much.

But for Rosette—what! Could he preside over her trial? Could he behold her sentenced? Could he gaze on her while stretched out on the rack, or bound to the stake? Awful thought! Yet — ! ! !

Yet what could he do? He must look out for himself. He could not risk his own safety. He must keep up the present deception, as long as possible, or, at least, until he might see some one to whom he could confess all.

But the crisis was a fearful one;—the dilemma was terrible, and the papa found himself gradually sinking deeper and deeper into abject horror and despair.

Now, while the papa was thus overwhelmed with the agony of his mental conflict, arising out of this unparalleled position in which he found himself, there was one not far away from him, standing and facing him, who was a prey to feelings not less painful.

This was that illustrious prisoner who was regarded by all here, and commonly spoken of, as the Secretary of State.

Caught, as this individual had been, in the very act of trying to rouse the populace, in the very hour of the triumph of the Republic, he was regarded as a grave offender, who was in a very critical position. He had been brought to the Rotonda, while his mad attempt was even now under consideration.

His Highness was disguised in the robe of a monk, and this disguise was heightened by

means of a huge umbrella, to which His Highness clung with singular pertinacity even after his arrest, when it could serve no possible purpose. There were some, who at the outset had doubted that it was the Secretary, and, indeed, it is not easy to say how the opinion had arisen, unless there may have been some resemblance between the features of His Highness and those of the mamma.

Be this as it may, the doubters had been speedily silenced, and the perilous position of His Highness was now known to friends and foes, all over Rome.

And so—there stood the mamma! a victim of the most extraordinary misapprehensions, both in others and herself. For others regarded her as His Highness, while she regarded them all as emissaries of the Police.

She believed herself to be in the headquarters of the Police. She believed that the Men in Red, all around, were the gory guards of tyranny. She believed the gorgeously arrayed personage, seated in state not far away, to be the Supreme Magistrate of the Police.

Thus the mamma had become a prey to the general delusion, quite independently of the others,—just for all the world as though there was some moral epidemic which was affecting the minds of all indiscriminately. And that was the reason why the mamma, with her cowed face, kept her eyes fixed upon the papa, who was seated close by her.

Close by, and yet quite inaccessible!

For, between them, there were three Red Shirts, all armed, all bearing torches, who had been stationed here on purpose to watch these illustrious prisoners, and who had already repelled several attempts of the mamma, to get nearer to the papa. Fully aware of the responsibility that devolved upon them, and the immense importance of these two exalted personages, they watched them both with incessant vigilance and inexhaustible patience.

Now the mamma, though sore distressed and afflicted both in mind and body, had not lost her spirits utterly, but still, in spite of all her cares and anxieties, cherished the purpose which had brought her to this. Higher than her own safety and comfort, she valued the comfort and safety of the papa, and while

here in prison herself, her chief thought was of release, not for herself, but for

Her dearer self,  
The partner of her life,"

And let those who would point the finger of scorn at the mamma, think of this devotion, and be silent.

Now the mamma, in her deep anxiety, had concluded that a direct appeal to this Judge would be her best course, and would secure a more immediate result than any other. Perhaps, she thought, he might understand English. If not, it was at least very possible that he might have an interpreter near. In any case, she thought that she would have the chance of making an intelligible appeal, of clearing up matters about the papa, and, perhaps, of obtaining, as she hoped, an order for his release on the spot. But, unfortunately, thus far all the efforts of the mamma had been rudely repelled by the vigilant Red Shirts, and she had been given to understand that no approach to the Judge would be permitted.

It need not be supposed, that all this had been unnoticed by the one who was so deeply concerned. On the contrary, even in his own deep anguish the papa had noticed it all.

This monk, so mysterious and motionless, with his face hidden by his cowl, holding his umbrella, was too conspicuous a figure to be passed by. Above all, this monk stood in his motionless attitude, earnestly and wholly intent upon the papa himself, and was making repeated attempts to draw nearer. Whether these were really efforts to come to him, or merely communications with the Red Shirt guard, the papa could not quite make out, but his nervous agitation made him regard this as a new cause for alarm and suspicion. There was danger here.

It was this:

This watchful monk suspected him!

That was the reason why he kept standing in that fixed attitude, with his face turned in his direction—a face hidden, indeed, from sight, yet still showing, in its forward attitude, an eager regard, a sharp and all-devouring scrutiny.

And this only awakened fresh terrors, and made the papa pull his hood farther over his



face, and keep his eyes obstinately turned away from this dreaded figure.

But there was yet another.

This one has already been mentioned—the figure clothed in the garb of Rosette, whom the papa had taken for her.

This was the Countess.

Into this place, then, the Countess had been brought. Yes, she had kept her word to Fred; she had given herself up to save Rosette. Thereby she had risked her life. She knew well that she was regarded by the Republicans as the most active emissary of the fallen government, and as their own worst enemy; that she had already been condemned; that the only danger Rosette ran was because she had been mistaken for herself.

She knew all this perfectly well, and yet she had come to brave it all.

Whether she could come out of this adventure alive or not, she could not tell. The chances were terribly against her. And yet she was risking everything on this one venture. Such was now her wild infatuation for one who was unworthy of such a sacrifice—one who had promised to marry her if she succeeded, but who had made the promise with evident reluctance, and without thinking of what he was saying.

But repentance was too late. She could not now go back.

Hitherto she had accomplished nothing, and this dangerous experiment had been made in vain. She had been hurriedly seized, and brought in here. Of Rosette, she had seen nothing. The Chief and his friends had been too busy to notice her. She had been brought in here without even the satisfaction of knowing whether her self-sacrifice had been availing or unavailing—yes, even without knowing for certain whether her message had been carried to the Chief or not.

And thus it happened that our beautiful, charming, yet unfortunate Countess was quite as full of distress, as either the papa or mamma. She too was alone. No friend was near with whom she could communicate. She too looked eagerly around upon the scene, to try to find out whether Rosette was here or not. But she saw nothing of her. She asked the guards, but they could not or would not tell.

Then her heart sank within her. She began to fear that all was over; that Rosette had already perished, and that her own act of heroic self-sacrifice had been all in vain.

Then, in her despair, as her eyes wandered round, she saw the figures of the Prime Minister and His Highness the Secretary of State. At that sight all her old loyalty to her masters returned. She felt a deep longing to go near to them and express her sympathy. She had heard the rumor of their capture before coming here, and now saw the prisoners themselves. She tried to get nearer, but the guards were on the alert, and sternly ordered her back.

The papa saw all this.

Poor little Rosette! he thought. She is trying to get near to me. She thinks I am the Lord High Chancellor. She wants to implore my mercy. But what can I do? She will undoubtedly be burned—and I—well, I may be burned immediately after, especially if that awful monk succeeds in discovering me.

And at this thought, the papa shuddered, and pulled his hood farther over his face.

## CHAPTER LIII.

### SIR EUGENE MERIVALE.

Here at last upon the scene!  
Glad to see you, Sir Eugene.

WHEN Grassato had persuaded 'Arriet to leave her lodgings he had already arranged to take her to a place of refuge, which, under existing circumstances, was the very best that could be procured in Rome. This was the British Embassy. He had gone there first, to make a request for protection on behalf of an English lady, and found the Ambassador quite willing to do all in his power. Thus he was able to play the *role* of Savior and Champion, without incurring the smallest risk, and of placing 'Arriet in safety without the smallest inconvenience either to himself or to her.

On her arrival, then, she was received with the utmost kindness by the Ambassador himself, who in spite of his attitude toward the mamma, now turned out to be what is commonly called a "gentleman of the old school,"

quite profuse in his words of welcome and in his offers of assistance. You may be sure that 'Arriet did not inform him of her relationship to a certain visitor who had disturbed his equanimity so greatly the day before; and that the Ambassador was the last man in the world to trace any relationship between the graceful and beautiful lady before him, and the formidable female who had threatened to "brain him with her umbrella."

Such a reception as this, was most welcome and as Grassato promised to engage everybody in the work of hunting up her parents, 'Arriet began to feel more reassured. But there was something more in store for her.

Among the people who had flown to the Embassy for refuge 'Arriet found her friend Kitty. Her surprise and delight were inexpressible, but her emotions were in no respect stronger than those of her friend. Each had feared the very worst for the other, and each now received the other almost as one risen from the dead. Besides, the reappearance of Kitty served to reassure 'Arriet, and to make her feel much more hopeful about her parents. They, too, she thought, might both be safe, and would probably be restored to her before many more hours should elapse. The city was full of disturbance, which might easily account for their absence, and yet there was no reason why either of her parents should suffer harm.

Kitty's account of herself was soon given.

She had left, as has been seen, with the intention of going to see the Countess. On her way to her chambers she had suddenly found herself entangled among a riotous crowd, who had come rushing up a side street just after she had passed, cutting off all retreat. She tried to hurry forward, but the crowd ran too quickly for her, and what was worse, they were running in the same direction. Before long she found herself surrounded on every side, and completely enveloped in the riotous mob, out of which she found it impossible to extricate herself. The crowd bore her along with them. No harm, however, was done to her, and no notice was taken of her. Women and boys, as well as men, were there, and the minds of all were too preoccupied and too intent on some common purpose, to allow of any

one taking any notice of any individual. At length she saw among the crowd a familiar face. She recognized it at once. It was the face of an Englishman. He had been a friend of her father's, whom she well remembered as a frequent visitor at their lodgings during her former residence in Rome. She succeeded in getting near him, and claimed his help. He recognized her at once, and assisted her, extricating her from her unpleasant position, and bringing her to the Embassy.

Such was Kitty's story.

To this gentleman 'Arriet was now introduced, and found, to her surprise, and to her no small confusion, that he was

Sir Eugene Merivale.

Rosette's papa.

Kitty had already known this, and he had already heard from her as much as she could tell him about his daughter's adventures. Kitty had tried to soften the story as much as possible, and had said nothing about the harshness of old Mrs. Patterson, or the rudeness of the papa, leaving him to suppose that she had experienced no particularly bad treatment. Still, it was evident to Sir Eugene Merivale that his daughter's fate must have been most distressing, and that for one, so inexperienced, her lot has been most severe. All the blame, however, he attributed to himself, and himself only. Bitterly he reproached himself, for having even in any way subjected his daughter to this. Next after himself his blame fell, not upon the Pattersons, but upon Cary and McGinty, particularly the former. He could not help believing that something far better might have been done; that Rosette might have been placed in some concealment, where she would have been less liable to discovery, and at the same time would not have been subject to humiliation.

But now the worst of it was, Rosette had vanished from the scene. Her arrest had taken place, and since then all trace of her had been obliterated. The convulsions, the tumults and disorders attendant upon the Revolution had spread everywhere, and he could find no one who could give him any information of any value. It would be necessary to wait, until the community had settled down under the new order of things, before he could hope to learn

anything about her. Was she still in prison, or had she escaped? Into what prison had she been put? If she had escaped, whither could she go?

The thought of his poor little daughter, alone and friendless in the riotous and raging mob, seemed more terrible than the idea of her being in prison. In the latter emergency, she would be exposed to less danger—she could also be more easily traced and delivered. But if she should be thrown adrift upon the streets of Rome, what limit could there be to the dangers around her? How could he trace her? How could he even begin to search after her? When he thought what an utter child she was, how innocent, how inexperienced, his anxiety rose to its full height, and grew quite intolerable.

The confusion in the city went on increasing, instead of diminishing, and he could hear nothing farther about little Rosette. No one had heard of any such a person. And yet Sir Eugene received a very circumstantial account of a certain personage, who had played a very important part. The account was minute and enthusiastic, given by an eye-witness. It referred to the attack upon the Prisons of the Prefecture, the release of the Prisoners, and their triumphal march through the city amid the shouts of the people. Among them there was what the narrator called an American Princess, as beautiful as an angel, who had borne a conspicuous part in the scene. The narrator dilated in eloquent language upon her beauty and her esprit, but Sir Eugene never for a moment suspected that there was any connection between her and his daughter. He saw in her only some brilliant adventuress, some distinguished *intriguante*, or lady politician.

At last, he heard of certain illustrious prisoners who had been captured by the Republicans, and were now in their hands. It occurred to him that something might be learned by an appeal to these men. At the same time, if they should know nothing of Rosette themselves, they might give him information as to the person or persons who would be likely to know.

Of this decision, 'Arriet was informed. She, too, felt a strong desire to unite with Sir Eu-

gene in an appeal to the said "illustrious prisoners." For she could not help feeling convinced that her papa had shared the fate of Rosette, whatever that was, and any information about the one would be equally useful about the other. Nor was Sir Eugene unwilling that she should accompany him. He felt that 'Arriet's papa had been arrested, solely because he had been considered an accomplice of the fugitive Merivale, and was concealing his daughter from the authorities; and, therefore, he was quite willing to do all in his power toward restoring him to his family. 'Arriet also persuaded Kitty to go with her, so that she might give her some moral support; and thus it happened that these three, like the rest of our friends, were all directing their steps toward the Rotonda.

#### CHAPTER LIV.

##### THE FIRST EXPLOSION.

Very much surprised is Cary  
At the captive Secretary.

THE ingenious Cary led the anxious McGinty to the Rotonda, and found no difficulty about getting in.

He learned from one of the guards that the Countess had been really arrested; that she had not yet been shot; but had been sent here into the Rotonda, in which place she now was.

At which intelligence the two friends felt an immense load of anxiety taken off their minds, and at Cary's request one of the Red Shirts pointed out the Countess to them.

They saw her at a distance—a female form—on her knees. She was kneeling before one of the altars. Her arms were folded on her breast. Her head was bowed low. In that attitude it was not possible to see her face, nor was the light strong enough to reveal her figure very clearly.

The two were compelled to draw nearer. They approached close enough to see the rounded outline of her cheeks, but her features they could not see. Her head was bowed down low, and she was motionless in that attitude, absorbed either in prayer or in meditation, and quite oblivious now about external things.

"Is that the Countess?" asked Cary.



Now McGinty's idea of the Countess was that of an elegant lady, dressed in the height of fashion, while the figure before him was that of a common girl—plainly dressed—looking, in fact, more like a lady's maid than a Countess; and so he at once decided that it was not that person.

"No," said he, in a low tone, yet very decidedly, "that's not the Countess at all."

"What!" cried Cary. "The divvle it isn't! Then all I've got to say is that they've taken the wrong woman—and she must have been English after all. Heaven send that it isn't your Kitty. If it turrans out to be her she'll have had a divvle of a time of it, so she will."

McGinty, meanwhile, stood staring fixedly at the kneeling figure.

At length he turned to Cary.

"It isn't Kitty's dress," said he, "but——"

"But what?"

"Why, Kitty may have changed her dress."

"Changed her dress? Nonsense, man. What reason would she have had?"

"Why, to escape."

"She wouldn't want to escape," said Cary.

"Oh! she's been afraid of being arrested, like the others."

"Pooh! man; don't make things worse than they are. Come along, and let's find out where they got this woman."

And Cary tried to draw him away.

McGinty refused.

"No," said he; "I'll wait here and see her face when she turns round."

"Well, I'll take a turrun about here, and see if I can get any information about poor little Rosette. There's His Highness over there. I'll go and see him. He can tell me if she was put in the Prison of the Prefecture. He'll know if any one does."

And with these words, Cary turned away and went off, leaving McGinty standing there, gazing at the kneeling figure, and waiting for her to rise or to turn her face.

Cary now directed his steps toward the "Secretary of State," as he thought, in the hope that he might learn something about Rosette.

His Highness, the Secretary of State, still stood in the same place, clinging to the big umbrella, and gazing at the supposed Police Judge.

To this one Cary drew near, and on presenting himself before the illustrious prisoner, made a profound bow.

The mamma turned and looked at him with an abstracted gaze, which gradually grew more searching in its character. Perhaps this man might help her.

Cary now proceeded to make known his wishes. He had arranged a neat form of address, and began in Italian.

"In presenting myself before Your Highness, permit me, first of all, to express my profound sympathy with the present unfortunate condition of Your Highness, and to indulge in the hope that it will be of brief duration."

At this the mamma shook her head.

Cary took no notice of this, but went on in the same strain a little longer.

The mamma again shook her head. She was wondering whether he knew English or not, and was trying to think of the best plan, under present circumstances.

Cary continued his speech.

At length he paused.

The mamma shook her head harder than ever.

"Me—no—und—stand," she said; "me—no—spikky—Italiani—me Ingelis."

At this, Cary started back as though he had been shot. Then he stared hard at the mamma. Then an exclamation burst from him.

"What!!!!" he cried. "Murder an' Irish! but what's all this?"

At this, it was the mamma's turn. These familiar sounds acted upon her like an electric shock. She, too, started back.

"What!!!!" she cried; "are you a Hinglishman?"

"No, I'm an Irishman; but who the divvle are you?" said Cary.

This was enough. At last she had found a friend who could understand her, and the mamma began straightway to pour forth all her woes in one torrent of words.

Grasping Cary's arm, she began:

"Oh, sir! 'elp me, sir. I'm a poor lone woman, sir, that's lost 'er 'usband, sir; which 'e's be'n an' gone an' be'n put in the Policé dungeons, sir; an' I've be'n a 'untin' of 'im hup, sir; an' they've gone an' nabbed me, an' throwed me in 'ere, sir. An' oh, sir! there's the Police Magistrate 'imself, sir, a settin' over

there, sir; an' if so be as you can speak Hytalian to 'im, mebbe you'd be so good as to go over to 'im now with me, an' tell 'im 'oo I am, an' bact as Hinterpreter, sir; an' if 'e knows about my 'usband, you tell 'im it was all a mistake, as hever was—an' 'im as meek an' hinno-cent as a babe unborn, and never did noth-ink to 'arm a child, let alone a puttiuk of 'im in the Police dungeons."

At this, which was all poured forth in a head-long torrent of words, Cary stood perfectly amazed.

Already he had suspected that the woman prisoner whom he and McGinty had seen, might not be the Countess; and now he perceived, to his utter consternation, that the prisoner before him, could not possibly be His Highness, the Secretary of State—worse still—this prisoner was not even a man—she was a woman!

Cary looked perplexed, not knowing what to say.

Could any mistake be more utterly outrageous than this?

"A woman!" exclaimed Cary, as soon as he found voice; "why, what the mischief do you mean going about dressed up in this fashion?"

"Oh, sir," wailed the mamma, "it was to 'elp my 'usband, sir; which I went disguised, sir, to enter into 'is prison, an' try to see the Police Magistrate, you know, kind sir; which 'is name is Billy Patterson, if you'll kindly mention it, an' I'm 'is wife, Mrs. Patterson, at your service, kind gentleman, and thankin' you kindly, sir."

At this name Cary received a new shock of surprise. He gazed upon the mamma in a state of bewilderment.

"Patterson!" he repeated. "Good Lord! what next? Patterson! Why then you must know my friend McGinty?"

"McGinty," said Mrs. Patterson. "No, dear, kind gentleman. Never knowed any McGinty—didn't know no gentleman, kind sir, savin' your presence, but Mr. Fotherby and Mr. Smithers—"

"Smithers," said Cary. "Oh—ah—I see—yes—well, well—this does bate the worruld entirely, so it does, and there you have it. Well, my good woman, I've got a few things to ask

the Minister for myself—and I'll ask for you at the same time. So come along."

## CHAPTER LV.

### THE SECOND EXPLOSION.

Ha! what figure do I see?

'Tis the Countess. Goodness me!

MEANWHILE the papa, in his loneliness, as he sat apart from the crowd, had witnessed this scene; but he had heard not a word. For the noise of the great crowd rising up and echoing through the vaulted dome, was sufficient to muffle and drown every other sound, so that their words did not reach his ears. Still he saw the scene—the attitudes and the gestures of the two speakers.

Upon this, he put his own construction.

The keen-eyed and vigilant monk, thought the papa, was telling his suspicions to the new comer. The danger was drawing nearear. He did not know what to do. He felt like a lost man. He could only resolve to keep his secret until the last.

At length he saw that they stopped conversing. They turned. They were looking at him. They were approaching him.

Awful moment!

The papa's soul quaked within him, and then sank down into deeper abysses of despair.

The two were soon before him. The papa mechanically drew the hood a little further over his face.

It was his last precautionary measure.

Cary bowed low.

The mamma did the same.

Then Cary began:

"Eccellenza," said he, speaking of course in Italian, "I beg to assure your Highness of my most profound attachment to your person, and my most respectful sympathy with your misfortunes; and to express my deep desire to do anything that may add to your comfort —"

He paused.

Of course the papa had understood nothing; but judging that he was expected to say something, he had recourse to those formulas which had carried him thus far.

"*Tempus fugit*," said he, in a scarce audible voice.

Cary did not quite catch the words, but took them as signifying willingness to hear further, so he went on.

"I would most humbly crave permission to ask information of your Highness about certain dear friends of mine, and also of this—ah—ah—ah—lady."

At this point Cary indicated the mamma by a gesture, and hesitated as to the right designation which he might apply to so extraordinary a figure. But the mamma, finding herself thus alluded to and pointed out, and thinking that the time had come for her to make a direct appeal, forgetting also, in her anxiety, that "His Highness" might not understand a word of what she would say, and too impatient to restrain herself any longer, now pressed forward, and fell upon her knees. "Oh, your Majesty," exclaimed the mamma, "have pity upon a poor, lone woman as 'as lost 'er 'usband—which 'as put on this disguise to find my way to your 'Ighness—an' ben arrested on the 'ighway for tryink to find my 'usband, poor old Billy Patterson, which 'e's ben arrested by the horficers of the Police, and throwed into a dungeon. An' I've ben to the Henglish Hambassador, an' 'e treated me with ojus hinsults; an' I've no 'ope but in your 'Ighness; an' oh, it's on my bended knees I ask, an' will hever pray, as in dooty bound, an' hever shall be—an' long may your Majesty live, an' let my poor ole Billy go free afore 'e dies of a broken 'eart."

As this outburst began, and that well-known voice sounded in the papa's ears, his sudden amazement, agitation, confusion, well nigh overwhelmed him. For a few moments, the whole world seemed to be whirling in the air around him. All thought and consciousness fled. Beyond the mamma's first words he heard nothing. Gradually, however, his faculties came back. The deep sense of his own perilous position forced him to rally from his confusion.

His wife! His Loowheezee! He knew that voice! It was herself! And had 'it come to this? That faithful woman had ventured forth to save him—had been tracked by the emissaries of the cruel Police, and brought

here to the common place of justice and punishment. And was this unspeakable anguish indeed before him, that he must preside over the trials of such prisoners as these—that he must condemn little Rosette, and then this most faithful and affectionate of wives? His Loowheezee! Could he do it? And what more? Was 'Arriet here, too? Would she be the next wictim? Was there this fresh horror before him? Was it possible that he could control himself any longer, or keep up this false character any further? And yet what else could he do? He must keep it up or die.

And yet—why—was all indeed lost? This gentleman—who was he? Evidently he must speak English, since he could communicate with Loowheezee. Why not appeal to him—throw himself upon his mercy—tell him all?

The papa half determined, but was half afraid. He had kept it up so long—he had implicated himself so deeply, that he hardly knew how to begin his explanation. So he hesitated, and sat trembling in his indecision, wavering now this way and that, while the mamma was speaking and Cary was translating her words from familiar, mamma English, into unintelligible Italian; adding also a good deal of his own, in which the papa thought again and again that he could distinguish the word Rosette. But this made him suddenly suspicious that the stranger was one of the agents of the Police—a Secretary or an Interpreter, perhaps, and that he was now giving him information regarding the prisoners that were to be tried.

At length Cary ended, and stood waiting for an answer.

The papa then, not knowing what else to say began with his usual formula:

"Pa—pa—pax——" he began, stammering.

And he said no more.

For now loud voices and a great uproar, made them all look in the direction whence the disturbance came.

Let us see what this was.

Shortly after the entrance of Cary and McGluty, Fred had arrived with Grassato, and they also were admitted without any difficulty.

Grassato asked after the prisoner called the Countess di Carrara. The prisoner was shown to him, whereupon he and Fred walked toward her, neither of them doubting that it was



Rosette. Nor did the dress undeceive Fred, for he had been so accustomed to see her in that dress, only that he forgot all about the exchange which she had made with the Countess, and, for the moment, did not think that Rosette was in an entirely different costume. Fred, therefore, with his usual reckless impetuosity, hurried toward her, and without respecting, like McGinty, her attitude of prayer, sprang at her, with a headlong bound, as she knelt, flung his arms around her and raised her up.

"Oh Rosie, Rosie, darling, darling Rosie! Oh, my own!" cried Fred—together with a vast quantity of pet names and expressions of tender endearment, in the use of which Fred was a sad proficient; while, as the face of the Countess, was turned away, he was not undeceived, but went on in this foolish way for some time.

Now McGinty had convinced himself that the kneeling figure was no other than Kitty—and had been waiting patiently for her to look up, so that when he saw Fred spring toward her and seize her in this frantic fashion his blood fairly boiled with indignation.

He sprang, too, full at Fred, and seized him by the coat collar with one hand, while with the other he seized the trembling hand of the Countess.

"Confound you!" he roared. "You infernal puppy, what do you mean?"

And he tried to free the Countess from Fred's grasp.

Fred glared upon him with savage ferocity.

"What do you mean?" he cried. "Go to blazes, or I'll punch your head! Don't you see it's Rosette?"

"It isn't. It's Miss Kinnear."

The Countess couldn't speak; she couldn't move. Fred's grasp was so tight, that she was helpless.

But the quarrel of these two brought the Red Shirts all around, and soon there was a wild uproar which ascended far on high with deafening echoes.

These Red Shirts violently interfered. The Countess was immediately freed. She turned. Lights from the torches around fell upon her

face, and both Fred and McGinty were dumb with disappointment.

Tableau!

## CHAPTER LVI.

### THE GRAND EXPLOSION OF ALL.

Here beneath the dome of Cæsar,  
Billy meets his own Loo—wheezer.

THUS the Countess, McGinty, and Fred were all suddenly brought face-to-face, while all three were overwhelmed with various emotions.

But at that very instant, a stern, commanding voice pierced the general clamor, and the crowd made way for some new-comers.

It was the Red Chief who approached the spot, leading some others, his eyes looking in all directions with a keen, searching glance. That glance fell upon the little group just mentioned, and the Red Chief looked a little puzzled.

Nor was the puzzle any less to those who followed the Red Chief. These were all old friends of ours—namely, Sir Eugene Merivale, 'Arriet, Kitty, who had set forth, as already stated, and had just now reached the Rotonda, coming here, as you see, in the very nick of time, and reaching the spot at the very moment when the Countess had been set free, and Fred and McGinty were staring at her in dumb, inarticulate amazement.

Then the silence was broken.

There burst forth a sharp, simultaneous outcry from half a dozen eager voices.

"Where's Rosie?" cried Fred.

"Where's Kitty?" cried McGinty.

"Where's papa?" cried 'Arriet.

"Where's my daughter?" cried Sir Eugene.

And no one could hear what any one else said. As for the Countess, she caught only one word among the numerous questions thus flung at her.

She shook her head wearily.

"De Rosettina," said she, "ees safe. 'Ere is de Generale," and she pointed to the Red Chief. "I af safe 'er. I am ready to die eef dey want it."

And as the lights flashed down—a ruddy glow illuminating the beautiful face. She stood

looking at Fred, and there was in her eyes the pathos of wounded love, and in her face the sweetness of a gentle and tender melancholy which heightened her loveliness.

The Red Chief saw it.

Sir Eugene saw it.

Fred and all the others saw it.

The papa and the mamma saw it from their stations.

Finally—Cary saw it.

Cary saw it. That face, thus fully revealed in the glaring light, produced upon him an effect far stronger than that which had been wrought on any of the others. For a moment he stared like one suddenly struck dumb. Then he looked wildly around. Then he pulled the broad brim of his felt hat down low over his face

"The devil!" he muttered, in a hoarse voice; and with this ejaculation he suddenly darted back into the midst of the crowd, and took himself off.

And now, to the papa, at the moment when his very last hope had fled, when instant and inevitable discovery seemed before him, this was the scene that was suddenly unfolded.

Looking up from his seat, he saw suddenly revealed, in the very midst of his despair, all these familiar faces.

He saw the Countess on one side—the right. Fred on the other—the left.

Smithers standing next to Fred.

Kitty standing next to the Countess.

'Arriet standing next to Smithers.

Behind all these, in the midst of the scene, he saw the Red Chief, with Sir Eugene on his right, and Grassato on his left.

Behind these again, was a back ground of Red Shirts, whose agitated faces, rude garb, and lurid torches, formed a scene of indescribable wildness.

This is what the papa's eye beheld. For a few moments he was simply stupefied. Then he started to his feet.

He dashed back his hood.

He tore off his baretta.

He flung off his cloak.

He put one foot forward, spread wide his arms, and lifted up his voice:

"Hi! hi! Hooray!" he yelled. "'Ere I be. Oh! my king alive. Oh! yer Ladyship! Oh!

Mr. Smithers! Oh! Miss Kitty! Oh! Mr. Fotherby! Oh! 'Arriet, me child, me child! 'Elp! 'Elp! Speak Hytalian to these 'ere hex-ecutioners! Tell 'em 'oo I be. 'Elp! 'Elp! Tell 'em I am W. Patterson, Esquire!"

At the first sound of his voice all eyes had turned in his direction. 'Arriet saw him then. She recognized the author of her being. She, too, spread wide her arms.

"Pup—pa-a-a-a-a!" shrieked 'Arriet, and bounded forward.

The tones of that familiar voice had penetrated to the soul of the mamma. She saw the face of her lord. She understood the whole truth in an instant. She gave a long, wild, shrill yell. She started back, and spread wide her arms.

"Bil—le-e-e-e-e-e!"

Saying this, she rushed forward and flung her arms around the papa, just as 'Arriet also had reached the spot, and was embracing her parient.

"Loo—wheezer! Oh, Loo—wheezer!" cried the papa, and burst into tears. "Oh, Loo—wheezer! Oh, 'Arriet!"

"Oh, Bil—le-e-e-e-e-e-e!"

"Oh, Pup—pa-a-a-a-a-a!"

And the papa, the mamma and 'Arriet, all stood thus weeping tears of rapture, while folded sweetly in one another's arms.

But now there commenced a general tumult, and the Red Shirts came rushing in from all sides. A wild rumor had in an instant flashed through the assembly. It was to the effect that an effort was being made to rescue the illustrious prisoners—probably by some secret emissaries in the pay of the crafty and formidable Secretary of State, the most inflexible, subtle and dangerous of all the enemies of the Republic; and the muskets rattled and banged on the pavement; and sonorous Italian oaths sounded forth; and the glare of torches flashed balefully in the air, throwing a lurid light upon the scene; and wild, and high, and long, and loud arose the tumult and the din, rolling upward in vast and hollow reverberations, all around the mighty dome, and through the circular opening, and forth into the night, and upward into the everlasting skies, where, it is to be presumed, it was finally dissipated.

At length, by dint of incessant bawling, the

Red Chief succeeded in making himself heard, and in restoring some degree of quiet. He drove back the crowd, and then planted himself, as firm as the Rock of Gibraltar, in front of the papa, the mamma, and 'Arriet, who still were clinging to one another. All the Reds formed a ring around.

To them it was a singular spectacle. The Prime Minister, the Secretary, and a young English lady, weeping in one another's arms! Puzzling!

"What is this, and who are you?" asked the Red Chief, in a hollow voice, in which there was already evident something of the dismay, naturally felt by one who is making himself ridiculous.

"What is this, and who are you?" he repeated.

The papa, by this time, had succeeded in freeing himself from the fond embraces of his wife and daughter. He looked up, and then all around, with a happy face and beatific smile.

"Somebody'll af to explain and answer this gent," said he. "Lady Carraway," he continued, addressing the Countess, "you can speak Hytalian."

Of all that company, not the least amazed was the little Countess; but she came forward, at this appeal, and translated the story of the papa and mamma as it was told her, for the benefit of the Red Chief and his followers.

The effect of all of which upon those present was—well, I haven't yet been able to think of any word which is adequate to the task of expressing it. The faces of all the genial Red Shirts assumed that peculiar expression which is generally presented by one who feels himself to have been very badly sold. As for the Red Chief, he looked first interested; then surprised; then grieved; then heart-broken; then sick; and then he suddenly recollected a most important engagement which required his immediate attention. (From that time forth, the Red Chief lost much of that confidence in himself which had hitherto distinguished him. He grew melancholy; and who knows but that the short duration of the Roman Republic may have been largely owing to the ravages which were wrought upon the Red Chief's mind by the adventures of the papa?)

So the Red Chief went off, and the Red Shirts

felt so disgusted with the whole business, that they pretended not to be aware of the existence of any of these insignificant people, and under the disguise of talking politics, began to edge off—further and further—until they all crowded together at the opposite side of the Rotonda.

## CHAPTER LVII.

### FINAL EXPLOSION.

Wonders join to wonders yet,  
Hither comes our dear Rosette.

THE adventures of the papa and the mamma had certainly been wonderful, and the shock which had been administered to all present by the discovery of the truth had been undoubtedly one of the strongest conceivable, yet, nevertheless, there were several present who had other thoughts in their minds of more engrossing interest. The adventures of the papa and mamma were by no means sufficient to drive away these thoughts, or reduce them to calmness. On the contrary, their excitement, far from diminishing, only grew stronger.

There were several sets of people here who had still a great question to ask,—the answer to which was of supreme importance.

Where is Rosette?

That was the question.

McGinty now saw Kitty for the first time, and recognized his mistake. He bounded towards her.

Grassato saw 'Arriet, and flew to her side.

The Countess drew nearer to Fred, and fixed her eyes on him with an imploring look.

But Fred turned away. He had no eyes for the Countess, no thoughts or regards for any one. He rushed towards Sir Eugene, and grasped both his hands. There were no words of greeting between them. Each was too anxious. They both spoke simultaneously, and asked one another in tremulous voices these same words:

"Have you heard anything about Rosette?"

"Have you heard anything about my daughter?"

Each asked the question.

Neither could give an answer.



But each read an answer in the face of the other. Then they both shrank back with up-raised hands and averted faces.

Fred clasped his hands and cried:

"Oh, Rosie! Rosie!"

Sir Eugene hid his face in his hands and groaned aloud;

"Oh, Rosette! Rosette!"

\* \* \* \* \*

Suddenly a little tap on his shoulder roused him—a light, careless laugh, and a well-known voice:

"Why papa, dear! What made you leave the Embassy when you might have known I was coming! I've——"

Sir Eugene whirled around.

Fred did the same.

Each one staggered back exactly six paces.

For a moment they stood motionless—and then—then—then, oh my Heavens! with a wild ha! ha!—with glaring eyes, and with out-stretched arms, they both made a rush at little Rosette!

\* \* \* \* \*

## CHAPTER LVIII.

### THE STRAWBERRY.

After being sore affrighted,  
Two fond hearts are reunited.

As the row subsided, McGinty rushed toward Kitty. Suddenly, however, and in the midst of his cry, and his rush, he recollected the painful fact that he had no right to make such a demonstration, for he was not McGinty, but "Smithers." So the poor fellow had to stop half way; and there he stood, looking at Kitty with a face sad enough to melt a stone.

"Why, Mr. Smithers, you seem quite broken hearted at seeing me," said Kitty; "and I thought you would feel so awfully glad."

McGinty gave a gulp down in his throat, and grasped her hand in both of his.

And then he stood holding her hand for a long time, with his brain in a whirl, and his heart perplexed with joy and despair. Kitty was kind, and allowed him to hold her hand, since he made such a point of it; and this perplexed McGinty still more, for it looked like a

favor shown to Smithers, and, of course, afforded a fresh reason for not telling the truth.

Kitty soon proposed that they should go away. They departed, and McGinty offered his arm. She took it, and they walked on in silence through the dimly-lighted streets.

"Is there not something the matter with your arm?" asked Kitty, at last, in a very shy voice.

"My arm?" said McGinty.

"Yes," said Kitty, in the same shy tone. "Isn't there a mark of some kind on it?"

"A mark? What do you mean?"

"In other words," said Kitty, "have you a strawberry mark on your arm?"

"A strawberry mark!" exclaimed McGinty. An awful thought came to him. Kitty was mad. The trials of the past few days had been too much. He stood still, and Kitty stood facing him, and looking up at him.

"A strawberry mark," said McGinty, in a mournful voice. "No—oh, no!"

"I thought not," said Kitty, with a sigh.

"But why did you ask?" said McGinty, anxiously.

"Because I felt convinced," said Kitty, "that ——"

"That what?"

"Why, that you are—you are—my own dear, darling, stupid old McGinty!" cried Kitty; and she flung herself in his arms.

McGinty was overwhelmed. He could not speak. He held her clasped tight in his embrace, and trembled from head to foot. It was a long time before he was capable of framing a single coherent sentence, or of moving from the spot.

"Why, how did you find out?" he gasped, at last.

"Oh, who but such an Irishman as you would ever have thought of such a thing?" said Kitty; "or played such a ridiculous game with a loving little girl? Why, sir, when you wrote to me about Smithers, I suspected something, and when you came, I knew you at once. You were not changed at all. It was only because you were so conceited, my dear old darling, about your former Apollo-like beauty, and thought that a half dozen spots had ruined it. And besides, you forgot all about your voice. So I let you keep it up,

and every day I wondered when you would take me to your heart again. And oh, what a precious old goose my dear old darling has been making of himself all this time!"

## CHAPTER LIX.

### SHYLOCK AND THE POUND OF FLESH.

Fred is held to his agreement,  
Now the Countess shows what *she* meant.

So, after all, the Countess had been able to keep her word, and to free Rosette from her impending doom. For her message had been brought to the Red Chief, and this personage, full of concern at the mistake which had been made, at once freed Rosette and sent her to the British Embassy. Not finding her papa here, Rosette had insisted on being taken to him, wherever he might be; and this accounts for her appearance at the Rotonda. She had come like the others, just in the nick of time.

Of her release, the Countess had known nothing, until the moment when she appeared there. As for the Countess herself, in spite of the grave charges against her, she was set free not long after.

The release of the Countess was owing to several things.

First, to the disgust of the Red Chief and the Red Shirts at the whole business; and this disgust was so strong that they did not wish to hear ever again even the mention of the name of the Countess,—or of Their Exalted Excellencies, the Prime Minister and the Secretary of State. As these last two potentates had slipped through their fingers, they concluded to let the Countess go also.

Secondly, to the solicitations of Sir Eugene Merivale, who felt deeply grateful to her for her voluntary surrender of herself when she might have escaped.

And, thirdly, to the several efforts of Cary. This personage exerted himself with a vehemence that was astonishing, and puzzled the leaders of the Reds, who could not account for it. It was Cary to whom the life of the Countess was chiefly due.

Now, on regaining her liberty, the first thing that the little Countess did was to remind Fred of a certain promise which he had made to her,

conditional upon the saving of Rosette. So, Rosette being safe, the Countess, with the frankness that was characteristic of her, claimed from Fred the fulfilment of that little promise.

This promise Fred had, at first, persistently refused to think of. He had given himself up to the joy of reunion with Rosette, and had been allowing himself to indulge in this joy to the top of his bent. Suddenly, in the midst of all this, there came the gentle reminder of the Countess about that unfortunate promise. It was a startling blow, and her mild yet firm persistence, was something which he could not oppose. He could find no words with which to answer her. For he had certainly offered to marry her if she should save Rosette. And Rosette had certainly been saved, and by her. Moreover, the little Countess had undoubtedly performed an act of the highest danger and daring, and had actually risked her life to save Rosette. And all this, the little Countess took good care to make known to Fred. How then could he avoid fulfilling that promise which he had not only made to her, but confirmed by an oath.

Nevertheless, he made all the fight he could, and used every argument he could think of to shake the resolve of the Countess.

First he swore that he was not worth a penny in the world. But this, the Countess remarked, was nothing, for she would be willing—nay, glad to bear poverty with him. What, she asked, was wealth without love; and when there is a union of two loving hearts what possible need is there of wealth?

What indeed?

Secondly, Fred argued that his education was not complete. He had to study a profession, he said; to travel, to grow wiser, older, better, and so on.

But, to this, the Countess answered that it was not good for him to be alone, and that all these things could be accomplished in a far more effectual way, if he had her with him.

Thirdly, Fred brought forward the argument from religion. He was a Protestant, he said, while she was a Catholic, and he feared they could not be married. Besides, differences of faith might lead to future unhappiness. But this argument was at once met by

an offer on the part of the Countess, to be married by the Chaplain at the British Embassy, and go with him to church as often as he wished it.

After this Fred gave it up.

He was in despair.

And how could he break the news to Rosette?

He could not.

But Rosette heard all about it, of course, and soon enough, too.

She met him with the most vehement reproaches.

"I am sure," said she, "I think it's a *very great shame indeed*—and it's *very* deceitful in the Countess. As to her pretence about saving me, it's really too silly. I should like to know how one can be saved when one isn't in the slightest danger. Those good judges, and those nice policemen, and the people in red, were all just as kind to me as they *ever could be*. They did all they could. They sent for papa, and then took me to him. I never was treated so politely in all my life. But as for you, Master Fred, I'm really ashamed of you!"

"Oh! Rosie," said Fred, dolefully, "don't be so cross. You're worth ten thousand such people as the Countess. I should like her to go away somewhere, and never see her face again."

"Then, what makes you go and marry her," said Rosette. "How would you like me to go and marry some one—Mr. Smithers, for instance, though his name is McGinty now, or that nice, kind, red Captain Casabianca?"

"What? Who's he?" asked Fred, hastily, with a dark look of suspicion.

"Why, that nice, gentlemanly officer that took me to the Embassy, and to the Rotonda, and was so kind."

"What!" cried Fred, with a frown; "that miserable, cadaverous little beggar."

"He's not," said Rosette, quickly. "He isn't anything of the kind. He's a very nice man. He's very kind and very pleasant, and I don't know but that I may grow quite fond of him yet, if—if he behaves himself."

"Pooh!" said Fred, "he's a poor beggar. You couldn't think anything of him."

"Yes I could," said Rosette; "and I've a great mind to marry him—so there."

"Marry him!" exclaimed Fred, angrily. "You shall not!"

"I will," said Rosette; "that is, if you go and marry her. I've as much right to go and get married as you have. So there, now. And I think it's a very great shame, indeed; and I think that Countess is a nasty, nasty, horrid —"

Here Rosette burst into tears. Fred rushed wildly toward her to soothe her; but she tore herself away from him, and ran out of the room.

Fred made such a row, that everybody knew all about his affairs, and all expressed their opinions quite freely.

Sir Eugene talked with Fred in a paternal tone. His theory was, that Fred might manage to get out of it somehow, and that in any case he had better postpone it for the present.

"Well," said Fred, "you see I can't help it. I've given my word; so what's a fellow to do?"

"Well; but you didn't know that woman's character. Why, my boy, to marry her would be ruin and destruction. Why, I can tell you all about her. She's been one of the very worst of the emissaries of the Police—a hired spy—a miserable informer. Her chief field has been among the English, and her chief business to betray her own friends and acquaintances. I found out every thing from Grassato and others. She was the one that denounced me. She denounced Rosette and the old man—by Jove there's no end to that little devil's arts. To talk of keeping faith with that woman, is nonsense. I don't mind what she has done against me. I consider she has atoned for that by giving herself up and saving Rosette—apart from politics I rather like her; but facts are facts, and in a case like this, you must know the truth, so I tell you she's not a fit person to marry."

Fred sighed.

"I'm very sorry," said he, "but I don't see how I can go back. There's my word—and my oath, too, on top of it; so what can I do?"

At this Sir Eugene lost patience, and indulged in a little profanity.

Finding the uselessness of any further argument with Fred, Sir Eugene sought out Cary, with whom he had a long talk. Cary had already enlightened him about many things,



for Cary had been deep in the secrets of the Republicans; while Sir Eugene had been only the mildest kind of sympathizer, and had never really been worth the notice of the Police. For this reason, Cary was able to give him much information, and had told him what he had already communicated to Fred. Another interview with Cary fortified Sir Eugene for a final attack upon the Countess. If he could only induce her to desist, he thought he might save Fred in that way from what he believed to be "ruin and destruction."

So he went to see the Countess.

And the sum and substance of his visit was this—that while he (Sir Eugene) was grateful for what she had done in behalf of Rosette, still the interest which he felt in Mr. Fotherby, whom he loved as a son, made him anxious to have her release that gentleman from his promise; and that therefore he had come to request this, with the assurance, also, which he was sorry to make, that if she did not give this release voluntarily, she should be compelled to do so.

To all of this the Countess listened with unruffled calm, and finally said, in answer to the last statement:

"Such as 'ow, Signor?"

And saying this, she looked fixedly at Sir Eugene.

"The complete knowledge," said Sir Eugene, "which I have of your past, enables me to speak with confidence. If I were to make known that past you would be compelled to give up the young man. I will do so, if you force me. This is no idle threat!"

At this, which Sir Eugene supposed would be very formidable, the Countess shrugged her shoulders, and gave a smile.

"You arra welcome to my pasta," said she, in a voice of indifference, and with perfect self-possession. "By my pasta you mean my connezione wit ze governmento. Alla dat refer to you I can say. Primo—de informazione about you. Eet was alla meestake—I dit eet from de zeal. Also Secundo—de informazione against Rosettina. Dat was de jealousy—to 'af 'er away from Signor Fodairby. Dat ees alla my crime—I 'af atone to Rosettina—I not ashame. Eecola!"

"Then you positively refuse to comply?"

The Countess again shrugged her shoulders.

Upon this Sir Eugene left her in despair, and returned to take counsel with Cary. The two had a long consultation—long, earnest and profound. Was it possible, then, to get the better of the little Countess—to triumph over a woman of such pluck and resources?

"She's a woman of genius," said Cary. "I had niver an idaya of the infinitee of resources—the pluck, the wit, the subtlety, an' the invintiveness that lay concealed under her gentle an' onasshumming demaynuir. Sure an' I wish I'd only knowed her better—it would have been better for her an' for me."

Sir Eugene listened to this little outburst without surprise. He had become accustomed to it. Cary's enthusiasm about the Countess had been increasing and growing more and more ever since the affair at the Rotonda. He now watched her dealings with Fred and Fred's friends with a delight, a steadfastness, and a zest that was wonderful to witness.

For that matter, all were watching the affair with the deepest interest, and waiting for the denouement.

The mamma was very severe upon Fred. She heard, with unconcealed joy, that he was being dragged into the marriage against his will. 'Arriet listened grimly, but said nothing. She had her own thoughts about the matter, but she was too proud to utter them, and, therefore, she kept them all to herself.

"Sarve, 'im right!" said the mamma. "'E was allus a flirt—a male coquette—and that I hever do despise. And as for you, 'Arriet—you ain't got no reason to feel disappointed—not a mite. There's better fish in the sea than that one—an' better men than Mr. Fotherby a-goin'. You can be a Countess any day, an' that's better than plain Mrs. Fotherby."

At which 'Arriet looked sweetly conscious, but said nothing.

And what about little Rosette?

Our poor little girl at length seemed to grow more resigned.

"I will go," she said, "to the wedding, and I will stand opposite to Freddie,—and I will keep my eyes fixed on him,—and I'll stand where he will see me; and then I shall see, if he will have the face to go and get married to that old Countess under my very eyes; and if he

does—and here her voice grew plaintive—why then—I'm sure I don't know what I shall ever do!"

And so the wedding day at last arrived.

## CHAPTER LX.

### THE WEDDING DAY.

Ha! what makes yon couple falter,  
As they kneel before the altar?

AND so the eventful day at last arrived.

All were there.

The papa and the mamma.

'Arriet with Grassato.

Kitty with McGinty.

Sir Eugene with Rosette.

Fred came and gave one look around. His eyes fell upon Rosette. She had been true to her word, and had placed herself in such a position, that he could not help seeing her. Never had the expression of that sweet face been so touching. Her large, dark eyes were fixed upon him with a melancholy reproach, which pierced him to the heart. One glance was enough. He did not dare to look at her again, but kept his eyes fixed on the floor.

The Countess came in due time, looking radiant and happy.

Then the clergyman came forward.

The service began:

"Dearly beloved," etc.

At length the clergyman came to the words:

"I require and charge you both—" etc.

As he said these words, there entered a gentleman, who came up and stood behind the couple at the altar. This couple, like all couples in similar circumstances, were so completely absorbed, that they noticed nothing, and only heard the words of the service in a vague and dreamy way.

The clergyman went on:

"That if either of you know any impediment why ye may not be joined together in matrimony, ye do now confess it."

Upon this, the new-comer moved to the left, and coming forward, stood on the left of the Countess before the clergyman.

"Here's an impediment!" said he.

The Countess had been absorbed in attention to the ceremony. So had Fred. At this unparalleled interruption, both started and

raised their heads as they knelt. The clergyman looked thunderstruck. All present were equally affected. Sir Eugene only looked undisturbed.

"Who—who—are you?" stammered the clergyman.

"Timothy Cary!" said the new-comer; "and I forbid this marriage."

At this the Countess bounded to her feet, and surveyed the speaker with a wild stare.

Cary was greatly changed. He had shaved all his beard off clean—his hair had been close cropped. He was dressed in black broadcloth, and looked smooth, and sleek, and oily, and quiet, and unctious; not at all like Cary, the friend of the Reds, but rather like some mouchard, some emissary or agent of the police; or, still more like the confidential secretary or chamberlain to some government official.

As the Countess saw him, a change came over her. Her face grew livid, her limbs rigid; she made a gesture of horror, and staggered back.

"Holy Mother!" she exclaimed. "Blessed Virgin! Sure it's a ghost, so it is, an' niver a living man! Oh, but it's meself that's the lost woman entirely, this day!"

With these words she sank back, and would have fallen had not Cary himself caught her. But she tore herself free, and then and there, sat on the floor, wringing her hands and rocking herself to and fro.

All present gathered round, staring in wild amazement at this extraordinary scene. Sir Eugene alone retained his composure.

Cary now interposed as soon as he could get any chance of making himself heard.

"Nora, darlin'!" said he, "sure an' ye wouldn't be after bein' a bigamist, and marryin' another man under the very nose of your husband."

At this the Countess gave him another look.

"It isn't yerself," said she, speaking with a strong Irish accent, and forgetting altogether the Italian intonations, which she had so long and so carefully kept up.

"Meself it is," said Cary.

"Sure an' didn't I bury ye—with me own hands, too?" said the Countess. "I did thin; an' I have witnesses that can prove that ye're dead, so I have."

"'Deed thin, an' they'll have mighty hard work to do that same, when I can bring witnesses to prove that I'm alive," said Cary.

"It isn't yerself," said the Countess; "yer some other man. It's a scheme to delude me. I buried ye, an' ye're dead."

"It wasn't me ye buried," said Cary; "sure, I forwarded ye that corpse, an' so it couldn't have been me. You see, I couldn't rival Malagrida alive, and so I thought whether my dead corpse mightn't have a better chance."

"Malagrida!" exclaimed the Countess, looking at him with a very curious expression.

"Aye," said Cary, severely; "Malagrida."

"Sure, thin, an' it wasn't Malagrida at all, at all."

"Not Malagrida?" cried Cary.

"No," said the Countess; "and there never was a Malagrida."

"But who was he?"

"There wasn't any he."

"You were a widow."

"No, I never was a widow; I was a spinster."

At this Cary stared in amazement.

"The coffin!" he gasped. "What was in that?"

"The coffin?" repeated the Countess. "Why, there were silks in it, and laces, and velvets, and joolry. I took them into England that way to avoid the jooty."

Cary stared more wildly than ever.

"But why didn't ye tell me the truth?"

"Sure an' ye never were a man to be trusted—and how did I know that ye'd have the moral courage to run the risk?"

"An' it wasn't for Malagrida, then, that you treated me with such conchumely," said Cary; "and it wasn't for him that I fairly broke my heart over the Alps; and it wasn't for him that you deserted me——"

"Arrah Timsey," said the Countess, "ye ought to know that there never was a Timsey anywhere that I'd have deserted ye for. It was for the box, me whole fortune. It was that—an' I daren't trust ye wid the secret; an' didn't I think that ye'd be coming after me—till I got the coffin; an' then I thought the remains were yours, and I buried them, and had masses said over them——"

Here the Countess paused. Cary paused also. He had much to ask, but this was not the place. So he led the Countess away, and

as she turned to leave the chapel, the shadow of her presence rolled away from Fred's despairing heart.

The husband and wife thus strangely reunited had much to say to one another, and many explanations to make. Cary was satisfied, and before the end of the day he said to Mrs. C.:

"Sure, an' I admire more 'than ever yer pluck, ingenuity, shrewdness, cleverness, beauty and wit. That you tried to get a husband don't fret me a bit, since you thought you were a widow; and besides, there's an offset to that in the fact that there never was a Malagrida. A woman like you, is just the wife for a man like me. We can plot together, being both of us born conspirators. The Republic can't last long. We'll make a compromise, and plot for a future kingdom of Italy, after the consteeccutional type. Bein' a monarchy, it'll satisfy your procliveetees, while bein' a free state, it'll satisfy mine. An' sure to glory! but the time'll come whin ye'll be overwhelmed with gratichude to me for saving ye from such a popin-jay as that Fotherby! So come to me arrums, jool—ye'll cease to be Carrara, but to me ye'll be Carn! and to the wurruld ye'll be Cary."

## CHAPTER LXI.

### OUT OF THE WOOD—WELL—ALL RIGHT.

Ah, at last the trouble's over.

Rosie now has got her lover.

THE Countess turned away, and the shadow of her presence rolled off from Fred's despairing heart. He sprang toward Rosette, and seized her hand.

"Oh, Rosie!" he cried; "oh, Rosie! Rosie!" and then went on at a mad rate, quite regardless of the company around, behaving altogether in a most *absurd*, and *improper*, and *silly way*, so that 'Arriet and the mamma exchanged smiles of scorn.

"It's turned out so nice," said Rosette, as she walked home with Fred. "And do you know, Freddie, I thought all the time that something would happen. Something always does happen. I've been in ever so many funny situations, and everything goes on just like they do in the fairy stories—and I was imagining to myself all the time, that some fairy would come up and drive that horrid Countess away;



only, of course," she added, in a conscientious tone, "I don't believe in fairies *at all*—but, then, you know Freddie, one cannot help one's fancies."

"Well, then, I believe in fairies," said Fred; "and I know who's the dearest little fairy in all the world."

"Who?" asked Rosette, in a shy whisper.

"Little Rosette," said Fred.

"What fun!" said little Rosette.

## CHAPTER LXII.

### REMARKS BY THE PAPA.

Now our melodrama stops;  
Friends, good-bye! the curtain drops.

THE Chaplain did not find his occupation gone, by any manner of means. Let the reader be good enough to contemplate the following couples all assembled before him, not very long after the events just narrated:

1. Fred and Rosette.
2. McGinty and Kitty.
3. Grassato and 'Arriet.

The Countess was there, also, with her husband—as Mrs. Cary. She congratulated all the

brides, and fascinated all the gentlemen with her charming appearance.

Cary satisfactorily explained all about everything. No one had the heart to harbor malice.

As for Fred, he was so happy that he forgave everybody whom he had injured, and insisted on making friends with them all.

The Papa made a touching speech at the ceremony.

"My Christian Friends—I feel to-day that I am glad to be one among you. I've lived a life of sterrange vicissitoods. In the days of my youthful vanity, when I was a gay worldling, I attended the theayter—yea, I also read works of fiction — but," he added, impressively, "the events of these last few days, does beat hany thing I ever see in hall my borned days; and this last claps the climax. Sence I've found out that the Countess is a Hirish-man, an' Mr. Smithers is another, named McGinty, and my 'Arriet's a-goin' to be a Countess, I feel hemotions, too great for hutterance, and can honly say, in the 'umble 'ope that hall present will jine with me— Reverend Sir, do your dooty!"

THE END.

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Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton's Review of the Advance Sheets of  
"Lotos Leaves," in the New York Tribune.

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Among the most interesting volumes of the fall will be "Lotos Leaves," to which I have before alluded as soon to be published by Wm. F. Gill & Co. Externally the book will be singularly attractive; as indeed it ought, since the publishers gave *carte blanche* to designers, engravers, and printers. It will be a triumph of the book-maker's art in its paper, printing, and binding, as well as in its illustrations. These last will be an especially noticeable feature. They have been made from drawings by Alfred Fredericks, John La Farge, Arthur Lumley, and Gilbert Burling. And there will be as many as fifteen full-page pictures, besides a large number of smaller ones. Some of the designs are singularly graceful and appropriate. In short, the simplest possible edition of "Lotos Leaves" will be an edition *de luxe*.

As for the literary contents, when thirty gentlemen belonging to a Club, which is the haunt of artists, and journalists, and men of letters, combine to contribute, each one an essay, tale, or poem, to make up thus an original book, it should be something unusual and entertaining; and so it is. All the articles were written for this use; and all are by members, with the sole exception that Tennyson's noble poem, "The Lotos Eaters," is reprinted, by way of compliment to him, and in return for his gracious acceptance of the dedication. His letter of acceptance is published in *fac-simile*. The opening paper is "Some Southern Reminiscences," by Whitelaw Reid, the President of the Club. These Reminiscences are of the author's lotos-eating days, when, just after the close of the war, he passed a year or two in the Southern States, mostly in Louisiana and Alabama cotton-plantations.

Of course there is nothing in the book half so funny as Mark Twain's "Encounter with an Interviewer," because there is no one left in the world so funny as Mark Twain. It took some preparation to get Mr. Twain's mind in a condition to be interviewed; he didn't take to it naturally, though he was extremely willing. At last, however, the interviewer got Mark's wandering attention fixed, and at it they went in good earnest.

- Q. How old are you?  
A. Nineteen, in June.  
Q. Indeed! I would have taken you to be thirty-five or six. Where were you born?  
A. In Missouri.  
Q. When did you begin to write?  
A. In 1836.  
Q. Why, how could that be, if you are only nineteen now?  
A. I don't know. It does seem curious, somehow.  
Q. It does, indeed. Who do you consider the most remarkable man you ever met?  
A. Aaron Burr.  
Q. But you never could have met Aaron Burr if you are only 19 years —  
A. Now, if you know more about me than I do, what do you ask me for?  
Q. Well, it was only a suggestion; nothing more. How did you happen to meet Burr?  
A. Well, I happened to be at his funeral one day, and he asked me to make less noise, and —  
Q. But, good heavens! if you were at his funeral, he must have been dead; and if he was dead, how could he care whether you made a noise or not?  
A. I don't know. He was always a particular kind of a man that way.

This was but the beginning; before that interview was over, there must have been one, at least, of the race of inquirers who had his curiosity satisfied.

Very good, also, is "The Truthful Resolver," by that other funny man, D. R. Locke; or, let us give him his honors, the Rev. Petroleum V. Nasby. Nasby's humor is of a different kind from Twain's. It lacks that delicious atmosphere of bewilderment — the lost-child-seeking-information style of which Twain is master — but it is hugely funny, in a different way.

"Lotos Leaves" contains a number of very good stories. The most distinguished contributor in this line is, of course, Wilkie Collins, who became a Lotos Leaf when he was in this country, and has sent his contribution with the others, like a good fellow, as he is. His story, "The Fatal Fortune," has a purpose, like most of his stories, and is a vigorous assault on the evils of the system known in England as Commissions in Lunacy. Noah Brooks tells a thrilling tale, entitled "In Echo Canon," in which the effects and possibilities of Lynch law are powerfully exhibited. "Fairy Gold" is a capital Irish sketch, by John Brougham.

Take it all in all, "Lotos Leaves" is a very entertaining volume; and it is certainly a literary curiosity, and likely to have more than a passing interest.

L. C. M.



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